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From Emma Longden
To her beloved Teacher
1st mo 1. 1854

THE

WHEAT-SHEAF;

A

SUGGESTIVE READER,

CONTAINING

GERMS OF PURE AND NOBLE THOUGHTS

FOR THE YOUTHFUL MIND.

"I found no narrowness respecting sects and opinions: but believed that sincere, upright-hearted people, in every society, who truly love God, were accepted of Him."

JOHN WOOLMAN.

Philadelphia:
WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 CHESTNUT STREET.
1853.

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PREFACE.

THE thought of this volume grew from the belief that it was needed; and its execution lies in the maxim, "Do the duty that is nearest thee." It is the result of abundant resources, which the gleaner has found it a pleasant labour to arrange in accordance with the dictates of her own taste, and the experience of a more matured judgment.

The selections have been made with particular reference to the inculcation of sound and truthful principles, and the spirit and aim of the book is to encourage a taste for the good, the pure and the beautiful.

From some whose occupation as teachers render their opinions of value, we have received letters of interest and encouragement: and while one reminds her that "The youthful mind is most easily reached through the imagination and the affections," another writes—"I rejoice in the attempt to give us a suggestive school book, having the spirit of reform and progress in it: the mysterious power to attract, quicken and develope the heart and mind."

She would fain hope that many of the articles in this volume may meet the views of enlightened teachers, and that germs of noble thoughts, and pure impulses, may yet spring from the grain that lies hidden in the "Wheat-Sheaf."

E. N.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th Month, 1852.

INTRODUCTION.

It was an observation of one who has been justly regarded as the wisest of men, that "of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." Happily for the cause of human improvement, the facility with which books are made, has been wonderfully increased since the days of Solomon. Probably no single product of inventive genius has ever effected more in accelerating the march of the human mind, than the simple, yet wonderful art by which books are indefinitely multiplied. That the fervid eloquence poured forth in a British parliament, or an American congress, should be caught as it flows, and that before the orator had recovered from the fatigue which his exertions produced, his very words should be stamped in permanent characters, on thousands of sheets, and spread over the land in every direction, indicates a perfection of art, which probably never presented to the imagination, grasping and comprehensive as it was, of Israel's most sagacious monarch. And we may reflect that as the facility of making books, has been incalculably increased, so the labour and study of reading have been greatly diminished, since Solomon enlightened the world with his three thousand proverbs, and his thousand and five songs. Inconceivable must have been the labour of spelling out the words couched in the continuous lines of the ancient chirography, when contrasted with the lucid arrangement of modern printing.

But as natural evils are attended with some compensating advantages, so our modern improvements are not without their counterpoising evils. The facility with which books can be both made and read, has unquestionably contributed to the inundation of light and

unprofitable literature, for which the passing age is distinguished While we admit the force and correctness of the maxim above quoted, the concluding observation is too much or too generally overlooked. Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

The practical inference deducible from this latter admonition is not in any degree inimical to the cultivation of those powers, intellectual or physical, which are divinely bestowed upon man; but it leads to such cultivation as to render those endowments conducive to the purposes for which they were conferred. The numerous improvements in science and art, bequeathed to us by the generations that have passed, and are passing away, have not only afforded facilities in the acquisition of knowledge, by the production of books, to which our ancestors were strangers, but, by the use of machinery, have given such impetus to the power of production, as to afford much more ample leisure for intellectual culture. And may we not indulge the belief that the advancing light of civilization and christianity, is slowly but certainly spreading the conviction that peace and brotherhood are the true policy of nations; and that the safety and happiness, both of individuals and communities are most effectually secured by imbibing the spirit, and conforming to the maxims which the great Founder of christianity, has offered to our acceptance? And we cannot fail to perceive that in proportion as the day advances, which was so eloquently described by the evangelical prophet, under the figure of the wolf drinking with the lamb, and the leopard lying down with the kid, the means and the opportunity of cultivating the *intellect* must be increased.

The improvement and expansion of the understanding, if pursued with a due regard to religious considerations, so far from nourishing pride, have a powerful influence of an opposite character. The more deeply we search either into the wonders of creation, or into

the stores and capacities of the human mind, the more clearly shall we perceive how little we really know, and how large a field lies beyond the reach of human vision. And the more the mind becomes inured to the pursuit of real and substantial knowledge, the less danger there will be of being beguiled by the light and frothy productions which unhappily compose so prominent a part of the floating literature of the day.

History, science, art, and rational philosophy, contain stores beyond the capacity of the strongest intellect or the most indefatigable industry to exhaust; why then should any portion of our fleeting and irrevocable time, be squandered upon a species of literature which floats over the mind and leaves nothing behind it? If we estimate the character of the books we read, not merely by their direct, but also by their indirect results—not only by the evil which they produce, but by the good which they exclude—we shall probably find that many which are usually classed with the innocent, ought to be ranked with the pernicious.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that no inconsiderable share of the matter which is offered to the perusal of the young, and even portions selected for the use of schools, can have but a slender claim to the poor negative credit of doing no harm, or of doing no other harm than the exclusion of something of a more substantial character. How much do we find, even in books designed for the use of schools, and consequently intended to mould the opinions of the rising generation, which represent the achievements of warriors, though necessarily effected under the influence of the direst passions of the human mind, as highly meritorious and ennobling.

It is an observation which has no claim to novelty, that early impressions are among the most permanent, and it is education which forms the common mind. If, therefore, we expect the succeeding generation to be consistent christians, it is of incalculable importance that the education afforded to the youth, should be such as genuine

christianity would commend, and that the books which are placed in their way, should, as far as possible, be expurgated of every sentiment or doctrine inconsistent with the dispensation which was ushered in by the angelic anthem of "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men."

With regard to the following work, it may be briefly stated that the compilers have laboured to select from a great variety of sources, such passages as are calculated to impress sound morality in the world; and without being devoted to the peculiar views of any religious community, may support and impress the great truths of christianity in general; and particularly that great fundamental doctrine which is the glory of the christian dispensation, and which lies at the foundation of all true religion, that a measure and manifestation of the Spirit of truth, is given to every man to profit withal.

ENOCH LEWIS.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th Mo., 1852.

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THE

WHEAT-SHEAF.

Education.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I HAVE a wondrous house to build,
A dwelling humble, yet divine,
A lowly cottage to be filled
With all the jewels of the mine.
How shall I build it strong and fair?
This noble house, this lodging rare?
So small and modest, yet so great!
How shall I fill its chambers bare
With use, with ornament, with state?

My God hath given the stone and clay:
'Tis I must fashion them aright—
'Tis I must mould them day by day,
And make my labour my delight.
This cot, this palace, this fair home,
This pleasure house, this holy dome,
Must be in all proportions fit,
That *heavenly messengers* may come
To lodge with him who tenants it.

No fairy bower this house must be,
To totter at each gale that starts,
But of substantial masonry,
Symmetrical in all its parts—
Fit in its strength to stand sublime
For seventy years of mortal time,
Defiant of the storm and rain,
And well attemper'd to the clime,
In every cranny, nook and pane.

I'll build it so, that if the blast
Around it whistle loud and long,
The tempest when its rage hath passed,
Shall leave its rafters doubly strong.
I'll build it so that travellers by
Shall view it with admiring eye,
For its commodiousness and grace:
Firm on the ground, straight to the sky,
A meek but goodly dwelling place.

Thus noble in its outward form,
Within I'll build it clear and white,—
Not cheerless cold, but happy warm,
And ever open to the light:
No tortuous passage or stair,
No chamber foul, or dungeon lair,
No gloomy attic shall there be,
But wide apartments ordered fair,
And redolent of purity.

With three compartments furnished well,
The house shall be a home complete,
Wherein, should circumstance rebel,
The humble tenant may retreat.

The first, a room wherein to deal
With men for human nature's weal,
A room where he may work or play,
And all his social life reveal
In its pure texture day by day.

The second, for his wisdom sought,
Where, with his chosen book or friend,
He may employ his active thought
To virtuous and exalted end.
A chamber lofty and serene,
With a door-window to the green
Smooth shaven sward, and arching bowers,
Where lore, or talk, or song between,
May gild his intellectual hours.

The third, an oratory dim,
But beautiful, where he may raise,
Unheard of men, his daily hymn
Of Love, of Gratitude, of Praise:
Where he may revel in the light
Of things unseen and infinite,
And learn how little he may be,
And yet how awful in thy sight,
Ineffable Eternity!

Such is the house that I must build—
This is the cottage, this the home—
This is the palace, treasure-filled,
For an Immortal's earthly home.
Oh, noble work of toil and care!
Oh, task most difficult and rare!
Oh, simple, but most arduous plan!
To raise a dwelling-place so fair,
The sanctuary of a man!

The Harmony of Nature.

THERE is joy among the ice-bergs, when ends the polar night,
And their mighty crystals flash, in the newly wakened light:
There is joy in shouting Egypt, when through her valleys wide,
Pours the fountain of her harvests, its renovated tide.
Through each zone that belts the earth, Nature sings a gladsome song,
In numbers sweetly simple, or magnificently strong.
By the well spring in the desert, beneath the spreading Palm,
Her voice rings sweet and holy, through an atmosphere of balm:
Where Niagara the burthen of his congregated springs,
Hurls down the yawning chasm, how gloriously she sings!
Afar in leafy forests, where the axe hath never swung,
Where the Indian roams sole monarch and the panther rears her young;
In meadows of the wilderness, where proudly in the air,
The Elk his antlers tosseth, and the Bison makes his lair;
From heights where the strong Eagle, sways his pinions on the cloud,
And valleys where the vine's bright leaves the blushing clusters shroud:
From the teeming lap of ocean where rest the sunny isles,
And white-winged barques are laden with their rich and sunny spoils;
With trumpet-tongued sublimity, or low and silver voice,
Nature swells the mighty anthem, whose burthen is—Rejoice!
Oh life sustaining air, bounding ocean, verdant earth,
The universe is ringing with the music of your mirth!
Yet wide as is your empire, and vast as is your plan,
Ye are but vassal servitors, that minister to *man*!
'Tis true in fierce rebellion, there are moments when ye rise,
And crush the weak defences, he hath labored to devise:

Yet past your burst of anger, again you own his sway,
Ye come to him with tribute, ye hear him and obey!
He heweth down and rendeth the patriarchs of the wood,
He fashions them to Palaces that bear him o'er the flood.
Next the boundless realms of air must be subject to his pride,
And lo! the startled Eagle beholds him at his side.
On earth a mighty agent impels him with a speed,
Which mocks the fleetest gallop of the desert nurtured steed:
Intelligence his sceptre, his weapon and his shield,
Who shall limit the results that his enterprise may yield.
How glorious is his heritage! *how loud should be His praise,*
When even things inanimate, a song of gladness raise!
The bounteous gifts of Providence forever round him shower,
For him the wild birds carol, and for him the bursting flower,
From the jeweled arch of heaven, to the daisy chequered sod,
Is one continued banquet for the masterpiece of God!

AND the Frost too, has a melodious ministry! You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground: and you listen to it the more earnestly, that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal! God has hidden its principle from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder, to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how "the morning stars sang together."

N. P. WILLIS.

Thoughts on the Quakers.

The following sentiment was published by a clergyman of the Church of England.

"For my part, I conscientiously believe, that there is more of the spirit of true religion in the idolatry that kneels in mistaken, though heartfelt gratitude, to a sculptured image, than in the deliberate mockery which sends up solemn sounds from thoughtless tongues. This is a rock of temptation which the Quakers have avoided, in dispensing with the inspiration of song: they at least, shun its abuses: and if they really succeed in filling their hour with intense religious meditation and spiritual communion: if from their still retreat, the waves of this boisterous world are excluded, and send hither no disturbing—if no calculations of interest, and no sanguine plans are there prosecuted; and no hopes, nor fears, nor regrets, nor triumphs, nor recollections; nor any other flowers that grow this side the grave, are gathered and pressed to the bosom, on the margin of these quiet waters; if in short, the very silence of the scene, is not too much for the feeble heart of man, which if deprived of the stay of external things, will either fall back on itself, or else will rove to the world's end, to expend its restless activity in a field of chaotic imaginings: if I say, the Quakers are so happy as to escape these perils, together with the seductions to vanity which music and preaching present, then must their worship be the purest of all worships, and their absence of forms, be the perfection of all form."

The good old motto was never more important than in the present day of polemical strife and sectarian prejudice: In essentials, unity: in non essentials, Liberty: in all things, Charity.

J. J. G.

The Character of the Saviour.

In the character of our Saviour, the mind and the heart rest satisfied; the more it is studied the more holy and beautiful it becomes. Does the mind ask for *submission?* seek it in his childhood, while he was subject to his parents: for youthful *dignity?* see him standing in the midst of the temple, sublime in youth and power, reasoning with the doctors and lawyers, with a wisdom which astonished even those who questioned him on subjects which had been, to them the study of a life-time. Does it ask for *humility* and *forbearance?* find him washing his disciples' feet, and sitting at the same board with publicans and sinners: for true and gentle *charity*, listen to his voice when he says to the sinful woman "woman where are thine accusers? Go in peace and sin no more." Does it ask a heart full of *gentle* and *domestic sympathy?* follow him to the grave of Lazarus, or to the bier of the widow's son: for *benevolence?* let the mind dwell for a moment on the cleansed leper, on the blind restored to sight, and on that heart stirring scene where he stood in the midst of the multitude, while the sick man was let down through the roof that he might heal him: for *firmness?* go to the wilderness where the Son of God fasted and was sorely tempted forty days and forty nights: for energy? witness it in the overthrowing of the money-tables, while those who had desecrated the temple, were cast forth from the place they had polluted: for *wisdom?* read it in every act of his life, and in every line of his sermon on the mount: for *prudence?* see it in his answer given to the chief priests, when they brought him the tribute money: for *patience*, *forgiveness*, and all the gentle attributes that form the Christian character in its perfection, follow him to the Garden: witness his prayer and his agony of spirit: dwell on his patient and gentle speech, when he returned from that scene of pain, and found even his disciples asleep: reflect on his meekness and forbearance, when the traitor's lip

was on his cheek: on the hand so readily extended to heal the ear of the maimed soldier. Go with him to the place of trial, and to that last dreadful scene which caused the grave to give up its dead, and the solid earth to tremble beneath the footsteps of his persecutors. Dwell upon his life, and upon every separate act of his life, and the soul must become imbued with a sense of its health, beauty and holiness.

Grief.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him: rise and bow:
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave.
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality: no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate.
Confirming, cleansing, humbling, making free:
Strong to consume small troubles: to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

GOOD qualities are the substantial riches of the mind: but 'tis good breeding sets them off.

LOCKE.

Temperaments.

A FALSE standard of action determines nothing but the blindness or the bigotry of him who erects it. It is not meritorious, it is not blameworthy, to have a sanguine or nervous, a bilious or lymphatic temperament. It was a fortunate circumstance that Luther was not Melancthon, and that Melancthon was not Luther. The reformation could not have spared either of them without loss. They were of one spirit; but the manifestation of that spirit was widely different in those distinguished reformers. Peter and John, Paul and Apollos, had their distinctive characteristics; yet they all heartily espoused the cause of their Lord and Master, and continued faithful unto death. The state of the heart is not infallibly determined by any degree of physical activity or quiescence. Let not him who, in whatever he undertakes, is as impetuous as a mountain torrent, reprove him who is habitually like a gentle stream; and let not the constitutionally mild, censure the constitutionally severe. Gentleness of spirit is not incompatible with intense energy of action.—The Lamb of God is also the Lion of the tribe of Judah. Abstinence from denunciation is no evidence of sweetness of temper; a soft and persuasive disposition is not necessarily evincive of a slight abhorrence of iniquity, or a feeble regard for the cause of righteousness. Perfect love does not consist of similarity of tastes or identity of temperament. One star differs from another star in glory; nevertheless, they are lights in the heavens, and utter the same language:

"The hand that made us is divine."

It is not for the sun to reprimand the moon for her coldness, —to say to her—"Why do you not flame as I do? you are so frigid, that even icebergs are impervious to your rays, and all vegetation would perish under your influence. See how I

vivify all nature! Stand by—I am hotter, and therefore better than you!" It is not for the moon to retort, and say—"You are of a fiery temperament, you are an incendiary. The fierceness of your rays is overpowering. The ardour of your disposition is incompatible with sobriety of judgment. You are always in a state of excitement—always burning, burning, burning! Why do you not imitate me? I am immaculate—perfect—none too hot, none too cold—always mild, calm, reflective—precisely what every *sun* ought to be!"

It is well for the universe that those twain are not one. Blot out the sun, and chaos would come again. Deprived of the light of the moon, the earth would mourn. The moon is not for the day—the sun is not for the night, but they will be indispensable as long as day and night, seed time and harvest shall last.

W. L. G.

Three Days of Christopher Columbus.

"BACK to Europe again; let our sails be unfurled!"
"Three days," said Columbus "and I give you a world!"
And he pointed a finger and looked through the Vast,
As if he beheld the bright region at last:
He sails—and the dawn, the first day, quickly leads:
He sails—and the golden horizon recedes:
He sails—till the sun, downward sinking from view,
Hides the sea and the sky with their limitless blue—
On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lea,
Down plunges the lead through the fathomless sea!

The pilot in silence leans mournfully o'er
The rudder, which creaks mid the dark billows' roar:
He hears the hoarse moan of the waves rushing past,
And the funeral wail of the wind-stricken mast:
And the stars of far Europe have fled from the skies,
And the "Cross of the South" meets his terrified eyes.
But at length the slow dawn softly streaking the night,
Illumes the vast dome with its beautiful light.
"Columbus!" 'tis day, and the darkness hath past!
"Day!" "and what dost thou see?" "I see nought but the Vast!"

What matter? he's calm! but ah stranger, if you
Had your hand on his heart, with such glory in view;
Had you felt the wild throb of despair and delight
That depressed and expanded his bosom that night;
The quick alternations, as morning drew near,
The chill and the fever, the rapture and fear,
You would feel that such moments exhausted the rage
And the multiplied malice and pains of an age—
You would say these three days half a lifetime hath slain,
And his fame is too dear at the price of such pain!

Oh who can describe what the crushed heart can bear—
The delirium of hope, and the lonely despair!
Of a *Great Man* unknown, whom his age doth despise
As a fool, mid the vain vulgar crowd of the wise!
Such wert thou Galileo! Far better to die
Than thus, by a terrible effort, to lie!
When thou gave, by an agony deep and intense,
That lie to thy labours, thy reason, thy sense,
To the Sun to the Earth to *that* Earth we repeat,
Which thou trembled to feel moving under thy feet!

The second day's past—and Columbus?—he sleeps
While Mutiny round him its dark vigil keeps:
Shall he perish? "Death!" "Death!" is the mutinous cry,
"He must triumph to-morrow, or perjured, must die!"
The ingrates! Shall his tomb on to-morrow be made
Of that sea which his daring a highway had made?
Shall that sea on to-morrow with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that *shore*, which his longing eye craves?
The corse of an unknown adventurer then
One day later, Columbus—the greatest of men!

He dreams, how a veil drooping over the main,
Is rent, at the distant horizon in twain:
And how, from beneath, on his rapturous sight,
Burst at length the *New World* from the darkness of night!
Oh how fresh, oh how fair, the new virgin earth seems!
With gold the fruits glisten, and sparkle the streams.
Green gleams on the mountains, and gladdens the isles,
And the seas and the rivers are dimpled with smiles!
"Joy! joy!" cries Columbus, "this region is mine!"
Ah! not even its *name*, hapless dreamer, is thine!

At length o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks—
Land!—land! cry the sailors—land—land—he awakes;
He runs—yes beholds it! it blesseth his sight,—
The land! oh sweet spectacle! transport! delight!
Oh generous sobs which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne—
The king will repay all the ills he has known.
In exchange for a world, what are honours and gains?
Or a crown? but how *is* he rewarded? *with chains!*

Luther.

HITHERTO the too common idea of the great reformer's character has been, that it was a compound of ruggedness and violence. These traits have been so prominent, that the finer lines of his character have been completely shaded from sight. Another reason of our misconception has been, that we too often honour mere *daintiness* of *mind* with the names of delicacy, sensibility, &c. Perhaps, however, the finest, richest, and most generous species of character, is that which presents to the dainty, the most repulsive surface. Within the rough rind the feelings are preserved unsophisticated, robust and healthy. The "noli me tangeri" outside, keeps off the insidious swarm of artificial sentimentalists, which taint and adulterate, and finally expel all natural emotions from within us. The idea of a perfect man has always been prefigured to our minds by the lion coming out of the lamb, and the lamb coming out of the lion. Of this description of character was Luther. Nothing could exceed his submissiveness and humility, when a choice was left him whether to be humble or daring; but when duty spoke, no other consideration was for a moment attended to: and he certainly did then shake the forest with his magnificent ire. If we behold him one moment, to use his own quotation from Scripture—"pouring contempt upon princes," we see him the next, in his familiar correspondence, a poor, humble, afflicted man, not puffed up with pride at the great things he had accomplished, but rather, struck down with a sense of his own unworthiness. As to his violence, it was part of his mission to be violent: and those who lay it to his charge as *blame*, seem to us, not to accuse him, but to accuse Providence. Not to have been violent, he would not have been in earnest: and here it must be observed that his violence was only verbal. It was merely the rousing voice, to wake Europe from the lethargy of ages. In his opinions and

views, he was the most moderate of reformers. In his coarseness however, his low origin certainly speaks out; yet there is something sublime in the peasant (the miner's son,) dragging popes and kings into his wrestling ring, and handling them with as little ceremony as he would a hob-nailed clown in a market place.

But let us follow him into private life. Here it is that we shall best learn to appreciate him. We will not dwell upon his constant contentment in poverty, and his contempt for riches, because this is characteristic of nearly all the great men, who are really worth more than gold can procure them: but his long, unbroken friendship with Melancthon—a character so unlike his own, and in some respects so superior, as Luther himself was the first to acknowledge, struck us as proof that he possessed much sweetness and gentleness of disposition. Envy or jealousy never for a moment interupted the fraternal affection that subsisted between these great men. Of those passions, indeed, Luther seems to have been incapable. Neither did personal ambition come near him. Though he had so many titles to it, he never claimed the supremacy over his cotemporary reformers. Notwithstanding the great things he had performed, he gave himself no air of grandeur or importance. There was a simplicity and commonness in his habits and conversation, that contrast wonderfully with the revolution he brought about. This simplicity, we were going to say, shows his native greatness, but we correct ourselves and add, that it exhibits that Apostolic frame of mind which all the messengers of God from Moses downward, have displayed. Such men are moulded at once by the Hand that sends them. The accidents of this life have no power, (as they have upon others,) to change or modify their moral conformation. There is a oneness, a wholeness, an uncompoundedness of character in these elect instruments. On their moral frame is chiseled by the Divine finger one idea, and only one.

* * * * * *

Luther's piety was not put on him, *but broke out of him.* It flowed in a mingled stream, with his every-day life and conversation. The gravel and the gold rolled together in the rich channel of his mind. He made no effort to exhibit only the one, and conceal the other.

LIFE OF MELANCTHON.

The Colouring of Happiness.

MY heart is full of prayer and praise to-day,
So beautiful the whole world seems to me!
I know the morn has dawned as it is wont,
I know the breeze comes on no lighter wing,
I know the brook chimed yesterday the same
Melodious call to my unanswering thought:
But I look forth with new created eyes,
And soul and sense seem linked, and thrill alike,
And things familiar have unusual grown,
Taking my spirit with a fair surprise!
But yesterday, and life seemed tented round
With idle sadness. Not a bird sang out
But with a mournful meaning: not a cloud,
And there were many, but in flitting past
Trailed somewhat of its darkness o'er my heart,
And loitering, half-becalmed, unfreighted all,
Went by the Heaven-bound hours.
But O! to-day
Lie all harmonious and lovely things
Close to my spirit, and awhile it seems
As if the blue sky were enough of Heaven!

My thoughts are like tense chords that give their music
At a chance breath: a thousand delicate hands
Are harping on my soul! no sight no sound
But stirs me to the keenest sense of pleasure—
Be it no more than the wind's cautious tread,
The swaying of a shadow, or a bough,
Or a dove's flight across the silent sky.

Oh, in this sunbright sabbath of the heart,
How many a prayer puts on the guise of thought,
An angel unconfessed! Its rapid feet,
That leave no print on memory's sands, tread not
Less surely their bright path than choral hymns
And litanies. I know the praise of worlds,
And the soul's unvoiced homage, both arise
Distinctly to His ear who holds all nature
Pavilioned by His presence: who has fashioned
With an impartial care, alike the star
That keeps unpiloted its airy circle,
And the sun quickened germ, or the poor moss
The building swallow plucks to line her nest.

EDITH MAY.

To determine right and wrong, is of more consequence than to comprehend the doctrine of the planetary system: but while it required, in order to unfold the wonderful laws of the planets, the gigantic intellect of Newton, *the higher gift* of the determination of right and wrong, is bestowed upon the simplest peasant, upon the man who cannot repeat the enumeration table.

UPHAM.

Desirable Fame.

"Fame, like the shadow, flees from him who pursues it, but treads on the heels of him who flees from it."

WILLIAM PENN furnishes a remarkable instance of the acquisition of solid and durable fame, by means which in their commencement appeared totally destructive of that end. When, upon arriving at man's estate, he embraced the religious principles of a new and despised Society, he must have considered himself, and been considered by others, as giving up all his prospects of eminence in the world. The mortification which his father experienced, upon discovering the choice he had made, unquestionably arose from a belief that he was renouncing the path of eminence and fame, for one of obscurity and reproach. To see his only son, the heir apparent of his fortune and fame, instead of pursuing the brilliant career which was opened before him, associating with a self-denying people, who were considered as the offscourings of the earth, was more than his philosophy could patiently bear. The pacific principles of the Society to which he was united, as well as the uncourtly character of their peculiar doctrines, must have formed, in the view of Admiral Penn, an insuperable barrier to the advancement of his son. He did not perceive that the magnanimity displayed in that very renunciation of eminence and fame, that inflexible adherence to the path of apprehended duty without regard to consequences, that preference to the whispers of an approving conscience above the noisy clamours of an applauding world, would assign him a station in the temple of fame, incomparably higher than that which the admiral had attained with all his heroism.

The fame of William Penn, unlike that of most who have figured in the political field, appears likely to increase with the progress of time. The history of Pennsylvania is so intimately connected with the name of Wm. Penn, as to secure to the founder of that flourishing state a permanent place in the annals of fame. Of the admiral how little do we now hear. We find, indeed, that he commanded the fleet which in 1655 conquered Jamaica, and that in the Dutch War, in the reign of Charles II., he commanded under the Duke of York. It is also known to those who are well acquainted with historical facts, that the name of Penn was prefixed by Charles II. to that of Sylvania, as originally proposed, out of regard to the memory of the admiral, and not from the name of the proprietor. But it is with the son, and not with the father, that Pennsylvania is associated. Sir William Penn is remembered chiefly as the father of the Quaker legislator, and holds from that connection a larger place in the view of posterity than from any other cause. While the name of the father is merged in the countless mass of military characters who are seldom mentioned or thought of, the name of the son stands conspicuous among the greatest benefactors of our race. The history of the province which bears his name, proves conclusively the superiority of the gospel plan above the policy of the world. He has had the honour of proving that the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage may be stripped of their terrors by the lenient spirit of the gospel. Which would the most eager aspirants after fame prefer, if they could command it with a wish, to be Admiral Penn, with the scanty rays of military renown that now surround his memory, or to be Willam Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, whose wise and benevolent institutions gave a favourable impetus to the legislation of the western world; whose bloodless conquests have been celebrated by poets and historians; whose name is transmitted with reverence from generation to generation, amongst the untutored

inhabitants of the wilderness; whose character is most admired where it is best understood; and who, when the day arrives "in which nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation," will be remembered as one who gave the influence of eminent abilities and a conspicuous station, to promote the advancement of the Messiah's peaceful reign.

E. LEWIS.

The Tempest.

J. T. FIELDS.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing, in winter
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet,
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,—
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is 'nt God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbour,
When the moon was shining clear.

Who is thy Neighbour?

THY neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart and burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door:—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the weary man
Whose years are at the brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain,
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem:
Widow and orphan helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose thoughts are all beyond the grave,
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'ere thou meet'st a human form,
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh pass not, pass not heedless by:
Perhaps thou can'st redeem
The breaking heart from misery,
Go share thy lot with him.

Methinks if you would know,
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown you there!
Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky
Sailing along, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon! I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams.
But melting, like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own:
Then passing leaves her in her light serene.

SOUTHEY.

Where is the Enemy?

L. M. CHILD says "I have somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town, and *take it*. I think it was in the Tyrol: but wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the Gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighbouring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered,—"If they *will* take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with colours flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked, "we have none," was the brief reply.—"But we have come to take the town." —"Well friends it lies before you."—"But is there nobody here to fight?"—No, we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for: a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit: a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight *with*, of course we cannot fight," said he, "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe.

Clarkson at Wadesmill.

LUCY BARTON.

A WANDERER by the road-way side,
  Where leafy tall trees grow,
Casting their branching shadows wide,
  Sits on the turf below.

Though rich the landscape, hill and plain
  Before him there outspread,
One hand holds fast his bridle rein,
  One props his thoughtful head.

All is forgotten or unknown,
  For, o'er the troubled main,
His ear has caught the captive's groan,
  Has heard his clanking chain.

* * * * * * *

Near half a century hath flown;
  That way-side wanderer now
A venerable sage hath grown,
  With years traced on his brow.

More bent in form, more dim of eye,
  More faltering in his pace:
But time has stamped in dignity,
  More than it reft of grace.

And joy in his age cannot chill,—
  Memories it need not shun!
The lone, enthusiast of Wadesmill
  His glorious goal hath won!

Not vainly has he watched the ark,
Wherein his hopes were shrined,
Nor vainly fanned fair freedom's spark,
In many a kindling mind.

The Worth of Hours.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by:

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass.

But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent,
In sad unrest and ill-content:

And more: though, free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm:

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed or vainly done;

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain,

Upon your heart this truth may rise:
  Nothing that altogether dies,
Suffices man's just destinies.

So should we live that every hour
  May die, as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power:

That every thought and every deed,
  May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
  Is to develope, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy.

R. M. Milnes.

In Memoriam.

The path by which we twain did go,
  Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Though four sweet years, arose and fell,
  From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheered the way,
  And crowned with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
  And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walked, began
  To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
  There sat the Shadow feared of man.

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapped thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip;

My blood an even tenor kept
Till on my ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touched him, and he slept.

Oh thou and I wert one in kind
As moulded like in nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For as the same cold streamlet curled
Through all his eddying coves the same;
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffered vows,
One lesson from one book we learned,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turned
To black and brown, on kindred brows.

* * * *

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Foot-Prints of the Creator.

* * The definite period at which man was introduced upon the scene, seems to have been specially determined by the conditions of correspondence which the phenomena of his habitation had at length come to assume with the predestined constitution of his mind. The large reasoning brain would have been wholly out of place in the earlier ages. It is indubitably the nature of man to base the conclusions which regulate all his actions on fixed phenomena;—he reasons from cause to effect, or from effect to cause; and when placed in circumstances in which, from some lack of the necessary basis, he cannot so reason, he becomes a wretched, timid, superstitious creature, greatly more helpless and abject than even the inferior animals. This unhappy state is strikingly exemplified by that deep and peculiar impression made on the mind by a severe earthquake, which Humboldt, from his own experience, so powerfully describes. "This impression," he says, "is not, in my opinion, the result of a recollection of those fearful pictures of devastation presented to our imagination by the historical narratives of the past, but is rather due to the sudden revelation of the delusive nature of the inherent faith by which we had clung to a belief in the immobility of the soil on which we tread: and this feeling is confirmed by the evidence of our senses. When therefore, we suddenly feel the ground move beneath us, a mysterious force, with which we were previously unacquainted, is revealed to us as an active disturber of stability. A moment destroys the illusion of a whole life: our deceptive faith in the repose of nature vanishes; and we feel transported into a realm of unknown destructive forces. Every sound,—the faintest motion of the air,—arrests our attention, and we no longer trust the ground on which we stand. There is an idea conveyed to the mind, of some universal and unlimited danger. We may

flee from the crater of a volcano in active eruption, or from the dwelling whose destruction is threatened by the approach of the lava stream: but in an earthquake direct our flight whithersoever we will, we still feel as though we trod upon the very focus of destruction."

Not less striking is the testimony of Dr. Tschudi, in his "Travels in Peru," regarding this singular effect of earthquakes on the human mind. "No familiarity with the phenomenon can," he remarks, "blunt the feeling. The inhabitant of Lima, who, from childhood, has frequently witnessed these convulsions of nature, is roused from his sleep by the shock, and rushes from his apartment with the cry of 'Misericordia!' The foreigner from the north of Europe, who knows nothing of earthquakes but by description, waits with impatience to feel the movements of the earth, and longs to hear with his own ear, the subterranaean sounds, which he has hitherto considered fabulous. With levity he treats the apprehension of a coming convulsion, and laughs at the fears of the natives: but as soon as his wish is gratified, he is terror-stricken, and is involuntarily prompted to seek safety in flight."

Now, a partially consolidated planet, tempested by frequent earthquakes of such terrible potency, that those of the historic ages would be but mere ripples of the earth's surface in comparison, could be no proper home for a creature so constituted. The fish or reptile,—animals of a limited range of instinct, exceedingly tenacious of life in most of their varieties, oviparous, prolific, and whose young, immediately on their escape from the egg, can provide for themselves, might enjoy existence in such circumstances, to the full extent of their narrow capacities: and when sudden death fell upon them,—though their remains, scattered over wide areas, continue to exhibit that distortion of posture incident to violent dissolution, which seems to speak of terror and suffering,—we may safely conclude there was but little real suffering in the case: they were happy up to a certain

point, and unconscious forever after. Fishes and reptiles were the proper inhabitants of our planet during the ages of the earth-tempests: and when, under the operation of the chemical laws, these had become less frequent and terrible, the higher mammals were introduced. That prolonged ages of these tempests did exist, and that they gradually settled down, until the state of things became at length comparatively fixed and stable, few geologists will be disposed to deny. The evidence which supports this special theory of the development of our planet in its capabilities as a scene of organised and sentient being, seems palpable at every step. Yes, we find everywhere, marks of at once progression and identity,—of progress made and yet identity maintained: but it is in the habitation that we find them, not in the inhabitants. There is a tract of country in Hindostan that contains nearly as many square miles as all Great Britain, covered to the depth of hundreds of feet by one vast overflow of trap: a tract similarly overflown, which exceeds in area all England, occurs in Southern Africa. The earth's surface is roughened with such,—mottled as thickly by the Plutonic masses, as the skin of the leopard by its spots. The trap district, which surrounds the Scottish metropolis, and imparts so imposing a character to its scenery, is too inconsiderable to be marked on geological maps of the world, that we yet see streaked and speckled with similar memorials, though on an immensely vaster scale, of the eruption and overflow which took place during the earthquake ages. What could man have done on the globe at a time when such outbursts were comparatively common occurrences? What could he have done where Edinburgh now stands during that overflow of trap-porphyry of which the Pentland range forms but a fragment, or that outburst of greenstone, of which but a portion remains in the dark ponderous coping of Salisbury Craigs, or when the thick floor of rock on which the city stands was broken up, like the ice of an arctic sea during a tempest in spring, and laid on

edge from where it leans against the Castle Hill to beyond the quarries at Joppa? The reasoning brain would have been wholly at fault in a scene of things in which it could neither foresee the exterminating calamity while yet distant, nor control it when it had come; and so the reasoning brain was not produced until the scene had undergone a slow, but thorough process of change, during which, at each progressive stage, it had furnished a platform for higher and still higher life. When the coniferæ could flourish on the land, and fishes subsist in the seas, fishes and cone-bearing plants were created; when the earth became a fit habitation for reptiles and birds, reptiles and birds were produced: with the dawn of a more stable and mature state of things, the sagacious quadruped was ushered in: and last of all, when man's house was fully prepared for him, when the data on which it is his nature to reason and calculate, had become fixed and certain,—the reasoning, calculating brain was moulded by the creative finger, and man became a living soul. Such seems to be the true reading of the wondrous inscription chiseled deep in the rocks. It furnishes us with no clue by which to unravel the unapproachable mysteries of creation; these mysteries belong to the wondrous Creator, and to Him only. We attempt to theorise upon them, and to reduce them to law, and all nature rises up against us in our presumptuous rebellion. A stray splinter of cone-bearing wood,—a fish's skull or tooth,—the vertebræ of a reptile,—the humerus of a bird,—the jaws of a quadruped,—all, any of these things, weak and insignificant as they may seem, become, in such a quarrel, too strong for us and our theory: the puny fragment, in the grasp of truth, forms as irresistible a weapon as the dry bone did in that of Sampson of old: and our slaughtered sophisms lie piled up, "heaps upon heaps," before it.

HUGH MILLER.

The Disenthralled.

He had bowed down to drunkenness,
An abject worshipper:
The pride of manhood's pulse had grown
Too faint and cold to stir:
And he had given his spirit up
To the unblessed thrall,
And bowing to the poison cup,
He gloried in his fall!

There came a change—the cloud rolled off,
And light fell on his brain—
And like the passing of a dream
That cometh not again,
The shadow of the spirit fled.
He saw the gulf before,
He shuddered at the waste behind,
And was a man once more.

He shook the serpent folds away,
That gathered round his heart,
As shakes the swaying forest-oak
Its poison vine apart;
He stood erect—returning pride
Grew terrible within,
And conscience sat in judgment, on
His most familiar sin.

The light of *Intellect* again
Along his pathway shone—
And Reason, like a monarch sat—
Upon his olden throne.

The honoured and the wise once more
Within his presence came,—
And lingered oft on lovely lips,
His once forbidden name.

There may be glory in the might,
That treadeth nations down,—
Wreaths for the crimson conquerer,
Pride for the kingly crown:
But nobler is that triumph hour,
The disenthralled shall find,
When evil passion boweth down,
Unto the Godlike mind!

J. G. W.

To Joseph Sturge on the death of his Sister.

THINE is a grief, the depth of which, another,
May never know,
Yet o'er the waters, O my stricken brother!
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee—sadly folding
Thy hand in mine,
With even the weakness of my soul upholding
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed;
I stood not by
When in calm trust, the pure and tranquil hearted
Lay down to die.

And on thy ear my words of weak condoling,
Must vainly fall;
The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling
Sounds over all!

I will not mock thee with the poor world's common
And heartless phrase,
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come,
Where in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb!

Yet would I say what thy own heart approveth:
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him, the dear one, whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought,
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones; but we lose not wholly
What he hath given:
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in his Heaven.

And she is with thee. In thy path of trial
She walketh yet:
Still with the baptism of thy self-denial,
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother! Lo the fields of harvest
Lie white in view!
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest,
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle! England's toil-worn peasants,
Thy call abide:
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence,
Shall glean beside!

J. G. W.

True Rest.

SWEET is the pleasure itself cannot spoil.
Is not true leisure one with true toil?
Thou that would'st taste it, still do thy best,—
Abuse it not, *waste* it not, else 'tis no rest.
Would'st behold beauty, near thee, around?
Only hath *duty* such a sight found!
Rest is not quitting the busy career—
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion, clear, without strife,
Fleeing to ocean, after its life.
Deeper devotion nowhere hath knelt,
Fuller emotion heart never felt,
'Tis loving and serving the *highest* and *best*—
'Tis onward—unswerving—and this is True Rest.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

The Bald Eagle.

This distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe, in this part of the world, and the adopted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice. He has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents; and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude, to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers.

Formed by nature for braving the severest cold; feeding equally on the produce of the sea, and of the land; possessing powers of flight,—capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by anything but man, and, from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes and ocean, deep below him; he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons; as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is therefore found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits; but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish.

In procuring these he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions; but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on a high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy

Yungæ, coursing along the sands; trains of Ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful Cranes, intent and wading; clamourous Crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one, whose action instantly arrests all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the Fish-Hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep.

His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself, with half opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the Eagle are all ardour; and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the Fish-Hawk once more emerge struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation.

These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, soon gains on the Fish-Hawk, each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencounters the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unincumbered Eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the Eagle poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere he reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

WILSON'S AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

ONE is much less sensible to cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one: thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

Jerusalem.

THE following paragraph suggested the lines below it. "A severe Earthquake is said to have taken place at Jerusalem, which has destroyed a great part of that City, shaken down the mosque of Omar, and reduced the Holy Sepulchre to ruins from top to bottom."

FOUR lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves,
Godfrey's and Baldwin's—Salem's christian Kings—
And holy light glanc'd from Helena's naves,
Fed with the incense which the Pilgrim brings—
While through the pannell'd roof, the Cedar flings
Its sainted arms o'er choir and roof and dome,
And every porphyry-pillar'd cloister rings
To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"
As every lip breathes out, "O Lord thy kingdom come."

A mosque was garnished with its crescent moons,
And a clear voice call'd Musslemans to prayer.
There were the splendours of Judea's thrones—
There were the trophies which its conquerors wear—
All but the truth, the holy truth, was there:
For there, with lip profane the crier stood,
And him from the tall minaret you might hear
Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,
That verse misunderstood, "There is no God but God."

Hark! did the Pilgrim tremble as he kneel'd!
And did the turban'd Turk his sins confess!
Those mighty hands, the elements that wield,
That mighty power that knows to curse or bless,
Is over all; and in whatever dress

His suppliants crowd around him. He can see
Their heart, in city or in wilderness,
And probe its core, and make its blindness see
That He is very God, the only Deity.

There was an Earthquake once, that rent thy fane
Proud Julian; when, (against the prophecy
Of Him who liv'd, and died, and rose again,
"That one stone on another should not lie,")
Thou woulds't rebuild that Jewish Masonry
To mock the eternal word—the earth below
Gush'd out in fire—and from the brazen sky,
And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow,
As saw not *Shinar's* plain, nor *Babel's* overthrow.

Another Earthquake comes. Dome, roof and wall
Tremble; and headlong to the grassy bank
And in the muddied stream the fragments fall,
While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and drank
At one huge draught, the sediment, which sank
In Salem's drained goblet. Mighty Power,
Thou, whom we all should worship, praise and thank,
Where was thy mercy in that awful hour,
When hell mov'd from beneath, and thine own Heaven did lower.

Say, Pilate's Palace;—say, proud Herod's towers—
Say, gate of Bethlehem, did your arches quake?
Thy Pool Bethesda, was it fill'd with showers?
Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake?
Tomb of thee, *Mary—Virgin*—did it shake?
Glow'd thy bought field, Aceldema, with blood?
Where were the shudderings Calvary might make?
Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood,
To wash away the spot where once a God had stood!

Lost Salem of the Jews—great sepulchre,
Of all profane and of all holy things,
Where Jew and Turk and Gentile yet concur
To make thee what thou art!
With the sad truth which He has prophesied,
Who would have sheltered with his holy wings
Thee and thy children. You his power defied;
You scourg'd Him while he liv'd, and mock'd Him as He died.

There is a Star in the untroubled sky,
That caught the first light which its Maker made—
It led the hymn of other orbs on high,
'Twill shine when all the fires of Heaven shall fade.
Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid!
For it has kept its watch on Palestine!
Look to its holy light, nor be dismay'd,
Though broken is each consecrated shrine,
Though crush'd and ruin'd all—which men have called divine.

BRAINARD.

IN our journey through life, we come upon a fountain of holy delight, and the stream from it we follow, day by day, and year after year. And perhaps then it vanishes, and leaves us to walk a dry and dusty and unlovely path. But that sweet stream —is it lost in the salt sea of sorrow, along with the river of ambition, and the muddy torrents of the world? O no! it has not ended in the salt sea of sorrow, nor ever reached it. It has disappeared with perhaps the heat of the day in summer. And so, not into the sea of hopeless sorrow but into *the sky* it has gone: and if we are watchful it will hold for us there the rainbow of heavenly promise.

THORPE.

Pardshaw Craig.

Pardshaw Craig in Cumberland is a point of limestone ledge, where George Fox used to stand and preach to many thousand people at a time;—there is something extraordinary in the conformation of the place; the "preacher's clint," is a rock rising immediately from the brink of a perpendicular cliff of about fifteen feet, and not unlike in height, size and shape to a pulpit; on the back, the ground rises a little, but nearly level for several yards, on which there are thickly strewn and permanently embedded a great number of square limestone rocks, about two feet high and the same square; one could almost imagine them the work of the hand of art, but this evidently is not the case, as the same phenomenon may be seen every where over the hill. We thought five hundred persons might be seated on the rocks, behind the "preacher's clint," and within hearing. From the base of the perpendicular cliff, the ground slopes to the eastward, forming, with the brow of the hill which curves a little in the form of a new moon, a partial amphitheatre; from some unaccountable cause, a person may be heard, with an ordinary modulation of voice, over a space that we thought would contain one hundred thousand persons; here George Fox on one occasion convinced nearly all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

The country round is beautiful in the extreme;—it is the land of mountains and lakes, than which nothing can be more picturesque.

L. M. Hoag.

True religion is internal: the noblest temple of the Deity, is the heart of man.

Lines

WRITTEN BY A LADY, AS AN EXCUSE FOR HER ZEAL IN THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn—
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief, the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way,
That led me up to woman's day!

Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray,—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay,—
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow:
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There, mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory, feeling's fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear,—
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The grey that streaks her dark hair now,
Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him,
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth—
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing,—*A Drunkard's Wife!*
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight,—*A Drunkard's child!*

Go, hear, and see, and feel and know,
All that my soul hath felt or known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its brightness can atone,
Think, if its flavour you would try,
If all proclaimed—"'Tis drink, and die!"

Tell me I *hate* the bowl?
Hate is a feeble word—
I *loathe*, *abhor*—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Where'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell!

Christianity.

IF Providence had intended no other object but to awaken and exercise the human intellect, Christianity would have done for man what no other system has effected. It went forth in its very childhood like its own great Master, into the very sanctuary of heathen philosophy, and sat down there, not only to hear and answer questions, but to teach and confute. In other times with an intensity of purpose, which nothing but real devotion could support, it threw forth the noblest feelings and affections of man into creations of beauty, such as no worldly thought realized: creations, not of the eye, but of the heart, into which, by a deep and conscious instinct, the soul of man was transfused, and which, therefore, will act upon that soul, even to the latest generation; not as the toys and play-things of modern art, merely to amuse and surprise, but as the works of God in nature, to feed and invigorate and govern.

FINE sensibilities are like woodbines—delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid upright stem of *understanding:* but very poor things, if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

When will the Millennium come?

* * * THERE is a charm in the millennial name. The wing of poetry flags under this great conception. Sometimes we see it under the type of a wilderness newly clothed with bud and blossom: sometimes we see it under the type of a city descending from Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband: sometimes we behold it as a great temple, arising out of the earth, and capacious enough to contain all nations. This temple is not built of earthly materials, that will perish with the using, but is supported on immutable columns. Every great moral and religious principle is a pillar in the millennial temple. The principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors is one pillar: the doctrine that all slave-holding is sinful is another pillar, standing firm, awfully grand and immovable: the doctrine of the absolute inviolability of human life is another: this is in a state of preparation, but it will soon ascend, and stand brightly and majestically in its place: and thus, principle after principle will be established, in the tops of the mountains, and shall expand upon the eye of the beholder, far more beautiful than the Parthenon! And what then will be wanting? Only that the nations in the language of prophecy, shall flow into it: only that the people should occupy it, and rejoice in it: and this is millennial glory. But, unless yon have firm, unchangeable, immutable principles, it will be like a certain house, that was built upon the sand: "and the rains descended, and the floods came, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

The doctrines of the millenium are the doctrines of to-day: the principles of the millennium are the very principles which are obligatory on the men of the present generation: the bond which will exclude all contention, and will bind together all hearts, will be nothing more nor less than the Gospel of Christ.

UPHAM.

Lines by De-Wette.

World Redeemer! Lord of Glory!
As of old, to zealous Paul,
Thou didst come in sudden splendour
And from out the clouds didst call:
As to Mary in the garden,
Did thy risen form appear,
Come, arrayed in heavenly beauty,
Come, and speak, and I will hear!

"Hast thou not," the master answered,
"Hast thou not my written word?
Hast thou not, to go before thee,
The example of the Lord?"
Blessed one! thy word of wisdom,
Is too high for me to know,
And my feet are all too feeble,
For the path where Thou didst go.

Doubts torment me when I study:—
All my reading and my thinking,
Lead away from firm conviction,
And in mire my feet are sinking.
Then I turn to works of duty,—
Here thy law is very plain—
But I look at thy example,
Strive to follow, strive in vain.

Let me gaze, then, on thy glory,
Change to flesh this heart of stone—
Let the light illume my darkness,
That around the apostle shone!

Cold belief is not conviction—
Rules are impotent to move,
Let me *see* thy heavenly beauty,
Let me learn to trust and love.

In my heart the voice made answer,
"Ask thou not a sign from Heaven;
In the Gospel of thy Saviour,
Life as well as *Light* is given.
Ever looking unto Jesus,
All his glory thou shalt see—
From thy heart the veil be taken,
And the word made clear to thee.

"*Love* the Lord, and thou shalt *see* Him:
Do his will, and thou shalt know,
How the *spirit* lights the letter—
How a little child may go,
Where the wise and prudent stumble;
How a heavenly glory shines,
In his acts of love and mercy,
From the Gospel's simplest lines!"

THERE is something in the condition of a slave, that, beyond every other marked by human misery, defies the power of hope to gild its future: and herein, perhaps, lies (though it seems like a paradox,) the secret of those light smiles and all that careless merriment, of which we are told by those who would defend the abomination. It is only when it is *possible* that some change may alter our condition, that we feel either anxious or hopeful about it. King David fasted and wept while his spirit was suspended between hope and fear: but when all was over—when all hope had fled, he arrayed himself and feasted.

To the Meek.

How much that Genius boasts as hers,
And fancies hers alone,
On you, meek spirits, *Faith* confers!
The proud have further gone,
Perhaps through life's dull maze: but you
Alone possess the labyrinth's clue!

To you the costliest spoils of Thought,
Wisdom unclaimed yields up:
To you her far-sought pearl is brought,
And melted in your cup:
To you her nard and myrrh she brings,
Like Orient gifts to infant kings.

The "single eye" alone can see
All truths around us thrown,
In their eternal unity:
The humble ear alone
Has room to hold and time to prize,
The sweetness of Life's harmonies.

Notions to thought made visible,
Are but the smallest part,
Of those immortal Truths which dwell
Self-radiant in man's heart.
With *outward* beams are others bright,
But God has made you "full of light."

One science well ye know: the will
Of God—to man laid bare:
One art have mastered: to fulfil
The part assigned you there.
If other, meaner lore ye sought,
This first ye learned—to need it not!

The Chief Good.

When we come to the work of watching over our hearts, and amending our own lives, in earnest, as to a great and all-important work, which requires, not merely the whole concentrated energies of the human mind, but the powerful assistance of the Holy Spirit added thereto, and working therewith, we feel for the first time the weakness, the vacillation, the worldliness, the propensity to error, the indisposition to duty, the sin in our nature! Herein consists the benefit of sickness, and next to sickness, retirement. We there learn ourselves, that book of many pages, that text of many meanings! An individual thrown, and thrown under disadvantageous circumstances, into close and constant intercourse with the world, has this book closed against him; at least it requires a courageous, almost a mighty effort to break open its seals, and get at its secrets. In the noise and glare of a worldly life, how many false motives, how many erroneous opinions, may steal in and out of the heart unnoticed; and shape themselves into action, and express themselves in words, contrary to the spirit of upright self-denying religion, with an influence so silent and unobtrusive, that the individual is not aware of the deadening process going on within him. Business, just, lawful, necessary business, comes first, with its imperative claims upon the mass of his time, and the main strength of his mind: recreation follows, and with the same plea of necessity, tithes the remaining portion; physical nature, wearied, wanting, overtasked nature, brings up the rear, and demands all that remains, with an urgency not to be parried or set aside. Such is the treadmill round: such the incessant surrender of time, thought, and strength, to business, pleasure and physical retirements!—and there remains nothing for God; nothing even for self in the best sense, till sickness comes, or till death suddenly stalks in, breaks like a giant the bands that have fettered the soul to earth, brings the struggling captive into the presence of its Maker, teaches in a moment, and with an energy not to be

gainsayed, that one forgotten necessary was,—to learn to die;—that if many things were expedient, one was emphatically "needful;" if many good, one was the chief good, without which, all else exerted an ensnaring and destroying influence—with which, every pursuit would have been ennobled, every pure pleasure enhanced, every affection purified, every power strengthened, every dispensation rendered a blessing, every affliction salutary. Alas, for the trials and temptations of this busy, changing, proud, perishing world! and alas for those, obliged to pass through its furnace!—called to use, yet commanded not to abuse it; to be "not slothful in business," yet "fervent in spirit;" to be a citizen in its high places, yet maintain the feelings of a pilgrim and a stranger; to mingle in the pageant, without being conformed to its fashions, or governed by its motives, or anxious for its honours. Alas! for such a one, were there no Divine Spirit to strengthen him with might in his inner man; no compassionate Father to relieve his doubts, and fears, and sinkings of heart; to hear his confessions of weakness, his supplications for wisdom, support, and consolation; were there no all-atoning Redeemer to blot out the records of sin, condemnation, deficiency, and error; to present his prayers, plead his cause on high, and throw over the suppliant the garment of salvation. If I knew a friend so circumstanced, so peculiarly exposed to the snares and strifes of this world's influence, and if I felt for that friend the truest regard, joined to the most anxious interest; and if I knew, too, that circumstances shielded me from much to which he was exposed—how sacred a duty would it seem, to bring before him glimpses of those truths which counteracting causes so tended to shut out, to venture to press home the absolute duty, the paramount importance of seeking first the kingdom of God, his righteousness, his rewards, his pleasures, and his service. Oh! how sacred a duty would it appear, to think of that individual in the retired hours of meditation, to garrison him with desires for his heavenly interests, prayers for his spiritual welfare.

 M. J. JEWSBURY.

Logan's Lament.

The sky was once bright, o'er the path which I trod,
And the flowers sprang light, from the green bosomed sod:
The hills and the mountains were gay to mine eye,
And the wild waters murmured in harmony by:
The mountains still bloom and the waters still pour—
But joy to my bosom shall never shine more.

It was sweet once to sit by the gush of the spring,
And hear in the wild-wood the mocking-bird sing.
It was blithe, in the stillness and beauty of night,
To catch the soft echoes that followed her flight:
The night is still beautiful—sweet is the strain,
But pleasure to Logan returns not again.

My cabin was built by the verge of a lake,
And beside me the voice of the Cataract spake:
The dark bosomed forest stretched deep in the rear,
And behind the blue mountains rose, lofty and clear:
It was blithe to the heart, and serene to the eye,
To see their long ridges uplifted on high.

How oft have I sat at that cabin's low door,
With those that shall sit by that cabin no more;
And watched, in the last fading light of the day,
Which the shadows of twilight were driving away,
The proud Eagle sail, slowly over the wave,
Like the demon of fear, o'er the murderer's grave.

The Great Spirit sent, from the home of the blest,
The brightest of blessings which Logan possessed:

'Twas the blessing of love: oh it twined round his heart,
As joy which he fancied would never depart:
His children and wife were more dear in his eye,
Than the bloom of the earth, or the glow of the sky.

I had long loved the white man—I gave him my hand,
I refused 'gainst his nation to lift up the brand:
My hut was his home, and my hearth was his bed;
And my food and my raiment before him were spread:
When hungry and naked and weary of limb,
The cabin of Logan was open to him.

The men of my nation when passing, would say,
"Lo, the friend of the white man!" and pass on their way;
I thought to have built me my tent on their plain,
And peacefully cultured my little domain.
But woe to the hand which the strong link can sever,
And make Logan the foe of the white man forever!

When I sat in the shade of mine own Alder tree,
And saw the young scions surrounding my knee,
No chief of my tribe was more happy than I,
Sitting there in the light of my own native sky;
As pure as the air that was whispering above,
And owning no bond but the sweet tie of love.

But the angel of Death was abroad on the blast,
And over the flock of my bosom he passed:
I had not the power his pinions to stay,
And with one fatal flap they were hurried away:
At the voice of destruction they sank in the flood,
And the waves of Kanawa were red with their blood.

Revenge was my watchword! for it I have fought,
And the boon is obtained which so dearly I bought:

I have sent forth my wrath for the souls of the slain,
And peace to my country is welcome again.
Yet think not I fear, 'tis a passion unknown,
To him who now walks through the forest, alone:
For life is a thing without value to me,
I stand like the blackened and storm-beaten tree,
Which the fury and scathe of the tempest hath torn,
And who is there now for poor Logan to mourn?

Not one! not a creature on earth owns a part,
In the life-drops that flow from his agonised heart:
No one comes to succour and pity his state;
No one comes to sigh o'er the gloom of his fate.
Desolation sits brooding upon his hearth stone,
And Logan the Mingo is left all alone!
Yes I wander alone, like the deer on the hill,
And a thousand wild fancies my dark bosom thrill.
Like the light breeze that wafts the brown autumn leaf hither,
So Logan goes forth, and no mortal knows whither.

A spirit comes over the mountain afar—
Like the lovely mild glow of the evening star,
Her robe is of white, and is streaming behind,
And she comes floating slow o'er the wings of the wind.
It is she,—my companion in love, it is *she!*
And the bright angel group round her bosom I see!

The whisper of breezes! she calls me away!
Oh why should I linger—oh why should I stay?
Yes, take me fair spirit away to thy sky,
When joy is no more, tis a blessing to die.
On earth there is nothing to banish my pain,
For pleasure to Logan returns not again.

C. W. THOMSON.

Death of Copernicus.

PROVIDENCE, which has ends innumerable to answer, in the conduct of the physical and intellectual, as of the moral world, sometimes permits the great discoverers fully to enjoy their fame; sometimes to catch but a glimpse of the extent of their achievements; and sometimes sends them dejected and heart broken to the grave, unconscious of the importance of their own discoveries, and not merely undervalued by their contemporaries, but by themselves. It is plain that Copernicus, like his great contemporary, Columbus, though fully conscious of the boldness and the novelty of his doctrine, saw but a part of the changes it was to effect in science. After harboring in his bosom for long, long years, that pernicious heresy,—the solar system,—he died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life, with a little help from the imagination, would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years he has revolved and matured in his mind, his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity, a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his works from the press; and to make known his system but to a few confidential disciples and friends. At length he draws near his end; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on "the Revolutions of the heavenly orbs" to his friends for publication. The day at last has come, on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the twenty-fourth of May, 1543. On that day,—the effect no doubt of the intense excitement of his mind, operating upon an exhausted frame,—an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour has come; he lies stretched upon the couch, from which he will never rise, in his apartment at the Canonry at Frauenberg, East Prussia.

The beams of the setting sun glance through the gothic win-

dows of his chamber; near his bed-side is the armillary sphere, which he has contrived to represent the theory of his heavens, —his picture painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it his Astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment opens;—the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters; it is a friend, who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that had ever been distictly taught by former philosophers:—he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world had acknowledged for a thousand years;—he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him; but he knows that his book is true. He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth, as his dying bequest to the world. He bids the friend, who has brought it, place himself between the window and his bed-side, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once, before his eyes grow dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires.—But no, he is not wholly gone! A smile lights upon his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye;—his lips move;—and the friend, who leans over him, can hear him, faintly murmer the beautiful sentiments, which the Christian lyrist, of a later age, has so finely expressed in verse:

"Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell, with all your feeble light,
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night!
And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.
Ye stars, are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with God."

The City.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see,
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity:
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper, and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty! here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud,
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies
And lights their inner homes:
For them thou fillest with air the unbounded skies—
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quick'ning the restless mass that sweep along;
And this eternal sound,
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee!

And when the hours of rest,
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Flushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of that moment too is thine:
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps. Bryant.

On Drawing.

By many, the art of drawing is considered a useless accomplishment, having no practical value or importance. No opinion could be more erroneous. On the contrary, its utility makes it worthy of a prominent place among the pursuits of every class of people. To the mechanic and the man of science, the art of drawing is indispensable. The artisan must first draw his model if he would ensure success to his labour, and it is only the practised eye that can define the "little more or less" that is necessary to perfect the line of beauty, and none but a practised hand, can, by the slightest variation of a curve, add grace and effect to the whole contour. By the same means the scientific student demonstrates the result of his researches. Without the aid of the pencil how limited would be our knowledge of natural history, and the position and productions of the various countries with which we are now made familiar! But regarding it merely as a pursuit of pleasure, it is a source of the most refined enjoyment. And is there nothing gained by the influence of such a pursuit on the mind? Is not every pursuit valuable that is in itself elevating, whether its influence is limited to individuals or extended to communities?

Another advantage not to be overlooked in this pursuit, is, the increase it gives to our sources of pleasure: and in enumerating those that are most desirable, we would rank as the highest, that derived from the beauties of Nature. No one can take delight in them and be indifferent to their source. The lover of nature is not always a lover of art—but the true lover of art is always a lover of nature; and as a lover of nature, his pleasure is much increased by the habit of close observation that is necessary to the practice of art. The form of every leaf, the colour of every flower, and the hue of every cloud, then catch his attention, and by the admiration they

excite, the pleasure of the general view is much enhanced. It is truly said that, a habit of watchfulness of the outward world, is a pretty certain assurance of a well-informed man: and I would recommend a practice of the art if it were only for the nice discrimination it requires: for the application of this habit is invaluable in every other pursuit.

M. A. DWIGHT.

Elizabeth Fry.

THE felon's bewailing,
The Magdalen's sigh;
The tears of the widow,
The fatherless cry,—
These are her epitaph,
Written above:—
Lasting memorials—
Records of love.
Spirit of Howard,
Look down from on high,—
On the grave of thy sister,
Elizabeth Fry!
Wrapped in thy mantle,
She entered the cell,
A priestess of Heaven,
On the threshold of Hell,—
An angel of mercy,
Wherever she went,
Calling, like Peter,—
On men to repent.

Wearisome nights,
And wearisome days,
Mindful of duty,—
Unmindful of praise—
In the gloom of the dungeon,
Upon the cold ground,
By the sick and the dying,
There was she found.
Oh many a sight
She looked upon there,
Of sickness and death,
Of sorrow and care:
Like Aaron she stood,
'Twixt the living and dead,
A stranger to doubting
A stranger to dread;—
A Handmaid of Heaven,
By charity sent,—
Scattering blessings,
Wherever she went.
The feelings of woman,
The courage of man,
Gave love and decision
To every plan.
Nations of Europe
Are shrouded in gloom;
All creeds and all classes,
Weep over her tomb!

WM. NICOMB.

IF wisdom's ways you wisely seek, five things observe with care,
To whom you speak, *of whom* you speak, and *how*, and *when*,
and *where*.

Bridges.

I.

I HAVE a bridge within my heart,
  Known as the "Bridge of Sighs:"
It stretches from life's sunny part,
  To where life's darkness lies.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
  To watch life's tide below,
Sad thoughts come through the shadowy land,
  And darken all its flow.

Then as it winds its way along
  To sorrow's bitter sea,
O mournful is the spirit-song,
  That upward floats to me.

A song which breathes of blessings dead,
  Of friends and friendships flown:
Of pleasures gone—their distant tread
  Now to an echo grown.

And hearing thus, beleaguering fears
  Soon shut the present out,
While bliss but in the past appears,
  And in the future, doubt.

Oh often then will deeper grow
  The night which round me lies:
I wish that life had run its flow,
  Or never found its rise!

II.

I have a bridge within my heart,
  Known as the "Bridge of Faith:"
It spans, by a mysterious art,
  The streams of life and death.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
  To watch the tide below,
Sweet thoughts come from a sunny land,
  And brighten all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along,
  Toward a distant sea,
Oh pleasant is the spirit-song,
  That upward floats to me

A song of blessings never sere—
  Of love "beyond compare,"
Of pleasures flowed from troublings here,
  To rise serenely there.

And hearing thus—a peace divine
  Soon shuts each sorrow out;
And all is hopeful and benign,
  Where all was fear and doubt.

Oh often then will brighter grow
  The light which round me lies:
I see, from life's beclouded flow,
  A crystal stream arise.

The Preservation of Peace.

GREATER than the divinity that doth hedge a king, is the divinity that encompasses the righteous man, and the righteous people. The flowers of prosperity smiled in the blessed foot-prints of William Penn. His people were unmolested and happy, while, (sad but true contrast!) those of other colonies, acting upon the policy of the world, building forts, and showing themselves in arms, not after receiving provocation, but merely in the anticipation, or from the fear of insults or danger,—were harrassed by perpetual alarms, and pierced by the sharp arrows of savage war. This pattern of a Christian Commonwealth never fails to arrest the admiration of all who contemplate its beauties. It drew an epigram of eulogy from the caustic pen of Voltaire, and has been fondly painted by many virtuous historians. Every ingenuous soul, in our day, offers his willing tribute to those celestial graces of justice and humanity, by the side of which the flinty hardness of the pilgrims of Plymouth Rock, seems earthly and coarse. But let us not confine ourselves to barren words, in recognition of virtue. While we see the right and approve it, too, let us dare to pursue it. Let us now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, be willing to follow the succesful example of William Penn, surrounded by savages. Let us, while we recognise those transcendant ordinances of God, the law of Right and the law of Love,—the double suns which illuminate the moral universe,—aspire to the true glory, and, what is higher than glory, the great good of taking the lead in the disarming of the nations. Let us abandon the system of preparation for war, in time of peace, as irrational, unchristian, vainly prodigal of expense, and having a direct tendency to excite the very evil against which it professes to guard. Let the enormous means thus released from iron hands, be devoted to labours beneficent.

Our battlements shall be schools, hospitals, colleges and churches: our arsenals shall be libraries: our navy shall be peaceful ships, on errands of perpetual commerce: our army shall be the teachers of youth, and the ministers of religion. This is, indeed, the cheap defence of nations. In such intrenchments, what christian soul can be touched with fear? Angels of the Lord shall throw over the land an invisible, but impenetrable panoply;—

"Or if virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

At the thought of such a change in policy, the imagination loses itself in the vain effort to follow the various streams of happiness, which gush forth as from a thousand hills.—Then shall the naked be clothed, and the hungry fed. Institutions of science and learning shall crown every hill-top: hospitals for the sick, and retreats for the unfortunate children of the world,—for all who suffer in any way, in mind, in body or estate,—shall nestle in every valley: while the spires of new churches shall leap exulting to the skies. The whole land shall bear witness to the change:—art shall confess it in the new inspiration of the canvass and the marble: the harp of the poet shall proclaim it in a loftier rhyme. Above all, the heart of man shall bear witness to it, in the elevation of his affections, in his devotion to the highest truth, in his appreciation of true greatness. The eagle of our country, without the terror of his beak, and dropping the forceful thunderbolt from his pounces, shall soar with the olive of peace, into untried realms of ether, nearer to the sun.

CHARLES SUMNER.

ALL true spiritual and moral greatness roots itself in simplicity, humility and love.

BIOG. NEANDER.

Passing under the Rod.

BY M. S. B. DANA.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay.
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love:
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw, when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two:
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom to the paleness of woe.
Yet the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And He strengthened the chain he had severed in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee,—pass under the rod."

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as he murmured her name
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw, when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.

Yet the Healer was there who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
I love thee, I love thee,—pass under the rod!"

I saw, when a father and mother had leaned,
On the arms of a dear cherished son,
And the star of the future grew bright in their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won:
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to the feet,
And the star-light of love glimmered bright in the air,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet:
But I saw, when they stood bending low o'er the grave,
Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And joy from their bosoms had fled:
Yet the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world;
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God,
"I love thee, I love thee! pass under the rod!"

THE mind which does not converse with itself, is an idle wanderer: and all the learning in the world is fruitless and misemployed, whilst in the midst of his boasted knowledge, a man continues in profound ignorance of that, which, in point both of duty and advantage, he is most concerned to know.

T. A. KEMPIS.

John Howard.

Over Europe the name of Howard is accepted as a synonym of all that is exalted in action, and disinterested in motive. Honoured in his own day, Time has but hallowed his memory, and made clear the extent of the world's loss. His life is fruitful in lessons of wisdom. The silent record of great deeds preaches trumpet-tongued to the man of wealth and influence: it startles him with the consciousness of his own shortcomings, and shows him what achievements are possible to men, earnest and devout. In these times, too, sordid and selfish as they grow, the history of such an one is needed to quicken our faith in disinterestedness, and show us to what humanity has attained and can attain.

Howard is supposed, for some mystery seems to hang over the fact, to have been born in the year 1726. His father, a strong-minded Puritan, had earned considerable wealth as a merchant, and retired from business about the time of his son's birth. Contrary to the supposition we should have been led to entertain from the tone of Howard's life, a mother's love and watchfulness was denied him. At school he was a dunce, and at no period could he have been termed a scholar. Dr. Atkin has sufficiently established the fact, though Dixon, in his enthusiasm, would supply this supposed necessary to perfection. Though born to the inheritance of a large estate, he served a considerable time as an apprentice in a Watling-street warehouse, and not until the death of his father in 1782, was business forsaken. The first notable incident in his career is his singular marriage. While living in lodgings in Stoke Newington, he experienced a very severe attack of illness, his life being almost despaired of. During the whole period of his sickness, his *landlady*, with the natural instinct of a woman's heart, tended him with judicious care and eased his sufferings

by her womanly attention. On the recovery of the patient, he, in gratitude married her!—the good lady's protests notwithstanding. The bridegroom was five and twenty years of age, the bride fifty-two! The union was short, but neither party had occasion to regret the contract. She died in the third year of her marriage, deeply lamented by her youthful lord. Although the great work of his life had not yet commenced, the desire for action seized upon him, and hearing of the sufferings of the poor of Lisbon, caused by the terrible earthquake of 1758, he hastened to their assistance. France and England were then at war, the ship in which he sailed was carried into Brest and the prisoners treated with the utmost barbarity. Here, probably, the idea of his mission was first awakened. After a short term of imprisonment, an exchange of prisoners was effected, and the young philanthropist retired quietly to his small patrimonial estate at Cardington, near Bedford, having first effected the release of his fellow captives. After the lapse of three years he again married. Henrietta Leeds was a being worthy of the passionate devotion with which she was regarded by her husband. —Howard loved her with all the fervour of his soul, and when she died, he seemed for a while, in the intensity of his grief, to be lost to outward scenes. The day of her death was held sacred in his calendar: kept evermore as a day of fasting and humiliation. The desolate home was now intolerable, and Howard left for Italy and Germany. The deeply religious tone of his mind here becomes apparent. Religion dwelt within him as the all-vivifying principle. It gave the direction and colour to every impulse and act of his life.

We must hurry over many important parts of Howard's career. In 1773, although a rigid Dissenter, he was nominated to fill the office of Sheriff of Bedford: the "prison-world" was opened to him; and he girded up his loins for the steep and rugged road he was hereafter to tread. The prison at Bedford, glorified by the long captivity of Bunyan, was a fitting scene for the

inauguration of Howard in his new function. Towards the close of the year 1773 he began his tours of inspection, and was gradually led on to extend them into the nearer counties, then into the neighbouring kingdoms of the British empire—then over the greater part of Europe, and, finally to other portions of the globe. We will not stay here to describe the fearful state of the prisons in England at the commencement of his career. Let it suffice to say, that prisoners were confined in the most loathsome places, and treated with horrible cruelty. A man might be left to die of starvation in a goal for *not* being guilty of his crime—if unable to pay certain exorbitant fees. The criminal code was written in blood. A man might be hanged for stealing a hop-band in a garden at Kent, or purloining an old coat of the value of five shillings in Middlesex. And this was in the age of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Sheridan and Paley!

On the conclusion of Howard's rapid survey of the prisons of his country, the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee of the whole House, to cite him to its bar, to hear his report, and examine him thereupon. On the House resuming, the chairman, at the instance of the committee, moved,—"That John Howard, Esq., be called to the bar, and that Mr. Speaker do acquaint him that the House are very sensible of the humanity and zeal which have led him to visit the several gaols of this kingdom, and to communicate to the House the interesting observations which he has made upon that subject." He was accordingly called for, and in the name of the supreme Legislature of his country, thanked for his philanthropic exertions—"an honour seldom accorded by that body to other than the ministers of war and conquest. One of the members, surprised at the extent and minuteness of his inspections, requested to be informed "at whose expense he travelled." "A question to which," Dr. Aikin says, "he could hardly reply, without expressing some indignant emotion."

His hand had now been put to the plough, and his life was

devoted evermore to the alleviation of human woe. He penetrated into every dark nook and corner of the kingdom. Nothing was too obscure to escape his vigilance. Every prison, compter, or spunging-house, every hole into which unfortunate beings could be thrust, he considered worthy of his attention. At length in 1774, Parliament, roused by his remonstrance to some sense of its duty, passed two bills "for the better Regulation of Prisons," one of which abolished all fees, and gave the prisoner his discharge directly he was acquitted; and another which provided for the whitewashing, cleansing and ventilation of prisons, for the establishment of infirmaries, and for the erection of dungeons in which even offenders might live. Howard was ill in bed when these bills were passed; on his recovery, he revisited the goals to see that the acts were duly enforced. In the following year he proceeded to the continent. He found such of the prisons in France as he was allowed to enter, in a much better condition than those of his own country. He visited successively, Belgium, Holland, and Germany; in many respects he found "correctional science," as Dixon calls it, more advanced than in England. The prisoners were mostly employed, while ours were simply confined and starved. On returning home he revisited many of the English prisons, and then left for Switzerland, where also he found prison discipline somewhat understood. After proceeding to Germany and Holland, he came back to his own country, still more profoundly impressed with the superiority of the continental nations generally, over our own, in this important matter. He had now collected such a mass of materials as no human being had ever gathered on the same subject, and he gave to the world his great work on the "State of Prisons"—The work, previous to its publication, was submitted to the criticism of the author's dearest friends, Dr. Price and Dr. Aikin. When it first appeared, it created an extraordinary sensation:—

"The fame of its author's labours—his disinterestedness—the

purity of his motives in undertaking such a missionaryship—the courage and devotion with which he had executed it—the sublime confidence in which he had penetrated dark and pestilential dungeons, in order to carry thereinto light and hope, and to bring the fearful secrets of the prison-house before the world—also, some intimation of the sterling worth and originality of his private character, had reached, through various channels, the knowledge of his countrymen; and there was consequently a strong desire on the part of the public to follow his fortunes more minutely, and to trace the lines of his apostleship from his own hand. The interest here indicated was, however, chiefly of a personal or biographical nature, and such as would have attached to the record of any other series of striking adventures. Many others, though not so large a multitude perhaps, felt a deep interest in the subjects of his inquiries; and there would necessarily be many whose curiosity would be excited by the Philanthropist's examination before the House of Commons, and the vote of thanks which that body had so publicly and honourably offered him for his valuable communications to it. Expectation was then generally and highly raised; nor, on the publication of the work, was it at all disappointed. The critical reviews of the day received it with great favour, and welcomed it with that most flattering of all receptions from such authorities—an ample share of notice, comment, and criticism. One and all, they bore the highest testimony to its author's commanding merits. The reading world—it was rather a limited one then compared with what it is now—appears also to have perused its contents with universal satisfaction and admiration. The meed of praise, of acknowledgment, was without stint or reservation—was free and full, as it was richly merited."

We can only indicate the course of his future career. His reputation rapidly spread over Europe; and on his third tour he was received in Holland, Prussia, and Austria, with the most distinguished honours. On reaching home after this tour, he

undertook his longest and most laborious home-journey, traversing almost every county in England, Ireland, and Scotland. His inspection satisfied him as to the utility of his labours. Some of the more flagrant abuses which he had formerly noted had been removed, the gaols were almost universally cleaner, more orderly, and healthier. His thoughts again turned to the continent; there were yet vast regions unexplored: Denmark, Norway, Russia, Poland, Turkey, Egypt, Spain, and Portugal, "beckoned him to their cities;" and in 1781 he departed for the extreme North. On his return, he gave the entire results of his inspection to the public, in a second Appendix to his work. Twelve years had now passed since he had commenced, in the cell of John Bunyan, that gigantic labour that has rendered his name immortal. During these twelve years he had traversed every country on the continent, with the exception of Turkey; had visited, and minutely inspected, the gaols of all their capitals and principal cities; had travelled upwards of forty thousand miles, and had expended upon these travels, or in relieving the sick and giving freedom to the captive, more than £30,000. While resting at his favourite estate of Cardington, that terrible destroyer, the plague, was perpetually in his thoughts. In 1785, although sixty years of age, he again quitted his native shores, with a view to discover some remedy for this foe of humanity. He visited the Lazaretto at Marseilles, and while the plague was raging, took his passage from Smyrna to the Adriatic in an infected vessel, with a foul bill of health, in order to be subjected to the strictest quarantine! His sufferings were fearful; and to add to his pangs, news came to him while in this horrible plague-ship, that his son, after a wild career of dissipation, had become insane! When the father returned, he found his son an incurable maniac.

Thus bereft of every tie which could bind him to his home, on the 5th of July, 1779, he took another, his last journey, feeling convinced that it would be his last. His intention was to visit

Russia, Turkey, and other countries, for the purpose of extending his inquiries respecting the plague. At Cherson, he caught a virulent fever, taken while visiting a lady on the point of death; and here, far from home and friends, as calm and dignified as the heathen sage, and with a more blessed assurance and support, this faithful and devoted labourer departed from the scene of his labours, with a goodly sheaf of noble deeds to present to the Lord of the Harvest.—"There is a spot," said he to one at his bedside, "near the village of Dauphiney, that would suit me nicely. You know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor let any monument nor monumental inscription whatsoever be made, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

While wavering between life and death, a letter from England was put in his hands, giving a favourable account of the health of his son. Like an angel of mercy sent from Heaven, this came to the dying man; giving the letter to a friend, he said, tenderly, —"Is not this a comfort for a dying father?" and in a few seconds the Christian patriach was with his God. "He lived an apostle," said Bentham "and died a martyr."

THE FUNERAL OF HOWARD.

His death fell on the mind of Europe like an ominous shadow: the melancholy wail of grief which arose on the Dnieper, was echoed from the Thames, and soon re-echoed from the Tagus, and the Neva, and the Dardanelles. Everywhere Howard had friends —more than could be thought till death cut off restraint, and threw the flood-gates of sympathy wide open. Then the affluent tide rolled in like the dawn of a summer day. Cherson went into deep mourning for the illustrious stranger; and there was

hardly a person in the province who was not greatly affected on learning that he had chosen to fix his final resting-place on the Russian soil. In defiance of his own wishes on the subject, the enthusiasm of the people improvised a public funeral. The Prince of Moldavia, Admirals Priestman and Mordvinoff, all the generals and staff officers of the garrison, the whole body of the magistrates and merchants of the province, and a large party of cavalry, accompained by an immense cavalcade of private persons, formed the funeral procession. Nor was the grief by any means confined to the higher orders. In the wake of the more stately band of mourners, followed on foot a concourse of at least three thousand persons—slaves, prisoners, sailors, soldiers, peasants—men whose best and most devoted friend the hero of these martial honours had ever been; and from this after, humbler train of followers, arose the truest, tenderest expression of respect and sorrow for the dead. When the funeral pomp was over, the remains of their benefactor lowered into the earth, and the proud procession of the great had moved away—then would these simple children of the soil steal noiselessly to the edge of the deep grave, and with their hearts full of grief, whisper in low voices to each other of all that they had seen and known of the good stranger's acts of charity and kindness. Good indeed he had been to them. Little used to acts or words of love from their own lords, they had felt the power of his kind manner, his tender devotion to them, only the more deeply from its novelty. To them how irreparable the loss! The higher ranks had lost the grace of a benignant presence in their high circle; but they—the poor, the friendless—had lost in him their friend —almost their father. Nature is ever true: they *felt* how much that grave had robbed them of. Not a dry eye was seen amongst them; and looking sadly down into the hole where all that now remained of their physician lay, they marvelled much why he, a stranger to them, had left his home and friends and country, to become the unpaid servant of the poor in a land so far away;

and not knowing how, in their simple hearts, to account for this, they silently dropped their tears into his grave, and slowly moved away—wondering at all that they had seen and known of him who was now dead, and thinking sadly of the long, long time ere they might find another friend like him!

The hole was then filled up—and what had once been Howard was seen of man no more. A small pyramid was raised above the spot, instead of the sun-dial which he had himself suggested; and the casual traveller in Russian Tartary is still attracted to the place as to one of the holiest shrines of which this earth can boast.

A few of Howard's characteristics may be mentioned. He was naturally somewhat of a haughty temperament, plain and blunt in his manners, often apparently harsh,—but under this exterior was a heart as tender as a child's,—like the eider-down on the eagle's breast. With his second and darling wife he stipulated, previous to marriage, that in all matters in which there should be a difference of opinion between them, *his* voice should be the rule. Petty tyrants quailed before an eye as stern as it was mild. He spoke out as boldly to the king under the gilded roof of the palace as to the gaoler in the loathsome cell. The imperious Catherine of Russia invited him, when in St. Petersburg, to court: he told the courtiers who waited on him that "he had devoted himself to the task of visiting the dungeon of the captive and the abode of the wretched, not the palaces and courts of kings and empresses, and that the limited time at his disposal would not permit his calling on her imperial majesty." He peremptorily refused to meet the Austrian Emperor unless the servile custom of approaching the sovereign on bended knees was, in his case, dispensed with. The unfortunate Pope Pius VI., earnestly requested an interview, which the stern Puritan and Republican would only consent to, on the condition that the absurd mark of homage, kissing the foot, and, indeed, every other species of ceremony, should be dispensed with.

At parting, the venerable pontiff laid his hand upon the head of the heretic, saying, good humouredly, "I know you Englishmen care nothing for these things, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm."—His countenance inspired respect and awe. In one of the military prisons in London, an alarming riot took place, the infuriated prisoners, two hundred in number, broke loose, killed two of their keepers, and committed other excesses. Having obtained possession of the building, no one dared to approach them. Unarmed and alone Howard entered the prison, charmed the savage passions of the furious mutineers into submission, and they suffered themselves to be quietly conducted back to their cells. Cleanliness and temperance, he was wont to say, were his preservatives against contagious diseases. He ate no flesh, drank no wine or spirits, bathed in cold water daily—ate little, and that at fixed intervals—retired to bed early, and was an early riser. "Trusting in Divine Providence," he says, "and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells, and while thus employed, 'I fear no evil.'"

Burke says:—"Howard has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples: not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art: nor to collect medals or collate manuscripts: but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain: to take the guage and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt: to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original: it is as full of genius as of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery: a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country.'

DIXON.

Napoleon's Telegraph on Mont-Martre.

"In my rambles about Paris, during the days of Napoleon, my steps always turned, at the beginning or end thereof, towards Mont-Martre, and my eyes always to the telegraph on its summit. I constantly found a number of people lingering there, watching, like myself, the movements of the machine, which had sent out so many awful messages in its time. It was of course especially busy, during the fatal campaigns of the great King Warrior. Its perfect stillness until it began its communications, and then its sudden, various and eccentric movements, of which no cause could be discovered, and whose purpose was a secret of state, made it to me and to thousands of others, the most singular, and perhaps the most anxious of all contemplations, at a period when every act of the government shook Europe."

I SEE thee standing on thy height,
A form of mystery and might;
Tossing thy arms with sudden swing,—
Thou strange, uncouth and shapeless thing!
Like the bare pinions of some monstrous bird,
Or skeleton, by its own spirit stirred.

Now to thy long lank sides they fall,
And thou art but a pillar tall,
Standing against the deep blue sky!
Then in an instant out they fly,
Making arc, triangle, then curve and square—
A thousand mad caprices in the air.

And wast thou but a toy of state?
Thou wast an oracle—a fate!
In thy deep silence was a voice!
And well might all earth's Kings rejoice,
Thou lone wild herald of earth's wildest will,
In the glad hour when thou at last wert still.

All eyes upon thy tossings gazed,
Asking what city bled or blazed;
All conscious that thy mystic freight,
Was fierce ambition,— tyrant hate:
Darting like flashes from one fiery throne,
The secret seen by all—by all unknown.

Round the wide world that mandate shot—
Embodied thought—and swift as thought,
From frozen pole to burning line,
The whole vast realm of ruin thine!
Death sweeping over sea, and mount and plain,
Wherever man could slay, or man be slain.

I saw thee once. The eve was mild,
And snow was on the vineyard piled:
The forest bent before the gale:
And thou, amid the twilight pale,
Towering above thy mountain's misty spine,
Didst stand, like some old lightning-blasted pine.

But evil instinct seemed to fill
Thy ghostly form. With sudden thrill
I saw thee fling thine arms on high,
As if in challenge to the sky
Aye, all its tempests,—all its fires were tame,
To thy fierce flight—thy words of more than flame!

The thunderbolt was launched that hour—
Berlin—that smote thy royal tower!
That sign the living deluge rolled,
By Poland's dying groan foretold:
One rising sun—one bloody setting shone,
And dust and ashes were on Frederick's throne!

Talk of the necromancer's spell?
In forests depths—in magic cell,
Was never raised so fierce a storm,
As when thy solitary form
Into the troubled air its wild spells hurled—
Thou sullen shaker of a weary world!

I saw thee once again. 'Twas morn:
Sweet airs from summer fields were borne—
The sun was in the laughing sky:
I saw thy startling limbs outfly—
And felt that in that hour I saw the birth
Of some *new* curse that might have clouded earth.

The soundless curse went forth—it passed—
'T was answered by the trumpet blast:
'T was answered by the cannon's roar,
Pale Danube! on thy distant shore:
That sign of war let loose the iron horde,
That crushed in gore the Hapsburg helm and sword.

Again I looked. 'T was day's decline—
Thy mount was purple with the vine;
The clouds in rosy beauty slept—
The birds their softest vespers kept;
The plain all flowers, was one rich painted floor—
And thou, wild fiend! e'en thou wast still once more!

I saw thee from thy slumber start—
That blow was, Russia! to thy heart:
That hour the shaft was shot, that rent
The curtains of the Tartar tent:
That voiceless sign to wolf and vulture cried,
Come to your fiercest feast of homicide!

Then swept the sword and blazed the shell—
Then armies gave the dying yell:
Then burning cities lit the gloom—
The groans of Empire in its doom!
Till all was death—then came the final ban—
Then Heaven broke down the strength—too strong for man!

Then earth was calm—I saw thee sleep.
Once more I saw thy thin arms sweep—
Napoleon's blazing star was wan!
The master of the talisman,
Was dungeoned far upon the ocean wave—
Thine was the silent tidings of his grave!

Melancthon.

WHOEVER is accustomed to observe the movements, and to admire the wisdom of a superintending Providence, will not be disposed to attribute this happy event to a happy casualty; but will consider it as the result of a superior and wise arrangement. He will connect it with all its circumstances, and trace it to its consequences. Accustomed to comprehensive views of things, he will not resemble the ignorant rustic that steps across the spring whence a Nile, a Euphrates, or a Ganges originates, without any emotion, and without the capacity to realize those images of grandeur and simplicity that present themselves in a similar situation to the enlightened philosopher; but he will pause, ponder, compare, and look around him. The Almighty Ruler of the world proceeds in the vast system of his operations in a manner in some respects similar to that which is adopted by every intelligent agent, acting on a small scale. Does the

skilful architect prepare his materials for the building he is about to construct, and adapt each stone or ornament to its place with discriminating care? And is there any improbability in the belief that when the universal agent is about to produce an extraordinary work, he prepares, by a process suited to the purpose, whatever materials are proper for its execution? Moral operations require moral instruments, and in the whole machinery of circumstances, an intelligent and pious mind will see much to admire. Amidst the error which had accumulated century after century, God having to erect the temple of truth, his providence cleared an ample space, chose a variety of workmen, and reared the admirable superstructure. As in the erection of a building there must be different classes of labourers, so it was requisite in rearing this great edifice, to prepare and employ persons variously constituted, but all capable of useful co-operation. In this point of light it becomes us to contemplate the preparatory course of Melancthon's education, the important station he filled, the celebrity he attained at Tubingen, and his removal thence to the scene of his future labours. He was selected by Providence for great purposes, and qualified by a suitable process for the part he was destined to act. His literary fame and his vast acquirements, were not only of essential service, but they were particularly needed, at that precise period when they were ready for public use. Short sighted indeed, or criminally blind must he be, who does not perceive the same superintendence here as in the guidance of Joseph to Egypt, or David to the camp of Saul. If the Reformation claimed the efforts of an exalted courage and an unextinguishable zeal, be it remembered also, that it required no less a proportion of nice discernment and literary skill: if a superstition which invested a mortal with the prerogative of infallibility were to be levelled with the dust, the ignorance which, with its characteristic blindness, supported that superstition, was, at the same time to be dethroned and abolished: —if old abuses were to be removed, and a new order of things

to be introduced and systematised, it was desirable to find, not only vigour and resolution to clear away the rubbish of error —*but elegance of taste*, to clothe unwelcome novelties with attractive beauty: in a word, if existing circumstances called for a MARTIN LUTHER, they demanded also a PHILIP MELANCTHON!

After long ages of depression, philosophy, literature and theology at length revived. It was impossible that any of them should prosper, during a period in which the human mind was burthened by superstition, and the mental faculties were unable to expand beneath the oppressive weight, while, century after century rolled on, scarcely presenting any thing worthy of the historian to record, or the moralist to admire. At length, a new era arose, which afforded facilities for the circulation of thought, and the comparatively free excercise of public opinion. In proportion as it became possible to express sentiments and announce discoveries in science or religion, without incurring the charge of heresy, and being consigned to perpetual imprisonment or death, knowledge increased, and truth lifted up her drooping head. The imperfections which usually characterise first discoveries, were indeed apparent; but the clouds of prejudice, and the mists of ignorance gradually melted away; objects which were blended together became distinctly visible, and this morning-light of scientific discovery "shone more and more unto the perfect day."

Luther said:—"I clear the ground of stumps and roots, thorns and briars: fill up ditches, raise causeways, and smooth the roads through the woods: but to PHILIP MELANCTHON it belongs, by the grace of God, to perform a milder and more grateful labour—to build, to plant, to sow, to water, to please by elegance and taste." Melancthon was the pen of the Reformation: when he first heard of Luther's death he exclaimed: "My Father! My Father! the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof."—They were not perfectly *agreed*, but they were perfectly united.

The Christian Warfare.

"Take up the Cross and follow me!"
Heard ye the call divine?
Soldier, brace on thy panoply!
Advance thy Captain's sign!
Conquering, to conquer, forth He goes:
By thy weak arm his might can crush his proudest foes.

With Truth's unsullied baldrick girt
Upon thy mailed side,
The spirit's glaive thy Leader's word,
Let virtue's corslet, tried
In strife and furnace, guard thy breast,
And let Salvation's helm, thy dauntless brow invest.

But most upon thy martial arm,
Take Faith's impervious targe,
To quench the fiery shafts of Harm
Amid the deadly charge:
Then forth on thy victorious way
Speed on, thy steps prepared on Love revealed to stay.

Sawest thou the waters foaming high?
'Tis passion's restless sea:
Heard'st thou the storm that swept the sky?
'Tis stern Adversity.
Heed not—tread on—the billows cleft,
Shall fence with crystal wall, thy right hand and thy left.

Sawest thou the broad and arid plain?
No sheltering leaf is there—
No fount where scorched and fainting Pain
Beneath the sultry glare,

May slake his lips. Nor fear, nor fly,
Heaven's stores shall ope for thee, when earth and wave deny.

Greater and mightier far than thou,
The hosts that bar thy way:
Yet let not that high spirit bow;
A loftier power than they,
Conducts thy march; before Him driven,
Melts Anak's Titan horde, and rampart walled to Heaven.

True, dark ingratitude is there—
And disappointment cold,
And mean Suspicion from his lair,
Unwinds his viper fold:
Yet fear not—He whose knight thou art,
With energy divine, can nerve thy human heart.

True, Earth in treacherous charms arrayed—
With eye too wildly sweet,
Would seek to her unhallowed shade,
To lure thy pilgrim feet:
Yet yield not. She who woos thy vows,
With crown of bleeding thorn, enwreathed thy Master's brows.

Say not thy yoke is hard to bear—
But look on Him who bore,
For thee a weightier load of care,
And then repine no more.
His yoke is light: His ways are rest—
They that endure with Him, with Him too shall be blest.

Fear not, and thou shalt overcome—
Yea, through His love, who led:
With palm of more than conquest bloom
Twine thine unhelmed head.

Mid white-robed hosts of fair renown,
The "morning star" shall shine, first jewel of thy crown!

Fear not! in victory thou shalt stand—
Upon the glassy sea,
And chaunt, with Heaven's own lyre in hand,
The pæan of the free:
Sing to the Lord! the fight is done!
The fearful foe is 'whelmed! the rest eternal, won!

Autumn.

THE first severe frost has come, and the miraculous change has passed upon the leaves, which is known only in America. The blood-red sugar-maple, with a leaf brighter, more refined and delicate than a Circassian lip, stand here and there in the forest, like the Sultan's standard in a host, the solitary and far-seen autocrat of the wilderness. The Birch, with its amber leaves, ghosts of the departed summer, turned out along the edges of the woods, like a lining of the palest gold. The broad Sycamore, the fan-like Catalpa flaunted their saffron foliage in the sun, spotted with gold, like the wings of the lady-bird: the kingly Oak, with its summit shaken bare, still hid his majestic trunk in a drapery of sumptuous dyes, like a stricken monarch gathering his robes of state about, to die royally in his purple. The tall Poplar, with its minaret of silver, stood blanched like a coward in the dying forest, burthening every breeze with its complainings. The Hickory paled through its enduring green: the bright berries of the Mountain Ash flushed with a more sanguine glory in the unob-

structed sun. The gaudy Tulip-tree—the Sybarite of vegetation—stripped of its golden cups, still drank the intoxicating light, in leaves, than which, the lip of an Indian shell was never more delicately tinted. The still deeper-dyed Vines of the lavish wilderness, perishing with the noble things whose summer they had shared, outshone them in their decline.

And, alone and unsympathising in this universal decay, outlaws from nature, stood the Fir and the Hemlock, their frowning and sombre heads less lovely than ever, in contrast with the death-struck glory of their companions.

The dull colours of English autumnal foliage, give you no conception of this marvellous phenomenon: the change there is gradual; in America it is the work of a night—of a single frost! Oh, to have seen the sun set on hills in the still green and lingering summer, and to awake in the morning to a scene like this! It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops,—as if the sunsets of a summer's gold purple and crimson had been fused in the Alembic of the West, and poured back, in a new deluge of light and colour, over the wilderness.

It is as if every leaf in these countless trees, had been painted to outflush the tulip—as if, by some electric miracle, the dyes of the earth's heart had been struck upward—and her crystals and ores, her sapphires, hyacinths and rubies had let forth their imprisoned colours, to mount through the roots of the forest, reanimating the perishing leaves, and revelling an hour in their bravery.

N. P. WILLIS.

LET *more* than the domestic mill,
Be turned by Feeling's river:
Let Charity begin at home,
But not stay there forever.

The Ballad of Cassandra Southwick.

In the following ballad, the author has endeavoured to display the strong enthusiasm of the early Quaker, the short-sighted intolerance of the clergy and magistrates, and that sympathy with the oppressed, which the "common people," when not directly under the control of spiritual despotism, have ever evinced. He is not blind to the extravagance of language and action which characterized some of the pioneers of Quakerism in New England, and which furnished persecution with its solitary but most inadequate excuse.

The ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined ten pounds each for non-attendance at church, which, they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the General Court, at Boston, that body issued an order which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the treasurer of the County was "fully empowered to *sell the said persons* to any of the English nation *at Virginia or Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies. Vide Sewall's History, pp. 225–6, G. Bishop.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel he hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars;
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night time,
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow,
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for, and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrinking and the shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!" the wicked murmur said,
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youths, whose glances the summer Sabbath through
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble, on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken,
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

"Oh! weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;
To mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sack-cloth bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

Oh!—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel, oh, Helper of the weak!—that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies!—for the peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
When, "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hoar frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh, and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak;
"Oh, Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her soul cast out
The fear of man, which brings a snare—the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in morning's breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these:
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant's-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their net-work on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and old,

And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones—go turn the prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou'st hunted,—thou wolf amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread;
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed not her words so wild,
Her Master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child!"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon an idle priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said:
Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker maid?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."
Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!"—no voice or sign replied;

But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear:
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea:

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll.
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round the
silent bay,
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my
eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland
lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free;
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the poor is laid!

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm
Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the grateful psalm;
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong,
The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand upon the
strong.
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to ravish and devour:

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy
wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!

The Little Pilgrim.

In a large old house with two kind aunts,
The little Marian dwelt,
And a happy child she was I ween,
For though at times she felt
That playmates would be better far,
Than either birds or flowers,
Yet her kind aunts and story books
Soothed many lonely hours.
Her favourite haunt in the summer time,
Was a large old Apple tree,
And oft amid its boughs she sat,
With her pet book on her knee.
The "Pilgrim's Progress" was its name,
And Marian loved it much;
It is indeed a precious book,
There are not many such.
She read it in her little bed,—
And by the winter fire,
And in summer in her Apple-tree,
As though she ne'er could tire.
But unexplained, 'tis just the book
To puzzle a young brain,
And the poor child had no kind friend,
The meaning to explain.
For though her aunts were very kind,
They were not very wise,
They only said, "dont read so child,
For sure you'll hurt your eyes!"
But Marian still went reading on,
And visions strange and wild,
Began to fill the little head,
Of the lonely dreaming child.

For she thought that Christian and his wife,
And all his children too,
Had left behind their pleasant home
And done what she must do.
"I'll take my Bible," said the child,
"And seek the road to Heaven,
I'll try to find the 'wicket gate,'
And hope to be forgiven!
I wish my aunts would go with me,
But 'tis in vain to ask,
They are so deaf, and rather lame,
They 'd think it quite a task.
No! I must go alone, I see,
And I'll not let them know,
Or like poor Christian's friends, they'll say,
My dear you must not go!
But I must wait till some grand scheme,
Can all their thoughts engage;
And then I'll leave my pleasant home,
And go on Prilgrimage."
She had not waited long, before
One fine autumnal day,
She saw the large old coach arrive,
To take her aunts away.
"We're going out to spend the day,"
The two old ladies said,
"We mean to visit Mrs. Blair,
Poor soul, she's sick in bed.
But Marian you must stay at home,
The lady's ill you see,
You can have your dinner if you like;
In the large old Apple-tree.
And play in the garden all the day,
Quite happy and content."

A few more parting words were said,
And off the ladies went.
The servants too, were all engaged
"The day is come at last,"
Said Marian, "but oh I wish,
My Pilgrimage were past!"
She knelt beneath her Apple-tree,
And for God's assistance pray'd,
Then with her basket in her hand,
Went forth, the little maid!
Behind the house where Marian dwelt,
Far off in the distance lay,
A high, steep hill, which the sun at morn,
Tinged with its earliest ray.
And that Difficulty was its name,
The child had often thought;
Toward that hill she turned her head,
With hopeful visions fraught.
The flowers seemed to welcome her;
'Twas a lovely Autumn morn,
The little lark sang merrily,
Above the waving corn.
"Ah, little lark, you sing," she said,
"On your early Pilgrimage,
I too will sing, for pleasant thoughts,
Should now my mind engage."
In sweet, clear strains she sung a hymn,
And tripp'd lightly on her way,
Until a pool of thick, soft mud,
Across her pathway lay.
"This is the Slough of Despond," she cried,
Yet she bravely ventured thro'
And safely reached the other side;
But she lost one little shoe!

On an old gray stone, she sate her down
And ate some fruit and bread,
Then took her little Bible out,
And a cheering Psalm, she read.
Then with fresh hope she wander'd on,
For many miles away,
But she reached the bottom of the hill,
Before the close of day.
She clamber'd up the steep ascent,
Though faint and weary, too;
But firmly did our Marian keep,
Her purpose still in view.
"I'm glad at last the arbour's gone,"
Said the little tired soul,
"I'm sure, I should have laid me down
And lost my little roll."
On the high hill-top she stands at last,
And our weary Pilgrim sees,
A porter's lodge of ample size,
Half hid by sheltering trees.
She clapp'd her hands with joy, and cried,
"Oh there's the 'Wicket Gate,'
And I must seek admittance now,
Before it is too late."
Gently she knocked; 'tis answer'd soon,
And at the open door,
Stands a stout man, and Marian felt,
As she never felt before.
With tearful eyes, and trembling heart,
Flushed cheek, and anxious brow,
She said, "I hope you are 'Watchful' sir,
I want 'Discretion' now!"
"Oh yes I'm watchful," said the man,
"As a porter ought to be,

I suppose you've lost your way, young miss,
You've lost your shoe, I see!"
"Mistress," he cried to his wife, within,
"Here's a young child at our door,
You'll never see such an one again
If you live to be fourscore!
She wants discretion too, she says,
Indeed I think it's true,
But *I* know some who want it more,
Who will not own it, too."
"Go to the Hall," his wife replied,
"And take the child with you,
The ladies there are all so wise,
They 'll soon know what to do!"
The man complied, and led the child,
Through many a flowery glade:
"Is that the 'Palace Beautiful'?"
The little wanderer said;
"There to the left among the trees?
Why miss, 'tis very grand,
Call it a palace if you please,—
'Tis the finest in the land!
Now we be come to the fine[illegible]d porch,—
And the famous marble hall,—
Here little lady you must wait,
Whilst I the servants call."
Tired and sad he left the child,
But he quickly re-appeared,
And with him, the lady of the house,—
Poor Marian's heart was cheer'd!—
"Sweet little girl," the lady said,
In accents soft and kind,
"I'm sure you badly want some rest,
And rest, you soon shall find."

To a room where three young ladies sate,
The child was quickly led
"Piety, Prudence, Charity;"
To herself, she softly said.
"What is your name, my little dear?"
Said the eldest of the three,
Whom Marian, in her secret thought,
Had christen'd 'Piety!'
"We'll send a servant to your friends,
How uneasy they must be!"
Admiringly they watched the child,
For she was passing fair;—
Around her bright and lovely face,
Fell waves of auburn hair,
And modestly she told her name,
With whom she lived, and where.
"How did you lose your way, my love?"
She gently raised her head,
"I do not think I've lost my way,"
The little Pilgrim said.
"This is the 'Palace Beautiful!'
May I stay here to-night?"
They smil'd and said, "We're glad our house,
Finds favour in your sight!
Yes, gladly we will lodge you here,
For many nights to come."
"Thank you," she cried, "but I soon
Must seek my Heavenly Home!
The valley of the 'Shadow of Death'
Is near your house I know."
She stopp'd, for she saw with great surprise,
Their tears began to flow!
She little thought that mourning dress,
Which all the ladies wore,

Was for one whom they had dearly loved,
And should see on earth no more.
Their brother had been called away,
Their brightest and their best!
No wonder then that Marian's words,
Roused grief in every breast.—
Sobs only for awhile were heard,
At length, the mother said,
"My child, you have reminded us,
Of our loved and early dead!
But this you could not know, my dear,
And it indeed is true,
We all are near to death's dark door,
E'en little girls like you!"
"Yes," said the timid, trembling child,
"I know it must be so;
But ma'am I hope that Piety,
May be with me when I go!
And will you show me your 'armoury,'
When you have time to spare,—
I hope you 'll have some small enough
For a little girl to wear?"
No more she said, for Piety
As Marian called her, cast
Her arms around our Pilgrim's neck,
"The secret 's out at last!
You puzzled all;" said Piety,
"But now I see you 've read
A glorious book, which unexplained
Has turned your little head.—
Oh! dearly, when I was a child,
I loved that Pilgrim's tale,
But then mamma explained it well,
And if we can prevail

On your kind aunts, to let you stay
Some time with us, my dear,
You shall read that book with my mamma,
And she will make it clear."
Now we 'll return to Marian's home,
And see what 's passing there—
The servants all had company,
And a merry group they were!
They had not missed our Pilgrim long,
For they knew she oft would play,
In that old garden, with a book,
The livelong summer day.
"Betty," at last said the housekeeper,
"Where can Miss Marian be?
Her dinner was in her basket packed,
But sure she 'll come in to tea!"
They sought her here, they sought her there,
But they could not find the child,
And her poor old aunts, when they came home,
With grief, were nearly wild.
The coachman and the footman too,
On different ways were sent,
But none thought of the "narrow way,"
Through which our Pilgrim went.
"Perhaps she followed us to town,"
Poor aunt Rebecca said,
"I wish we had not left our home—
I fear the child is dead!"
So to the town the coachman went,
For they knew not what to do,
And night came on, when a country boy,
Brought Marian's little shoe.
With the shoe in her hand, the housekeeper
Into the parlour ran,

"Oh! mistress, this is all that's left,
Of poor Miss Marian!
It was found sticking in the mud,
Just above Harlem's chase,
Poor child! I fear she's smothered there,
For 'tis a frightful place!"
Then louder grew the ladies' grief,
But soon their hearts were cheered,
For a footman grand, with a note in hand,
From a distant Hall appeared.
Aunt Ruth now read the note and cried,
"Oh sister! all is well,
The child is safe at Brooklawn Hall,
With Lady Arundel!
Who wants to keep her for a month,—
Why yes, I think she may,
Such a friend as Lady Arundel
Is not met with every day!
Our compliments and thanks to her
When you return, young man,
We 'll call to-morrow at the Hall,
And see Miss Marian!"
Then came a burst of grateful joy,
Which could not be suppressed,
And with thankful hearts and many tears,
The ladies went to rest.
We 'll take a peep at our Pilgrim now,
There in her bed lies she;
How blissful were her dreams that night
In the arms of Piety!
Oh that happy month at Brooklawn Hall,
How soon it passed away;—
Cheerful and good were Marian's friends,
And who so kind as they!

And more than all, while there she staid,
They did their best to bring,
Their little lamb to that sweet fold
Where reigns the Shepherd King!
Yes, many a lesson ne'er forgot,
The little Marian learned,
And a thoughtful, and a happy child,
She, to her home returned.
Years rolled away—the scene is changed,—
A wife and mother now,
Marian has found the "wicket gate,"—
Herself, and children too.—
And oh! how sweet it is to see,
This little Pilgrim band,
As on towards their Heavenly Home,
They travel hand in hand.
When cloudy days fall to their lot,
They see a light afar,—
The light which shone on Bethlehem's plain,
The Pilgrim's guiding star!
And now dear reader, whosoe'er
Or wheresoe'er you be,
Who ponder on this strange, *true* tale,
Of Marian's history;
If to the flowers of your young hearts,
Instruction's dew is given,
Oh! be earnest, as our Marian was,
To seek the road to Heaven!

NAPOLEON said 'Let war feed war:' it did so: and Russia spread her table-cloth of snow to receive the fragments of the feast.

Madame Guion.

I HAVE sometimes thought, that God, who always respects man's moral freedom, carries on and completes the great work of his salvation, not only by grace, but by *position*. Let any man read the life of St. Augustine, Xavier, Baxter, George Fox, Henry Martyn, and then say if different circumstances, (a situation for instance, comparatively exempt from privation and toil,) would have developed the same men, the same strength of purpose, the same faith in God, the same purity of life. If this doctrine be true, it throws light and beauty over the broad field of God's providences, and shows us why many have passed to glory through great tribulation.

Madame Guion made Faith the foundation of the religious life. While in prison she seemed entirely resigned and happy: there were alternations of feeling undoubtedly. Sometimes darkness and sorrow settled in what may be termed the *outside* of her system—in her shattered nerves and bleeding sensibilities: but faith unchangeable, which always brings God to those who have it, made light and joy in the centre. Wherever she went, the Holy Ghost seemed to attend her. Her life and presence, bearing as it did, a divine signature, constituted a divine announcement. Her sermon was her life—and her eloquent lips only made the application of it.

Fenelon now made the acquaintance of Madame Guion, and the circumstance told upon his whole after life. The immense importance of the subject, the correspondence between the doctrines of a transforming and sanctifying spirituality; and the deeply felt needs of his own soul: the presence and fervid eloquence of a woman, whose rank, beauty and afflictions could not fail to excite an interest exceeded only by that of her evangelical simplicity and sanctity, made a deep impression on the mind of *Fenelon*.

What was spoken comparatively in secret, was uttered afterward upon the housetops. The voice which was uttered at the foot of the Jura Mountains and the Alps, in the cottages of the poor, and amid the solitary and inaccessible cliffs of the Chartreuse, was repeated from province to province, till it reached the high and public places of Paris. And it was from this time that we find her name associated, either in unison or in opposition, with some of the most distinguished names of France.

If the writings of Fenelon, taken in all their relations and all their results, have exerted an influence probably not inferior to those of any other man, it ought not to be concealed nor disguised, that it was a *woman's mind*, operating upon the mind of their author, from which no small portion of the light which pervades and embellishes them, first proceeded.

Bossuet was her opponent. He was Bishop of Meux, and confessedly the head of the French church. And if we estimate him chiefly by his intellectual strength, I think we may well say that he deserved to be so. Possessed of vast learning, and not greater in the amount of his knowledge than he was in the powers which originated and controlled it, he brought to the investigation of religious subjects, whether theological or practical, the combined lights and ornaments of research, of reasoning, and of rich imagination. The reputation, which might well fill any ordinary amount of secular or of ecclesiastical ambition, was so dear to him, that he had, for many years, as if by the strong instinct of habit, fixed his withering eye on the slightest heretical deviations. He knew well what was going on in France. But he who had broken the spear with the strongest intellects of the world, felt some reluctance to entering the lists with a *woman*. If such distinguished men as the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, and more than all, if such a man as *Fenelon*, on whom the hopes of France had fastened, as its burning and shining light,—had

come under this influence, to what would these things lead? It seems never to have occurred to him, that the hand of the Lord might be in all this! He is not wise, who thinks lightly of the influence of a woman who has the great intellectual powers, the accomplished manners, and the serious and deep piety of Madame Guion. But suppose it to have been otherwise. Suppose her to have been fanatical in feeling, and weak in judgment, as her enemies chose to represent her. Is it not true that God has chosen the *weak* things of this world to confound the mighty? Has he not declared, and has he not sustained the declaration by the history of spiritual movements in all ages of the world, that he has selected things which are not, to bring to naught things that are?

It was not Madame Guion, but *God in her*, that produced these results. It was a favourite idea with her, that the all of God—his presence, wisdom and power—dwells, more than anywhere else, in the *nothing* of the creature. In a letter she says:—"the great majority of those who profess an interest in religious things—those who are religious teachers and guides, as well as those who are seekers of religion,—stop short, and are satisfied with remaining in the outside and surface of things. They ornament and enrich the exterior of the Ark, forgetting that God commanded Moses to begin with the inside and overlay it with gold, and afterward ornament the outside."

Bossuet and Fenelon were now fairly pitted against each other. Bossuet was argumentative and vehement: stronger in the thunders of the law than in the invitations of the Gospel: carrying the intellects and hearts of his hearers, as if by a mighty force. Fenelon, rejecting on principle those arts of authority and of intellectual compulsion, which he felt he had the power to apply, won all hearts by the sweet accents of love. I suppose we may be allowed to say that both were Christians: but one, allied in this respect to the great body of believers stopped in the seventh chapter of Romans, proclaiming, with

great sincerity—"When I do good, evil is ever present with me." The other, advancing a step further believed, with the declarations of the eighth chapter of the same inspired epistle, —"there is now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." Fenelon wrote to Bossuet—"two things only do I desire: Truth and Peace:—truth which may enlighten, and peace which may unite us."

Fenelon did not hesitate to drop his eloquent pen, with which he conversed with all Europe, whenever Providence called him to listen to the imperfect utterance of the most ignorant and degraded among his people.

There is, perhaps, not another man in modern times, whose character has so perfectly harmonised in its favour all creeds, nations and parties. His religion expanded his heart to the limits of the world. It was natural, therefore, that the whole human race should love his memory. In the time of the French Revolution, when the chains which had been fastened by the tyranny of ages, were rent asunder by infuriated men, who, in freeing themselves from outward tyranny, forgot to free themselves from the domination of their own passions, the ashes of the great of other days, in the forgetfulness of all just distinctions, were scattered by them to the four winds of Heaven. But they wept over and spared the dust of *Fenelon*.

T. C. UPHAM.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend!
Eternity mourns that! 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have *no time* to feel them!
Where sorrow 's held intrusive, and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

H. TAYLOR

Music.

I AM not musical—I never could
Fall into raptures o'er Italian singing;
"Songs without words" I never understood,
Though soft and sweet as "harp of Houri's stringing:"
I never ask a lady for a song,
(No matter how "divinely" she may sing it)
Without a secret hope it won't be *long*,
Unless the poetry has beauty in it.

Yet there *is* music, to whose sound my heart
Beats in glad unison—sweet music, filling
The soul with joy, though all unschooled by art—
Sometimes in melodies low-voiced and thrilling
It comes; and sometimes on the charmed ear
Falls in a gush of sweet, wild minstrelsy:
Anon its lofty organ tones I hear,
Lifting my soul in solemn gladness high.

Would'st hear this music? then go forth in Spring,
When nature from her death-like trance is waking:
Hear the glad robin and the blue-bird sing;
List the sweet clamour that the brooks are making;
Hark to the whispers of the young leaves, telling
That May, sweet May, is come to us once more;
Stand by the lake, where tiny wavelets swelling,
Break in melodious chorus on the shore.

Would'st hear this music? Listen to the thunder,
Mingling its deep voice with the summer rain:
Stand mutely gazing, filled with awful wonder,
And hear Niagara's loud anthem strain:

Or when the winds lift up their voice on high,
  Swaying the forest branches round and o'er us,
Say, in what mood of loftiest ecstacy,
  Could human genius frame sublimer chorus?

And music dwells, homely indeed, yet sweet,
  In many a household sound of gentle meaning—
The soft quick pattering of tiny feet—
  The quiet voice that in our childhood's dreaming
We called the wood-worm's song before he died:
  The cricket's note: the kettle's cheerful humming;
The gentle purring of the cat beside
  The fire, fresh heaped to wait her master's coming.

These, and those softened rural sounds that seem
  To make the summer stillness only deeper—
The cow-bell's tinkle by the distant stream;
  The soothing hum that lulls the noontide sleeper
The labour-lightening music of the bee:
  The long-wound horn, the labourer's toil suspending,
The voices all of varied melody,
  In one sweet praiseful concord ever blending.

YEARS may pass over our heads without affording an opportunity for acts of high beneficence, or extensive utility: whereas not a *day* passes, but in common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, *gentleness* finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue. There are situations not a few in life, when the encouraging reception, the courteous manner, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart, than the most bounteous gift.

Pompeii.

Pompeii! disentombed Pompeii! Here
Before me in her pall of ashes spread—
Wrenched from the gulf of ages—she whose bier
Was the unbowelled mountain, lifts her head
Sad, but not silent! Thrilling in my ear,
She tells her tale of horror, till the dread
And sudden drama mustering through the air,
Seems to rehearse the day of her despair!

Joyful she feasted 'neath her olive tree,
Then rose to "dance and play;" and if a cloud
O'ershadowed her thronged circus, who could see
The impending deluge brooding in its shroud?
On went the games! mirth and festivity
Increased, prevailed: till, rendingly and loud
The earth and sky with consentaneous roar,
Denounced her doom—that time should be no more.

Shook to its centre, the convulsive soil
Closed round the flying: Sarno's tortured tide
O'erleapt its channel—eager for its spoil!
Thick darkness fell, and wasting far and wide,
Wrath opened her dread flood-gates! Brief the toil
And terror of resistance: art supplied
No subterfuge! the pillared crypt, and cave
That proffered shelter, proved a living grave!

It seems but yesterday! Half sculptured there,
On the paved Forum wedged, the marble shaft
Waits but the workman to resume his care,
And reed it by the cunning of his craft.

The chips struck from his chisel, fresh and fair,
Lie scattered round: the acanthus leaves ingraft
The half wrought capital: and Isis' shrine
Retains untouched her implements divine.

The streets are hollowed by the rolling car
In sinuous furrows: there the lava stone
Retains, deep grooved, the frequent axle's scar.
Here oft the pageant passed, and triumph shone:
Here warriors bore the glittering spoils of war,
And met the full fair city, smiling on
With wreath and pean!—gay as those who drink
The draught of pleasure on destruction's brink.

The frescoed wall, the rich mosaic floor,
Elaborate, fresh, and garlanded with flowers
Of ancient fable:—crypt,—and lintelled door
Writ with the name of their last tenant—towers
That still in strength aspire, as when they bore
Their Roman standard—from the 'whelming showers
That formed their grave—return, like spectres risen,
To solve the mysteries of their fearful prison!

DR. W. BEATTIE.

COWPER is dead, but the golden apples are still as fresh, as when newly gathered in the silver baskets of the 'Olney Hymns.' Elliot is dead: but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead; but who can count the apostolic spirits, who phœnix-wise, have started from his funeral pile. Howard is dead: but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career.

Raikes is dead: but the Sabbath schools go on. Wilberforce is dead: but the negro will find for ages, a protector in his memory.

Fenelon.

He was one of those uncommon men who are destined to give lustre to their age; and who do equal honour to human nature by their virtues, and to literature by their superior talents. He was affable in his deportment, and luminous in his discourse: the peculiar qualities of which were a rich, delicate and powerful imagination: but which never let its power be felt. His eloquence had more of mildness in it than of vehemence: and he triumphed as much by the charms of his conversation, as by the superiority of his talents. He always brought himself to the level of his company: he never entered into disputation: and he sometimes appeared to yield to others at the very time that he was leading them. Grace dwelt upon his lips. He discussed the greatest subjects with facility: the most trifling were ennobled by his pen: and upon the most barren he scattered the flowers of rhetoric. The peculiar, but unaffected mode of expression which he adopted, made many persons believe that he possessed universal knowledge, as if by inspiration. It might, indeed, have been almost said, that he rather invented what he knew than learned it. He was always original and creative: imitating no one, and himself inimitable. A noble singularity pervaded his whole person: and a certain undefinable and sublime simplicity gave to his appearance the air of a prophet.

Fenelon, who added ardent piety to the highest order of talents, and to the graces of expression and manner which so arrested the attention of the historians and biographers of his times, had formed the purpose, under the inspiration of that great Power who is the life of all holy purposes, to live and act solely for what he deemed the cause of God. His first plan was to go as a missionary to Canada, at that time a province of France; and which could not possible furnish any

attractions to a person of his turn of mind, separate from what are found in religion. In the simplicity and love of his heart, he was willing to spend the splendid powers which God had given him, in instructing a few ignorant savages in the way of life.

Disappointed in this, he next turned his attention to Greece; and he indulged the hope that he might be permitted to preach the gospel in a land which could not fail to be endeared to him by many classical and historical recollections. There is a letter extant, written at this time, which would be interesting if in no other light than as a memorial of the youthful Fenelon, in which the warmth of his heart blends with the vividness of his imagination. It is dated at Sarlot and was probably addressed to Bossuet.

"Several trifling events have hitherto prevented my return to Paris: but I shall at length set out, sir, and I shall almost fly thither. But, compared with this journey, I meditate a much greater one. The whole of Greece opens before me; and the Sultan flies in terror:—the Peloponnesus breathes again in liberty, and the Church of Corinth shall flourish once more:—the voice of the apostle shall be heard there again. I seem to be transported into those enchanting places and those inestimable ruins, where, while I collect the most curious relics of antiquity, I imbibe also its spirit. I seek for the Areopagus, where St. Paul declared to the sages of the world the unknown God. I kneel down, Oh happy Patmos! upon thy earth, and kiss the steps of the apostle: and I shall almost believe that the heavens are opening on my sight. Once more, after a night of such long darkness, the day-spring dawns in Asia. I behold the land which has been sanctified by the steps of Jesus, and crimsoned with his blood. I see it delivered from its profaneness, and clothed anew in glory. The children of Abraham are once more assembling together from the four quarters of the earth, over which they have been scattered, to acknowledge

Christ whom they pierced, and to show forth the Lord's resurrection to the end of time."

In this plan also he was disappointed. It was not the design of Providence to employ him either in Greece or America. There was work for him in France.

It was a part of the system of Louis XIV., to establish throughout his dominions an uniformity of religion: and he had the sagacity to see, that, in carrying out this difficult plan, he needed the aid of distinguished men. As a preliminary step to his ultimate purposes, Louis had revoked the edict of Nantes. This edict, promulgated in 1598 by Henry IV., embodied principles of toleration, which furnished for many years a considerable degree of protection to the French Protestants. Intoxicated with power, and ignorant of that sacred regard which man owes to the religious rights and principles of his fellow-man, he had commenced, previously to its revocation, a series of hostile acts, entirely inconsistent with the laws and principles of the edict of Henry. The sword was drawn in aid of the church; blood had already been shed in some places; and it is stated, that, soon after the revocation of the protecting edict, no less than fifty thousand families, holding their religion more precious to them than worldly prosperity, left France.

So desirous was the French monarch of making the Roman Catholic religion the exclusive religion of his kingdom, that he united together different and discordant systems of proselytism, and added the milder methods of persuasion to the argument of the sword. There were men among the Protestants who could never be terrified, but might possibly be convinced. And knowing the tenacity of their opinions, if not the actual strength of their theological positions, he was desirous of sending religious teachers among them, who were distinguished for their ability, mildness, and prudence. It was under these circumstances and with these views that he cast his eyes upon the Abbé De Fenelon.

The young Abbé waited upon the king. He received from the monarch's lips the commission which indicated the field and the nature of his labours. The labour assigned him was the difficult one of showing to the Protestants, whose property had been pillaged, whose families had been scattered, and whose blood had been shed like water, the truth and excellencies of the religion of their persecutors. Fenelon, who understood the imperious disposition of Louis, and at the same time felt an instinctive aversion to the violent course he was pursuing, saw the difficulty of his position. He consented, however to undertake this trying and almost hopeless embassy, on one condition only; a condition which shows the benevolence of his character, and the soundness of his judgment at this early period of his life:—namely, *that the armed force should be removed from the province to which he should be sent as a missionary, and that military coercion should cease.*

At an early period Fenelon had devoted himself to the ministry of Jesus Christ. After he was appointed Archbishop of Cambray, he had but one object, that of benefiting his people. This was particularly the case after he was compelled to relinquish the instruction of the grandchildren of the king, and was confined by the royal order to his own diocese. We do not mean to imply, that he had a more benevolent disposition then, but he had a better opportunity to excercise it. With a heart filled with the love of God, which can never be separated from the love of God's creatures, it was his delight to do good, and especially in the religious sense of the term.

In his preaching he was affectionate and eloquent, but still very plain and intelligible. Excluding from his sermons superfluous ornaments as well as obscure and difficult reasonings, he might be said to preach from the heart rather than from the head. He generally preached without notes, but not without premeditation and prayer. It was his custom before he preached, to spend some time in the retirement of his closet;

that he might be sure that his own heart was filled from the Divine fountain, before he poured it forth upon the people. One great topic of his preaching was the doctrine so dear to him, and for which he had suffered so much, of PURE LOVE.

He was very temperate in his habits, eating and sleeping but little. He rose early; and his first hours were devoted to prayer and meditation. His chief amusement, when he found it necessary to relax a little from his arduous toils was that of walking and riding. He loved rural scenes, and it was a great pleasure to him to go out in the midst of them. "The country" he says, in one of his letters, "delights me. In the midst of it, I find God's holy peace." Every thing seemed to him to be full of infinite goodness; and his heart glowed with the purest happiness, as he escaped from the business and cares which necessarily occupied so much of his time, into the air and the fields, into the flowers and the sunshine of the great Creator.

But in a world like this, where it is a first principle of christianity that we should forget ourselves and our own happiness in order that we may do good to others, he felt it a duty to make even this sublime pleasure subservient to the claims of benevolence.

In these occasional excursions, he could hardly fail to meet with some of the poor peasants in his diocese; and he carefully improved these opportunities to form a personal acquaintance with them and their families, and to counsel and console them. Sometimes when he met them, he would sit down with them upon the grass; and inquiring familiarly about the state of their affairs, he gave them kind and suitable advice;—but above all things, he affectionately recommended to them to seek an interest in the Saviour, and to lead a religious life.

He went into their cottages to speak to them of God, and to comfort and relieve them under the hardships they suffered. If these poor people when he thus visited them, presented him any refreshments in their unpretending and unpolished manner,

he pleased them much by seating himself at their simple table, and partaking cheerfully and thankfully of what was set before him. He showed no false delicacy because they were poor, and because their habitations, in consequence of their poverty, exhibited but little of the conveniences and comforts of those who were more wealthy. In the fullness of his benevolent spirit, which was filled with the love of Christ and of all for whom Christ died, he became in a manner one of them as a brother, or as a father among his children."

T. C. UPHAM.

The Poor Christian's Death-Bed.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,—
Yet an immortal soul,
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow:
There 's one in that poor shed,—
One on that paltry bed,—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend,
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread:
One silent woman stands,
Lifting, with meagre hands,
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone:
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment—*there*, so low,
So agonised—and now—
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God! C. L. SOUTHEY.

Waste.

Oh waste thou not the smallest thing,
Created by Divinity,
For grains of sand the mountains make,
And atomies, infinity!

Waste thou not then the smallest time,
'Tis imbecile infirmity—
For well thou knowest, if aught thou knowest,
That seconds form Eternity!

The People called Quakers.

The nobler instincts of humanity are the same in every age and in every breast. The exalted hopes that have dignified former generations of men, will be renewed as long as the human heart shall throb. The visions of Plato are but revived in the dreams of Sir Thomas Mere. A spiritual unity binds together every member of the human family: and every heart contains an incorruptible seed, capable of springing up and producing all that man can know of God, and duty, and the soul. An inward voice, uncreated by schools, independent of refinement, opens to the unlettered hind, not less than to the polished scholar, a sure pathway into the enfranchisements of immortal truth. This is the faith of the people called Quakers. Their rise is one of the memorable events in the history of man. It marks the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally by the people as an inalienable birthright. To the masses in that age, all reflection on politics and morals presented itself under a theological form. The Quaker doctrine is philosophy, summoned from the cloister, the college and the saloon, and planted among the most despised of the people. As poetry is older than [illegible], philosophy is older than metaphysicians. The mysterious question of the purpose of our being is always before us and within us: and the little child as it begins to prattle, makes inquiries which the pride of learning cannot solve. The method of the solution adopted by the Quakers, was the natural consequence of the origin of their sect. The mind of George Fox had the highest systematic sagacity: and his doctrine, developed and rendered illustrious by Barclay and Penn, was distinguished by its simplicity and unity. The Quaker has but one word The Inner Light, the voice of God in the soul. That light is a reality, and therefore in its freedom the highest revelation of truth: it is kindred

with the Spirit of God, and therefore merits dominion as the guide to virtue: it shines in every man's breast, and therefore joins the whole human race in the unity of equal rights. Intellectual freedom, the supremacy of mind, universal enfranchisement,—these three points include the whole of Quakerism, as far as it belongs to civil history.

* * * * * * * * * *

Others have sought wisdom by consulting the outward world, and, confounding consciousness with reflection, have trusted solely to the senses for the materials of thought: the Quaker placing no dependence on the world of the senses, calls the soul home from its wanderings through the mazes of tradition and the wonders of the visible universe, bidding the vagrant sit down by its own fires to read the divine inscription on the heart. The method of the Quaker coincided with that of Descartes and his disciples, who founded their system on consciousness, and made the human mind the point of departure in philosophy. But Descartes plunged immediately into the confusion of hypothesis, drifting to sea to be wrecked among the barren waves of ontological speculation; and even Leibnitz, confident in his genius and learning, lost his way among the monads of creation and the pre-established harmonies in this best of all possible worlds; the Quaker adhered strictly to his method: like the timid navigators of old times, who carefully kept near the shore, he never ventured to sea, except with the certain guidance of the cynosure in the heart. He was consistent, for he set no value on learning acquired in any other way. Tradition cannot enjoin a ceremony, still less establish a doctrine; historical faith is as the old heavens that are to be wrapped up as a scroll. Far from rejecting Christianity, the Quaker insisted that he alone maintained its primitive simplicity. The skeptic forever vibrated between opinions: the Quaker was fixed even to dogmatism. The infidel rejected religion; the Quaker cherished it as his life. The scoffer pushed freedom to

dissoluteness: the Quaker circumscribed freedom by obedience to truth. George Fox and Voltaire both protested against priestcraft; Voltaire in behalf of the senses, Fox in behalf of the soul. To the Quakers, Christianity is freedom. And they loved to remember, that the patriarchs were graziers, that the prophets were mechanics and shepherds, that John Baptist, the greatest of envoys, was clad in a rough garment of camels' hair. To them there was joy in the thought, that the brightest image of divinity on earth had been born in a manger, had been reared under the roof of a carpenter, had been content for himself and his guests with no greater luxury than barley loaves and fishes, and that the messengers of his choice had been rustics like themselves. The Inner Light is to the Quaker, not only the revelation of truth, but the guide of life and the oracle of duty. He demands the uniform predominance of the world of thought, over the world of sensation. Thus the doctrine of disinterested virtue,—the doctrine for which Guion was persecuted, and Fenelon disgraced—the doctrine which tyrants condemn as rebellion, and priests as heresy, was cherished by the Quaker as the foundation of morality.

BANCROFT.

The Use of Flowers.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth,
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine,
Requireth none to grow,
Nor does it need the lotus flowers,
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb, that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drank them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no one passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man!
To beautify the earth!

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his face is dim:
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him!

MARY HOWITT.

Faithfulness.

"See that thou copy no man save in the matter of faithfulness."—
WILLIAM PENN.

LISTEN not, when men shall tell thee, *here* is work for thee
to do;
There, thy field of labour lieth and the good thou should'st
pursue:
Idle one when all are busy, bound, yet longing to arise,
Follow thou no mortal guidance, though it come in prophet
guise,
While the cloud is on thy spirit and the mist is o'er thy eyes.

Not the stars above us shining, in Creation's perfect plan,
Have their places marked more surely than the living soul
of man;
And the laws are not more changeless, which direct their daily
course,
Than the lines of light that issue from our being's radiant
Source,
To restrain the soul's outgoings with an ever gentle force.

Watch and wait, and as at Bethel, where of old the dreamer
lay,
Sleep-bound on his stony pillow, God himself will set thy way:
Wanderer, without a foothold in illimitable space,
With the first step simply taken on thy heaven appointed race,
Thou wilt know the noiseless sliding of a stone into its place.

Up then, with the break of morning! while upon thy lifted
eyes,
Clear before thee, rounds of Duty one above another rise;

On the steps let down from heaven, rugged though they seem
and hard,
Pilgrims from all lands will meet thee, silver-haired and battle
scarred,
And the young, in meekness lovely, shielded by an angel
guard.

With a grasp the worldling feels not, by a touch he cannot see,
Holy joy their bosoms thrilling, they will greet and welcome
thee;
With their hymns of glad thanksgiving, that thy mission is
begun,
That the Father's kingdom cometh, that His will on earth is
done,
Mingleth soft thy heart's "Eureka,"—Peace! The Father's
boon is won.

God hath many aims to compass, many messages to send,
And his instruments are fitted, each to some distinctive end:
Earth is full of groaning spirits—hearts that wear a galling
chain—
Minds, designed for noble uses, bondaged to the lust of
gain—
Souls, once beautiful in whiteness, crimsoned with corruption's
stain.

Through earth's wrong, and woe, and evil, sometimes seeing,
sometimes blind,
Ever must the homeward pathway of the humble Christian
wind;
Stooping over sin and sorrow—watching by the couch of
pain—
Holy promises outpouring, grateful as the summer rain,
To the heart whose hope had withered never to revive again.

Dark perplexing questions cross him—meet him as he onward goes;—
Why a God of love and mercy should permit Life's ills and woes?
Why the good should strive and differ? If His love be over all,
Why the guiltless and the guilty by the same dread stroke should fall?
Why the haughty arm of power should meek innocence enthrall?

Why with Joy is Sorrow walking, hand in hand and side by side,
Sparing not the sad and lowly—breaking in on strength and pride?
Grief and Gladness touch each other—pass each other in the street—
Why should trains of sabled mourners young and happy lovers meet,
Chilling on their lips the whisper, "Life is good, and Love is sweet!"

As the earnest soul advances, step, by step to higher ground,
Simple Faith and steady Patience slowly bring the answers round:
Then it moves serenely forward, trusting less to Reason's span,
Satisfied with Faith's revealings of a broad Paternal plan
Which, by mutual dependence, fraternises man and man.

Down Existence one is sailing, by fair breezes borne along
Trilling on Life's solemn voyage, evermore a merry song;

What, to him, is that wrapt thinker—wearing out the night in toil,
Gleaning, for the thankless Future, from the Past a golden spoil
But an idle, useless dreamer, but a cumberer of the soil?

Say we these can never mingle?—soon the student's cheek shall pale,
And the o'er-tasked brain shall weary, and the soul-lit eye shall fail:
Whose bright face his sick room lighteth, with hope's language all a-glow?
Whose kind hand the hair is smoothing backward from his burning brow?
Ah, his careless-hearted neighbour is a gentle brother now.

There a proud man coldly gazes on a meek, forgiving face!
Once he loved her—but ambition crept into affection's place;
From her Christian garb unspotted, turns he now his scornful eye,
But on his last lowly pillow, when the great man comes to lie,
He will long to hear the rustle of her white robe passing by.

Thus are God's ways vindicated; and at length we slowly gain,
As our needs dispel our blindness, some faint glimpses of the chain
Which connects the Earth with Heaven, Right with Wrong and Good with Ill—
Links in one harmonious movement, slowly learn we to fulfill
Our appointed march in concert with His manifested will!

E. L. JR.

Extracts from Nichol's Planetary Systems.

THE obscurity of the times in which he lived, rests over the early character of Copernicus. We know not how far favourable circumstances contributed to the development of his genius, or whether, without peculiar advantages, he owes all to an inborn energy. But whatever his intellectual culture, the greatness of his mind could be borrowed from no one; as of all who had yet lived, he was the earliest to accomplish a task most difficult for man. Feeling, with the intuitive force of the highest genius, that those popular systems of the heavens could not be true, and, at the same time, recognising that the logic or mere reasoning which sustained them was impregnable, he threw from him the weight of ages, and quietly asked whether that fundamental tenet, which asserts that the earth is motionless, might not be false? The effort required to hesitate on a point which all mankind—up to that moment—had undoubtingly believed, and which had now interwoven itself with every mode of thought, was an achievement for the loftiest order of genius. The question being put, it required very superior, but not uncommon talent, to follow it to its conclusions. Indued by that modesty which invaribly characterises minds of the finest texture, this great man—immediately on obtaining sight of the idea which moved him—turned again to the elder philosophers, lest there might be precious relics buried there to inspire and encourage him; and accordingly, he did find certain hints touching on a simple order of things; hints, which his correct and discriminating intellect speedily methodized into that system which, in the somewhat hyperbolical language of his successor, Tycho, "moved the earth from its foundations, stopped the revolution of the firmament, made the sun stand still, and subverted the whole ancient order of the universe."

What a change must come over the mind, when from the idea

From this Earth is the centre around which all things are symmetrically arranged—the body for whose sake the brilliant work of the skies was hung up—we pass to the conception that it is merely one of a small class of orbs attached to the Sun, and by no means the largest of these; and that those multitudes of Stars, greater than the eye can number, or even the imagination conceive, are globes like the Sun, only lessened by their immeasurable distances, but around which planets may also roll, and all space be thus filled with motion and life! Doubtless there is here wherewith to stun the self-important, and startle the timid; and it is not astonishing that demurs arose among believers in the narrow creeds of those days; but indeed, that mind only can be afraid to look at the Universe as it typifies the greatness of its great Creator, which knows not the comprehensiveness of the glance of an Almighty eye. The love which warms the blue depths of space, holds within it also our microscopic earth, which even in its most microscopic atoms, teems with fine arrangements, so minute and manifold, that man is yet baffled in his ambition to know them all, where the smallest creature that creeps along the ground, has its home, its roof-tree, and its young, its passions, affections, and loves,—where one drop of water swarms with myriads of living beings, each drinking up life and happiness within the sphere of laws that know no caprice, and is exquisitely adapted to its place! Yes! Oh reverent adorer, the God of these shining skies, is also the Being who provides the young ravens with their food! But even the interest of these general views does not incline us to overlook the fine harmony as to minor arrangements which now appeared in the scheme of the Heavens. The two simple motions of the Earth produce our day and year. Revolving on its axis in twenty-four hours, the Earth turns every part of its surface in that period towards the Sun; whence a regular succession of light and darkness: and to a peculiarity connected with its yearly orbitual motion we owe the change of seasons. The source of this most

pleasing variety, is in the inclination of the axis around which the Earth daily rotates to the path or orbit through which it moves annually. The inclination of the axis, to the orbit, causes, the Sun's rays to fall more or less directly on the same part of the Earth, in different parts of its orbit, and hence, the variety of their heating effects. How exquisite the adjustment of our world to such variety! Think of the action of winter as a season of sleep and refreshment to vegetation,—the bursting of its dormant powers in spring,—its manhood and health in summer,—and in gentle autumn, the time of the sere and yellow leaf! Though observation informs us that there are spheres in which little of this change is seen, and where doubtless, all arrangements are equally beautiful; we may be pardoned for contemplating with especial interest so much of the course of our own world, and permit our sympathies to flow freely with the poet, who thus opens his fervent, but somewhat pantheistic hymn:

> "These as they change, Almighty Father,
> These are but the varied God!"

On matters of this kind, men feel variously; I confess that to me the sight of such exquisite adaptation—an adaptation of phenomena mighty and minute, affecting as the seasons do, although mysteriously, not only the death but the birth of human and all animated beings—it does appear that such precision of workmanship and steadfast solemnity of march, are as strong and eloquent proofs of the presence of the Godhead, as those deviations from ordinary agencies which, in the course of providence, the Almighty has thought fit to produce; and that with a far loftier and more intelligent ardour than that of the Egyptian magician, we may exclaim, as we humbly contemplate, "The finger of God is there."

Niagara.

FROM THE SPANISH OF JOSE MARIA HEREDIA.

My lyre! give me my lyre! my bosom feels
The glow of inspiration! Oh, how long
Have I been left in darkness, since this light
Last visited my brow! Niagara!
Thou, with thy rushing waters, dost restore
The heavenly gift that sorrow took away.
Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face.
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,
For, from my very boyhood, have I lov'd,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy; and when the sea,
Lashed by the wind, hath rock'd my bark, and showed
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers, and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me, as thy grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward, like the irresistible course
Of destiny. Ah, terribly they rage!
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze

Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent—waves innumerable
Meet there and madden—waves innumerable
Urge on, and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach—they leap the barrier—the abyss
Swallows, insatiable, the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapour the descending sheets.
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To Heaven. The solitary hunter near,
Pauses with terror, in the forest shades.

What seeks my restless eye? Why are not here,
About the jaws of this abyss, the palms?
Ah! the delicious palms, that on the plains
Of my own native Cuba spring, and spread
Their thickly foliaged summits to the sun;
And in the breathings of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the Heaven's unspotted blue.

But no, Niagara, thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle and pale rose, may grow
In gardens, and give out their fragrance there,
Unmanning him who breathes it: thine it is
To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee and are moved, and learn to rise
Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake
Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy name.

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries; that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;
And, therefore, doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here,
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness,
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear,
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

Dread torrent! that with wonder and with fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies,
Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
What power hath ordered, that, when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not, and roll to overwhelm the earth?

The Lord hath opened his omnipotent hand,
Covered thy face with clouds, and given his voice
To thy down rushing waters; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
I see thy never resting waters run,
And I bethink me how the tide of time
Sweeps to eternity. So pass, of man—
Pass, like a noon-day dream—the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!
Feel that my youth is withered, and my brow
Ploughed early with the lines of grief and care.

The Object of Life.

BY JOHN TODD.

How many beautiful visions pass before the mind in a single day, when the reins are thrown loose, and fancy feels no restraints! How curious, interesting and instructive would be the history of the workings of a single mind for a day! How many imaginary joys, how many airy castles, pass before it, which a single jostle of this rough world at once destroys! Who is there of my readers who has not imagined a summer fairer than ever bloomed,—scenery in nature more perfect than was ever combined by the pencil,—abodes more beautiful than were ever reared,—honours more distinguished than were ever bestowed,—homes more peaceful than were ever enjoyed,—companions more angelic than ever walked this earth,—and bliss more complete, and joys more thrilling than were ever allotted to man? You may call these the dreams of imagination, but they are common to the student. To the man who lives for this world alone, these visions of bliss, poor as they are, are all that ever come. But good men have their anticipations.—not the paintings of fancy, but the realities which faith discovers. Good men have the most vivid conceptions. Witness those of old. As they look down the vale of time, they see a star arise,—the everlasting hills do bow, the valleys are raised, and the moon puts on the brightness of the sun. The deserts and the dry places gush with waters. Nature pauses. The serpent forgets his fangs; the lion and the lamb sleep side by side, and the hand of the child is in the mane of the tiger. Nations gaze till they forget the murderous work of war, and the garments rolled in blood. The whole earth is enlightened, and the star shines on till it brings in everlasting day. Here are glowing conceptions, but they are not the work of a depraved imagination. They will all be realized.

But we have visions still brighter. We look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. No sin will be there to mar the beauty, no sorrow to diminish a joy, no anxiety to corrode the heart, or cloud the brow. Our characters may be tested, in part, by our anticipations. If our thoughts and feelings are running in the channel of time, and dancing from one earthly bubble to another, though our hopes may come in angel-robes, it is a sad proof that our hearts are here also.

The world, the great mass of mankind, have utterly misunderstood the real object of life on earth, or else he misunderstands it who follows the light of the bible. You look at men as individuals, and their object seems to be to gratify a contemptible vanity, to pervert and follow their low appetites and passions, and the dictates of selfishness, wherever they may lead. You look at men in the aggregate, and this pride and these passions terminate in wide plans of ambition, in wars and bloodshed, in strifes and the destruction of all that is virtuous or lovely. The history of mankind has its pages all stained with blood; and it is the history of a race whose object seemed to be, to debase their powers, and sink what was intended for immortal glory, to the deepest degradation which sin can cause. At one time, you will see an army of five millions of men following a leader, who, to add to his poor renown, is now to jeopardize all these lives, and the peace of his whole kingdom. This multitude of minds fall in, and they live, and march, fight, and perish to aid in exalting a poor worm of the dust. What capacities were here assembled! What minds were here put in motion! What a scene of struggles was here! And who, of all this multitude, were pursuing the real object of life? From Xerxes, at their head, to the lowest and most debased in the rear of the army, was there one, who, when weighed in the balances of eternal truth, was fulfilling the object for which he was created, and for which life is continued?—Look again. All Europe rises up in a phrensy, and pours forth a living tide

towards the Holy Land. They muster in the name of the Lord of Hosts.—The cross waves on their banners, and the holy sepulchre is the watch word by day and night.—They move eastward, and whiten the burning sands of the deserts with their bleaching bones. But of all these, from the fanatic whose voice awoke Europe to arms, down to the lowest horse-boy, how few were actuated by any spirit which Heaven, or justice, to say nothing about love could sanction!—Suppose the same number of men, the millions which composed the continent which rose up to exterminate another, and who followed the man who was first a soldier and then a priest and hermit, and who has left the world in doubt whether he was a prophet, a madman, a fool, or a demagogue, had spent the same treasures of life, and of money, in trying to spread the spirit of that Saviour for whose tomb they could waste so much; and suppose this army had been enlightened and sanctified men, and had devoted their powers to do good to mankind, and to honour their God, how different would the world have been found to-day! How many, think you, of all the then Christian world, acted under a spirit, and with an object before them such as the world will approve, and especially such as the pure beings above us will approve?

Look a moment at a few of the efforts which avarice has made. For about four centuries, the avarice of man, and of Christian men too, has been preying upon the vitals of Africa. It has taken the sons and daughters of Ham, and doomed soul and body to debasement, to ignorance, to slavery. And what are the results? Twenty-eight millions—more than twice the population of this country—have been kidnapped and carried away from the land of their birth. The estimate is, that the increase in the house of bondage since those times, is five-fold, or nearly one hundred and seventy millions of human, immortal beings, cut off from the rights of man, and, by legislation and planning, reduced far towards the scale of the brutes. This is only a single form in which avarice has been exerting its power. Suppose the same

time and money, the same effort, had been spent in spreading the arts of civilization, learning and religion, over the continent of Africa, what a vast amount of good would have been accomplished! And at the day when the recording angel reads the history of the earth, how very different would be the picture, and the eternal condition of untold numbers! If the marks of humanity are not all blotted out from that race of miserable men, it is not because oppression has not been sufficiently legalized, and avarice been allowed to pursue its victims, till the grave became a sweet asylum.

I am trying to lead you to look at the great amount of abuse and of perversion of mind, of which mankind are constantly guilty. When Christianity began her glorious career, the world had exhausted its strength in trying to debase itself, and to sink low enough to embrace paganism; and yet not so low, as not to try to exist in the shape of nations. The experiment had been repeated, times we know not how many. Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, polished Greece, iron-footed Rome, mystical Hindooism, had all tried it. They spent each, mind enough to regenerate a nation, in trying to build up a system of corrupt paganism; and when that system was built up—let the shape and form be what it might—the nation had exhausted its energies, and it sunk and fell under the effects of misapplied and perverted mind. No nation existed on the face of the earth, which was not crumbling under the use of its perverted energies, when the gospel reached it. Our ancestors were crushed under the weight of a Druidical priesthood, and the rights of that bloody system of religion.

Another striking instance of the perversion of mind, and the abuse of the human intellect and heart, is the system of the Romish church. No one created mind, apparently, could ever have invented a scheme of delusion, of degradation of the soul, the intellect, the whole man, so perfect and complete as is this. —What minds must have been employed in shutting out the

light of heaven, and in burrying the manna, which fell in showers so extended! What a system! To gather all the books in the world, and put them all within the stone walls of the monastery and the cloister,—to crush schools, except in these same monasteries, in which they trained up men to become more and more skilful in doing the work of ruin,—to delude the world with ceremonies and fooleries, while the Bible was taken away, and religion muttered her rites in an unknown tongue,—and all this was the result of a settled plan to debase the intellect and mock poor human nature!—And, when the Reformation held up all these abominations to light, what a master piece was the last plan laid to stifle the reason forever!—the Inquisition. —It was reared through the Christian world: the decree by a single blow, proscribed between sixty and seventy printing presses, and excommunicated all who should ever read any thing which they might produce. A philosopher, who, like Galileo, could pour light upon science, and astonish the world by his discoveries, must repeatedly fall into the cruel mercies of the Inquisition. The ingenuity of hell seemed tasked to invent methods by which the human mind might be shut up in Egyptian darkness; and never has a Catholic community been known to be other than degraded, ignorant, superstitious and sunken. Let light in, and all who receive it rush to infidelity. But what a mass of mind has been, and still is, employed in upholding this system! And what a loss to the world has it produced, in quenching, in everlasting darkness, the uncounted millions of glorious minds which have been destroyed by it! If I could find it in my heart to anathematize any order of men,—and I hope I cannot,—it would be those who are thus taking away the key of knowledge, and preventing all within the compass of their influence from fulfilling the great object for which they were created.

Was man created for *war?* Did his Maker create the eye, that he might take better aim on the field of battle? give him

skill that he might invent methods of slaying by thousands? and plant a thirst in the soul, that it might be quenched by the blood of men? What science or art can boast of more precision, of more to teach it, to hail it with enthusiasm, and to celebrate it in song? Genius has ever sat at the feet of Mars, and exhausted his efforts in preparing exquisite offerings. Human thought has never made such gigantic efforts as when employed in scenes of butchery. Has skill ever been more active and successful—has Poetry ever so kindled, as when the flames of Troy lighted her page? What school-boy is ignorant of the battle ground, and the field of blood, where ancient and modern armies met and tried to crush each other? Has Music ever thrilled like that which led men to battle, and the plume of the desert-bird ever danced so gracefully as when on the head of the warrior? Are any honours so freely bestowed, or cheaply purchased, as those which are gained by a few hours of fighting? See that man, who, so late, was the wonder of the world, calling out, marshalling, employing and wasting almost all the treasures of Europe, for twelve or fifteen years. What multitudes of minds did he call to the murderous work of war!—minds that might have blessed the world with literature, with science, with schools, and with the gospel of peace, had they not been perverted from the great and best object of living! Says a philosophical writer, speaking on this subject, "I might suppose for the sake of illustration, that all the schemes of ambition, and cruelty, and intrigue, were blotted from the page of history, that, against the names of the splendid and guilty actors, whom the world, for ages, has wondered at, there were written achievements of Christian benevolence, equally grand and characteristic,—and then ask what a change would there be in the scenes which the world has beheld transacted, and what a difference in the results! Alexander should have won victories in Persia more splendid than those of Granicus and Arbela; he should have wandered over India, like Buchanan,

and wept for another world to bring under the dominion of the Saviour; and returning to Babylon, should have died, like Martyn, the victim of Christian zeal. Cæsar should have made Gaul and Britain obedient to the faith, and crossing the Rubicon with the apostolic legions, and making the Romans freemen of the Lord, should have been the forerunner of Paul, and done half his work. Charlemange should have been a Luther,—Charles of Sweeden should have been a Howard; and, flying from the Baltic to the Euxine, like an angel of mercy, should have fallen, when on some errand of love, and, numbering his days by the good deeds he had done, should have died like Mills in an old age of charity. Voltaire should have written Christian tracts. Rousseau should have been a Fenelon. Hume should have unravelled the intricacies of theology, and defended like Edwards, the faith once delivered to the saints."

We call ours the most enlightened nation on earth, inferior to none in owning the spirit of Christianity; and we claim this as an age behind none ever enjoyed, for high moral principle and benevolent, disinterested action. But what is the principle in the great mass of mankind! When clouds gather in the political horizon, and war threatens a nation, how are the omens received? How many are there who turn aside and weep, and deprecate the guilt, the woe, and the indescribable evils and miseries of war? The great majority of the nation feel that the path of glory is now opening before them, and that the honour which *may* possibly be attained by a few battles, is ample compensation for the expense, the morals, the lives and the happiness, which *must* be sacrified for the possibility. Let that nation rush to war for some supposed point of honour.—Watch the population as they collect, group after group, under the burning sun, all anxious, all eager, and all standing as if in deep expectation for the signal which was to call them to judgment. They are waiting for the first tidings of the battle, where the honour of the nation is staked. No tidings that ever came from Heaven

can send a thrill of joy so deep as the tidings that one ship has conquered or sunk another.

Was it any thing remarkable, that, in the very heart of a Christian nation, a single horse-race brought over fifty thousand people together? Were they acting so much out of the character of the mass of mankind as to cause it to make any deep impression upon the moral sensibilities of the nation?

Suppose it were known that a mind was now in process of training, which might, if its powers were properly directed, be equal to Milton or Locke; but that, instead of this, it will waste its powers in creating such song as Byron wrote, or in weaving such webs as the schoolmen wove. Would the knowledge of such a waste of mind, such perversion of powers, cause a deep sensation of regret among men? or have such perversions been so common in the world, that one such magnificent mind might be lost to mankind, and no one would mourn? The answer is plain. The world has become so accustomed to seeing mind prostituted to ignoble purposes, and influence which might reach round the globe like a zone of mercy thrown away forever, that we hardly think of it as greatly out of the way.

A generation of men come on the stage of action; they find the world in darkness, in ignorance, and in sin. They live, gain the few honours which are easily plucked, gather the little wealth which toil and anxiety will bestow, and then pass away. As a whole, the generation do not expect or try to throw an influence upon the world which shall be redeeming.—They do not expect to leave the world materially better than they found it. Why do we not mourn that such myriads of immortal minds are destined to pass away, and never to break out in acts of mercy and kindness to the world? Because we have so long been so prodigal of mind, that we hardly notice its loss.

The Dumb Child.

She is my only girl:
I asked for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinished was love's jewelled ring,
Till set with this soft pearl:
The shade that time brought forth, I could not see;
How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me.

Oh, many a soft old tune,
I used to sing unto that deadened ear,
And suffered not the lightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon:
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay—
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play!

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me:
Waited and watched. God knows how patiently!
How willingly deceived.
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh! if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me *mother*, in the broken speech,
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred—
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries,
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers, at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes

To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,—
Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I' ve watched her looking up,
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope,
The struggling soul *would* burst its binding cords,
And the long pent up thoughts, flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound a nameless void:
While even *Silence* hath its charms destroyed.

Her face is very fair:
Her blue eye beautiful: of finest mould
The soft, white brow, o'er which in waves of gold
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be;
For He who made it, keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamour be kept free,
E'en that His still small voice and step, might be
Heard at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve? Oh, murmuring heart be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play,
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence

Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear,
That even her *father* would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
Oh! at such times I know—
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his *silent* child.

Not of *all* gifts bereft,
Even now. How could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul yet open, avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give
To her defect, a beauty of its own:
And we a deeper tenderness have known,
Through that for which we grieve.
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
Yes, and *my* voice shall fill it—but not here!

When that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to meaner melody,
Than the rich songs of Heaven—
To *hear* the full toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstacies of sound!

KNOWLEDGE is the treasure, but judgment the treasurer of a wise man.

WILLIAM PENN.

Genius and Writings of Paschal.

Energy was the predominant quality of Luther's genius: beauty of Paschal's. The rugged German, under the hand of Luther, is compelled to yield to an irresistible application of force: it is the lightning splitting oak and granite. The French, under that of Paschal, assumes forms of beauty by a still and noiseless movement, and, as by a sort of enchantment; it is "the west wind ungirding the bosom of the earth, and calling forth bud and flower at its bidding." * * * We think of Cæsar as the great warrior and the great statesman: of Shakspeare as the great poet: of Newton as the great philosopher: when the Christian thinks of his *Master*, though he *believes* him to be possessed of immeasurably greater power and wisdom than theirs,—his first, last thought is, that he is the Good. * * * He who made us, and who tutors us, alone knows what is the exact measure of light and shade, sun and cloud, storm and calm, frost and heat, which will best tend to mature those flowers which are the object of this celestial husbandry: and which, when transplanted into the paradise of God, are to bloom there in amaranthine loveliness for ever. On the whole, in contemplating the richly diversified characteristics of Paschal,—of his exalted genius in its different moods and phases,—the combination of sublimity and depth with lightness and grace—of the noblest aptitudes for abstract speculation with the most exquisite delicacy of taste, and the utmost sensibility of feeling—of profound melancholy with the happiest and the most refined humour and raillery—the grandeur of many aspects of his character and the loveliness of others, we seem to be reminded of the contradictory features of Alpine scenery, where all forms of sublimity and beauty, of loveliness and terror, are found in singular proximity: where upland valleys of exquisite verdure and softness lie at

the foot of the eternal glaciers: where spots of purest pastoral repose and beauty smile under the very shadow of huge snowy peaks: and from the entrance of those gorges, in which reign perpetual sterility and desolation: in which the very silence is appalling—broken only by the roar of the distant cataract, and the lonely thunder of the avalanche.

Motto and Crest.

I KNEW her in her brightness, a creature full of glee,
As the dancing waves that sparkle, on a placid summer sea;
To her the world was sunshine, and peace was in her breast,
For "Contentment" was her motto, and a "Heart's Ease" was her crest.

Yet deem not for a moment, that her life was free from care,
She shared the storms and sorrows, that others sigh to bear:
But she met earth's tempests meekly, in the hope of Heaven's rest,
She gave not up her motto, nor cast away her crest!

Alas! the many frowning brows, and eyes that speak of woe,
And hearts that turn repining by, from every chastening blow:
But our paths might all be smoother, and our hearts would all be blest,
With "Contentment" for our motto, and a "Heart's Ease" for our crest!

Whittier's Estimate of Byron.

I ADMIRE the sublimity of his genius. But I have feared, and do still fear the consequences—the inevitable consequences of his writings. I fear, that in our enthusiastic admiration of genius, our idolatry of poetry, the awful impiety, and the staggering unbelief contained in those writings, are lightly passed over, and acquiesced in, as the allowable abberations of a master intellect, which had lifted itself above the ordinary world, which had broken down the barriers of ordinary mind, and which revelled in a creation of its own: a world, over which the sunshine of imagination lightened at times with an almost ineffable glory, to be succeeded by the thick blackness of doubt, and terror, and misanthropy, relieved only by the lightning flashes of terrible and unholy passion.

The blessing of that mighty intellect—the prodigal gift of Heaven—became in his possession, a burthen and a curse. He was wretched in his gloomy unbelief, and he strove, with the selfish purpose which too often actuates the miserable, to drag his fellow beings from their only abiding hope—to break down, in the human bosom, the beautiful altar of its faith, and to fix in other bosoms, the doubt and despair which darkened his own: —to lead his readers—the vast multitude of the beautiful, the pure and the gifted, who knelt to his genius, as to the manifestations of a new divinity,—into that ever darkened path, which is trodden only by the lost to hope—the forsaken of Heaven—and which leads from the perfect light of holiness, down to the shadows of eternal death.

If ever man possessed the power of controlling at will the passions of his readers, that man was Lord Byron. He knew and felt the mightiness of his power:—and he loved its exercise:— to kindle in a thousand bosoms the strange fire which desolated

his own. He loved to shake down with a giant's strength, the strongest pillars of human confidence—to unfix the young and susceptible spirit from its allegiance to virtue and the dearest ties of nature. No man ever drew finer and more enchanting pictures of the social virtues—and love and friendship never seem more beautiful than when made the subject of his vivid and graphic delineation.

Genius! the pride of genius! What is there in it after all, to take the precedence of virtue? Why should we worship the hideousness of vice, although the drapery of angels be gathered about it? In the awful estimate of eternity, what is the fame of a Shakspeare, to the beautiful humility of a heart, sanctified by the approval of the Searcher of all bosoms? The lowliest taster of the pure and living waters of *religion* is a better and wiser man than the deepest quaffer at the fount of Helicon: and the humble follower of that sublime philosophy of Heaven, which the pride of the human heart accounteth foolishness, is greater and worthier than the skilled in human science, whose learning and glory only enable them "Sapienter ad infernam descendere!"

WHO can tell the power, for good or for evil, of but one sentence, falling on a fellow creature's ear: or estimate the mighty series of emotions, purposes and actions, of which one articulate breath may be the spring? A word spoken in season, how good it is! All words are winged, and imagination can ill track their flight. Evil words may seem light or trivial things: yet, if light, they are like the filiaments of the thistle-down, each feathery tuft floating on the slightest breeze bears with it the germs of a noxious weed.

The Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
  She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work!—work!—work!
  While the the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
  'Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave,
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
  'Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work,
  'Till eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset and band,
  Band and gusset and seam,
'Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
  And sew them on in my dream!

"Oh Men, with Sisters dear!
  Oh! Men with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
  But human creature's lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death—
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Alas! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags:
And what are its wages? a bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags!
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank,
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band,
'Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—

While underneath the eaves,
The brooding Swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love and Hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread!
Stitch!—stitch!—stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tones could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

Humphrey Davy.

It was at Rome when he was finishing his "Last Days of a Philosopher," that he received the final warning to prepare to die. By dictation he wrote to his brother "I am dying from a severe attack of palsy, which has seized the whole of the body with the exception of the intellectual organ." * *

They buried him at Geneva. In truth Geneva buried him herself, with serious and respectful ceremonial. A simple monument stands at the head of the hospitable grave. There is a tablet to his memory on the wall of Westminster Abbey.—There is a monument at Penzance. His public services of plate, his imperial vases, his foreign prizes, his royal medals, shall be handed down with triumph to his collateral posterity, as trophies won from the deeps of nescience. But his *work*: designed by his own genius: executed by his own hand, tracery and all: and every single stone signalised by his own private mark, indelible, characteristic and inimitable: his *work* is the only adequate record of his name. How deeply are its foundations rooted in space, and how lasting its materials for time! It is solid, yet its substantial utility is almost every where flowered into beauty. It is mingled in its style, bnt it is unique. It is the tomb, not of the palsy stricken body which has returned to the earth as it was, but of that transcendant intellect with which his Maker had endowed him, so that the erection knows no place, and can be assimilated to our conceptions only by the figures of fancy and imagination.

The monumental fane, then, which this great investigator has raised in honour of nature, for the benefit of man, is not a camera-obscura, like the "Work without a Parallel," of old *Beecher*, or the "Foundations of Chemistry" by *Stahl:* in which the figures are but dim and upside-down, though lying luminous and beautiful in the midst of the surrounding darkness. It is not a crystal

edifice like the palace of ice upon the Neva, as in the system of Lavoiser. It is not a European museum like the substantial fabric which the long days' work of Berzelius has slowly builded over his future bed of rest, and filled with all that is rich and rare from Icelandic caldrons, Ural mines, Tropical woods, and the heights of the Andes and the Himmelah, for the useful instruction of mankind: nor a half-lit, unfinished, but magnificent orrery, like the "New Philosophy" of *Dalton*, in which, when the undiscovered planets and the unexpected Comets shall have been found, and when the central idea shall have been kindled into a blaze of light and force by the Prometheus of another day, the movements and the sheen of all the stars shall be held up to the astonished eye, as one complete microcosm of creation. Yet there is something of all these *together*, in the work of the London discoverer. There are the neigbouring shadows of Stahl, and as it appears from the researches of Faraday, something also like the inverted representation of the truth. There is the brightness of Wollaston, in the great facts he has won from their enchanted holds. There is the sound logic of Lavoiser. And, last of all these, there is the independence, and the essential vitality of glorious promise for posterity, of our Quaker—the immortal *Dalton*: but over the great proportions of the fabric, there is shed that brilliancy which is all his own: a lustre partly derived from the accidental character of his particular discoveries, and partly from the original endowment of his mind, by that only Potentate, whose "minister he was." Such is the elaborate and richly laden mausoleum of *Humphrey Davy*.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

PERFUMES, the more they're chafed the more they render
Their pleasant scents; and so affliction
Expresseth virtue fully.

My Times are in Thy Hand.

My times are in Thy hand!
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness, I
On Him rely
Who fix'd the earth, and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hand!
Pale poverty, or wealth,
Corroding care, or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath, or Winter's snows,
Sickness or buoyant health—
Whate'er betide,
If God provide,
'Tis for the best—I wish no lot beside.

My times are in Thy hand!
Should friendship pure illume,
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours,
In solitude's dark gloom,
Thou art a Friend,
'Till Time shall end,
Unchangeably the same—in Thee all beauties blend.

My times are in Thy hand!
Many or few my days,
I leave with Thee—this only pray,
That by Thy grace, I, every day,
Devoting to Thy praise,

May ready be,
To welcome Thee,
Whene'er Thou comest to set my spirit free.

My times are in Thy hand!
Howe'er those times may end,
Sudden, or slow, my soul's release,
'Midst anguish, phrenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ my Friend!
If He is nigh
Howe'er I die,
'Twill be the dawn of Heavenly ecstacy.

My times are in Thy hand!
To Thee I can entrust
My slumb'ring clay 'till Thy command
Bids all the dead before Thee stand,
Awaking from the dust.
Beholding Thee,
What bliss 'twill be
With all Thy saints to spend eternity!

To spend eternity
In Heaven's unclouded light!
From sorrow, sin and frailty free,
Beholding and resembling Thee
Oh, too transporting sight!
Prospect too fair
For flesh to bear,
Haste, haste, my Lord, and soon transport me there.

N. H.

FULL soon must all these summer birds be gone—
Take to their wings and leave thee, every one.

Thought.

"THERE are rare and precious moments, snatched from the whirl of life, and spent in stillness and alone. Even when not devoted to direct meditation, and appearing too fleeting to be productive of much good, they yet tend to give us a knowledge of the realities that encompass us. By the depth of their solemnity and repose, they remind us, that, beneath the surface of this weary, working existence, there is another world—another—and an enduring life:—imaged in the unchanging sky, and the returning sun, and the ever renewed beauty of the trees and flowers, and the steadfastness of the everlasting hills: and if our hearts are open to the truth, they may sometimes teach us to remember, that, as in far off years, the glorious Temple rose silently in the city of Jerusalem, neither axe, nor hammer, nor tool, giving warning or notice of the work—so the more glorious temple—the Church of the living God—is, at this moment, rising unperceived in the midst of a tumultuous world: each stone quarried and fashioned by the sharp edge of sorrow, and the keen stroke of adversity, until, perfected and prepared, it is fitted for that destined position, which shall be the place of its rest for eternity. It does not signify, in the concerns of life, whether we are called upon to rule a kingdom, or pick up stones on the highway, if only what we do *is work:* work for Him, that shall turn to account in the reckoning of the long day of life: work for Him to whom nothing is great, and therefore nothing can be little."

SPEAK gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell!

The Slave Singing at Midnight.

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He, a Negro and enslaved;
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear,
That I could not choose but hear;

Songs of triumph and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast,
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion,
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen;
And an earthquake's arm of might,
Broke their dungeon gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel,
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might,
Breaks his dungeon gates at night?

LONGFELLOW.

Stanzas.

When from life's busy scenes awhile,
Sickness detains with grasp severe,
How soon the faded cheek its smile
Yields for the tear!

Yet most we learn when most alone
And sickness oft the soul hath brought
Where many a heavenly truth is known,
A lesson taught!

The brook bright in the noontide rays,
Picturing each object, glides along,
But in unbroken crystal strays,
The shades among!

So, oft a vain reflected show,
Paints, the mind's tide in health's gay beam:
That beam withdrawn, its course may flow,
In purer stream!

Hope round the darkened couch may bloom,
That sprung not 'neath the prosperous sun,
As night-bloom flowers that cheer the gloom,
The sunbeams shun!

Chambers secured from solar glare,
Admit a radiance holier far:
Oft on the soul has risen *there*,
Its morning star!

On earthly joy—that reed so frail,
Too oft alas it dares to lean,
'Till sickness comes, and lifts the veil,
From things unseen!

Shows the vain aim of human cares,
Clears a new course and points the goal—
For life or death alike prepares,
The tutored soul!

William Penn.

OH surely the hand of the Highest commanded, the fiat of Omnipotence had been spoken, when, on the shores of this western wilderness, stood our great progenitor William Penn! A name whose very utterance calls forth feelings of veneration and respect, a name linked with our dearest recollections, our brightest reminiscences!

Who can calculate—who can appreciate—the value to posterity of *such* a man? Had ambition fired a Cæsar to come and conquer another world—had madness touched a Napoleon to reach forth over our shores the truncheon of absolute command, how different, how widely different, would have been the issue! But the Quaker came—the gentle, unadorned, unaspiring Quaker: who, turning from the gaudy trappings of a monarchy, from a land where those of *his* faith found no resting place, sought, in the wilds of Western America, a refuge, and a home. He came,—and the untutored Indian saw not the insignia of the warrior, heard not the words of the conqueror; but they beheld clad in the simplest costume, a form of majestic port, a brow

whereupon seemed stamped the law of kindness. And he stood —there in their very midst;—the spot was nature's own: the only auditors the untutored children of the forest: and yet here was formed a treaty, such as Christendom never saw, such as Prince and Potentate might come and look upon—a treaty ratified without an oath!

Pointless were the arrows of the red man, hushed was the voice of the Indian, as they listened to his words of truth and soberness.

Years have rolled over us since that memorable day—lost is the trace of the savage, and felled the lofty elm under which they stood:—but the *government* then and there formed, resting on the two great columns of Religion and Virtue, still exists:—a prouder monument, a lofter mausoleum for *him* than the most classic Roman urn, than the stateliest Egyptian Pyramid. His monument is built on a more enduring base—the happiness of man!

E. N.

Stanzas.

TRY, and perchance thou mayst not err,
To sound the depth of ocean caves,
Where late and long the mariner,
Impels his barque o'er unknown waves.
But think not with thine utmost art,
To fathom all thy brother's *heart!*

There is an evil and a good
In every heart unknown to thee,
A darker or a brighter mood,
Than aught thine eye can ever see:
Words, actions, faintly mark the whole,
That lies within a human soul!

Perhaps thy sterner mind condemns,
Some brother mind, that, reasoning less,
The tide of error slowly stems,
In pain, in love, in weariness:
Thou callest him weak, he may be so—
What made him weak, thou canst not know.

Perhaps thy spirit's calm repose,
No evil dream hath come to spoil:
A firm resistless front it shows,
Amid the battle's fiercest broil:
'Tis well—enjoy and bless thy lot;
Still pitying him who *shares it not!*

The pure, the holy,—they perchance,
Around thy path have still been seen;
Nor could thy foot a step advance,
But there their pious aid hath been:
Ah! happy in that better state,
Yet pray for those more desolate!

E. TAYLOR.

IT is good to seal the infant forehead with the mark of hope. It is good to form the infant mind: to take the infant reason patiently and gently by the hand, and guide it in its little excursions. Oh! it is good, beyond all names of goodness, to spread out the wings of sheltering love over an infant soul, and put it on that path which leads to its eternal home. This is that ladder which the Patriarch saw in vision. To mount at first is but a single step: for it is planted in the nursery—at the cradle-side—and thence leads upward, and upward, and onward, and onward; with holy angels ascending and descending—high over time and sense and earth, through the clouds of distance and the shades of death, to the highest heaven and the throne of God! EVERET.

Mantell's Museum.

Columbus of the subterranean mine!
Star of Geology! whose rays enlighten
What nature in her darkest depths had hurled—
Mantell! we gladly welcome thee to Brighton.

No more shall we confine our thoughts and hopes,
To rounds of dull unintellectual pleasure,
For thy unparagoned Museum, opes
Exhaustless stores of scientific treasure.

Primeval nature here uplifts her veil—
Here spreads her mystic volume, in whose pages
Her votaries read, and reverently hail
The wondrous records of uncounted ages.

Wrecks of an olden time are here combined—
With forms more strange than fabulous chimeras:
Medals that nature to her caves consigned,
As stamped memorials of her changful eras.

Oh how bewildering is the thought, that erst,
Hundreds of centuries ere man's formation,
Through Sussex weald some Mississippi burst,
In all the pomp of tropical creation.

Ferns arborescent on its flowery shore,
With giant palms and Southern fruits were blended,
While birds uncouth, whose races are no more,
Poised on the torrid air with wings extended.

Unto these sunny banks—this thermal tide,
Strange and stupendous animals resorted:
And here a monster monarch, undefied,
The marvellous Iguanodon disported:

In length a whale—but of the lizard race—
This horned leviathian with teeth tremendous,
Found 'mong the prostrate Palms a resting-place:
For trees were rushes to his bulk stupendous.

Doubt ye these startling facts? look round—a proof
Some fossil will afford of each averment:
From cliff or weald exhumed—and 'neath *this* roof,
Our Mantell lives, who caused their dis-interment.

Yes, where the huntsman winds his matin horn,
And the couched hare amid the covert trembles,
Where shepherds tend their flocks, or grows the corn,
Where fashion on our gay Parade assembles;

Wild horses, deer, and elephants, have strayed,
Trampling on early ocean's buried races;
Beneath us their successive bones are laid,
A chronologic scale of burial places.

The heaven-exploring Newton brought to *light*,
New spheres, new laws, new wonders of creation:
Mantell hath rivalled him in realms of *night*,
New worlds discovering by excavation.

Both have confirmed the Psalmist—"If I fly
Beyond the seas, upon the wings of morning,
Dive into earth, Oh Lord, or seek the sky,
Still of thine omnipresence have I warning."

'Tis not this rare Museum's highest praise,
To charm the learned and the scientific:
But that in all approaches it must raise,
Feelings and thoughts of holiness prolific:

For he who once within its verge hath trod,
And of its prodigies been made spectator,
Will "look through Nature up to Nature's God,"
And in his creatures, own the great Creator!

HORACE SMITH.

IF thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned, and know that pride,
How e'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness: that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used: that thought with him
Is in its infancy.—The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works: one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful, ever—Oh, be wiser, thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love:
True dignity abides with him alone,
Who in the silent hour of inward thought:
Can still suspect and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

WORDSWORTH.

Hymn before Sunrise,

IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNY.

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, Oh Sovereign Blanc?
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black;
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from Eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my Life, and Life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing,—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret extacy! Awake,

Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!
Oh struggling with the darkness all night long,
And all night visited by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink;
Companion of the Morning Star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Coherald: wake, Oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth!
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee Parent of perpetual streams!

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopped at once, amidst their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full Moon! Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
GOD! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!

GOD! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, GOD!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth GOD! and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount, with thy sky pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet, the Avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depths of clouds, that veil thy breast,
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me,—Rise, Oh ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises GOD!

COLERIDGE.

WHERE'ER thy wildered crowd of brethren jostles,
Where'er there lingers but a shade of wrong,
There still is need of martyrs and apostles,
There still is need of never dying song.

To the Memory of Daniel Wheeler.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Oh, dearly loved,
And worthy of our love! No more
Thy aged form shall rise before
The hushed and waiting worshipper,
In meek obedience, utterance giving
To words of truth, so fresh and living
That ever to the inward sense
They bore unquestioned evidence
Of an anointed messenger!—
Or, bowing down thy silver hair
In reverent awfulness of prayer,
The world—its times and sense—shut out,
The brightness of Faith's holy trance
Gathered upon thy countenance,
As if each lingering cloud of doubt—
The cold dark shadows floating here,
In Time's unluminous atmosphere
Were parted by an angel's hand,
And through them on thy spiritual eye
Shone down the blessedness on high—
The glory of the better land.

We mourn for thee:
Yet, full of hope and strong in faith
That, through the ministry of death,
From weary works our blessed Lord
Hath called thee to the rich reward,
Of those who in His holy name
Have borne the cross—despised the shame,
And counted not their own lives dear;
Knowing no other will than His—
Nor hope but of His love—nor fear

Save of their own unworthiness—
No shelter save beneath the wing
Of Ancient Goodness,—and no life
Save in their death to outward strife
The burial of their human will—
In meek submission draining still
Each bitter and afflicting cup
Vouchsafed to them, while filling up
The remnant of His suffering.

The oak is fallen!
While, meet for no good work, the vine
May still its worthless branches twine.
Who knoweth not that with thee fell
A great man in our Israel?
Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,
Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,
And, in thy hand retaining yet
The Pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell.
Unharmed and safe, where, wild and free,
Across the Neva's cold morass
The breezes from the Frozen Sea
With Winter's arrowy keenness pass,
Or, where the unwarning tropic gale
Howled through thy "Freeling's" tattered sail;
Or, where the noon-hour's fervid heat
Against Tahiti's mountains beat;—
The same mysterious Hand which gave
Deliverance upon land and wave—
Tempered for thee the storms which blew
Ladoga's frozen surface o'er,
And blessed for thee the baleful dew
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,

Beneath this genial heaven of ours,
Midst our soft gales and opening flowers,
Hath given thee a grave!

His will be done!
Who seeth not as man—whose way
Is not as ours: and oh, for thee,
Nor anxious doubt, nor dark dismay
Disquieted thy closing day,
But evermore thy soul could say
"My Father careth still for me!"
Called from thy childhood's home—from her
The last bud on thy household tree,
The last dear one to minister
In duty and in love to thee,
From all that Nature holdeth dear,
Weary with years and worn with pain
To seek our distant shores again:
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing
The things that should befall thee here,
Whether of labour or of death,
In child-like trust serenely going
To that last trial of thy faith!

Oh! far away
Where never shines our Northern star
On that dark waste which Balboa saw
From Darien's mountains stretching far.
So strange, Heaven-broad and lone, that there
With forehead to its damp winds bare,
He bent his mailed knee in awe;—
In many an isle whose coral feet
The surges of that ocean beat,
In thy palm-shadows Oahu,
And Honolulu's silver bay,

Amidst Owhyee's hills of blue,
And taro groves of Tooboonai,
Are gentle hearts which soon shall be
Sad as our own at thought of thee—
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,
Whose souls, in weariness and need,
Were strengthened and refreshed by thine;
For blessed by the Master's hand
To them and theirs, thy tender care,
Thy ministry and fervent prayer—
Grateful as Eshcol's clustered vine,
To Israel in their weary land!

And they who drew
By thousands round thee in the hour
Of prayerful seeking, hushed and deep,
That He, who bade His islands keep
Silence before Him, might renew
Their strength with His unslumbering power;
Will they forget the pilgrim old—
The gray haired voyager on the wave—
Who in their solemn gatherings told
Of Him who came to seek and save
The wanderers from His Father's fold?
They too may weep that thou art gone;
That never more thy faithful lip
Shall soothe the weak—the erring warn
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard
Through thee, the Gospel's glorious word—
Seals of thy true apostleship!
Yet, if the brightest diadem,
Whose rays of living lustre burn
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,
Be evermore reserved for them,
Who here, through toil and trial, turn
Many to righteousness,—

May they not think of thee as wearing
That star-like crown of light, and bearing
Amidst Heaven's bright and blissful band
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand;
And joining with a seraph's tongue,
In that new song the elders sung,
In offering to its blessed Giver,
Thanksgiving, praise and love, forever!
Farewell!—
And though the ways of Zion mourn,
When her strong ones are called away,
Who like thyself have calmly borne,
The heat and burthen of the day;
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth,
His ancient watch about us keepeth,
Still, sent from his preparing hand
New witnesses for Truth shall stand—
New instruments to sound abroad,
The Gospel of our risen Lord;
To gather to the fold once more
The desolate and gone astray—
The scattered of a cloudy day,
And Zion's broken walls restore;
And, through the travail and the toil
Of true obedience, minister
Beauty for ashes, and the oil
Of joy for mourning unto her!
So shall her holy bounds increase
With gates of praise, and courts of peace;
So shall the Vine which martyr tears
And blood sustained in other years,
With fresher life be clothed upon;
And to the world in beauty show,
As the rose plant of Jericho,
And glorious as Lebanon!

Nineveh.

For very many centuries the hoary monuments of Egypt—its temples, its obelisks, its tombs—have presented to the eye of the beholder strange forms of sculpture and of language: the import of which none could tell. The wild valleys of Sinai, too, exhibited upon their rocky sides the unknown writing of a former people: whose name and existence none could trace. Among the ruined halls and palaces of Persepolis, and on the rock-hewn tablets of the surrounding regions, long inscriptions in forgotten characters seemed to enrol the deeds and conquests of mighty sovereigns: but none could read the record. Thanks to the skill and persevering zeal of scholars of the nineteenth century, the keys of these locked up treasures have been found: and the records have mostly been read. The monuments of Egypt, her paintings and her hieroglyphics, mute for so many ages, have at length spoken out: and now our knowledge of this ancient people is scarcely less accurate and extensive than our acquaintance with the classic lands of Greece and Rome. The unknown characters upon the rocks of Sinai have been deciphered: but the meagre contents leave us still in darkness as to their origin and purpose. The cuneiform or arrow-headed inscriptions of the Persian monuments and tablets, have yielded up their mysteries, unfolding historical data of high importance; thus illustrating and confirming the few and sometimes isolated facts preserved to us in the scriptures and other ancient writings.

Austin Henry Layard brings before us still another step of progress. Here we have to do, not with hoary ruins that have borne the brunt of centuries in the presence of the world, but with a resurrection of the monuments themselves. It is the disentombing of temple-palaces from the sepulchre of ages; the recovery of the metropolis of a powerful nation from the

long night of oblivion. Nineveh, the great city "of three days journey," that was "laid waste and there was none to bemoan her," whose greatness sank when that of Rome had just begun to rise, now stands forth again, to testify to her own splendour, and to the civilization and power, and magnificence of the Assyrian Empire. This may be said, thus far, to be the crowning historical discovery of the nineteenth century.

We first hear of Layard in 1840: when, after having in the proceeding year travelled with a single companion through all Syria, we find him visiting the mounds of Kalah-Shergat, and the ruins of el-Kather, the ancient Katra in the desert. As he afterward floated down the Tigris from Mosul to Bagdad; and passed, some sixteen miles below Mosul, the great mound of Nimroud, the most important of all: he formed the purpose of exploring at some future time these singular remains; and he subsequently called the attention of M. Botta, the French Consul at Mosul, to this particular spot. Meantime the latter began, in 1843, to excavate the mound of Kouyunjik, opposite Mosul: but soon transferred his labours to Khorsabad, a mound and village, twelve miles northeast of Mosul, at the foot of the Kurdish Mountains. Here M. Botta's efforts were crowned with success; and Layard gracefully acknowledges, that "to him is due the honour of having found the first Assyrian monument." But most important as are these memorials, they are nevertheless surpassed in extent and antiquity by those found by Layard in the larger and more ancient edifices exhumed at Nimroud.

Besides the specimens of beautiful glass, and the pully, found at Nimroud, an unexpected discovery is that of the *arch*. The importance of this rests, not so much perhaps in the mere circumstance of a single small vaulted chamber, as in the fact brought out by Layard, that "arched gateways are continually represented in the bas-reliefs." It follows that the arch was well-known before the Jewish exile, and at least seven or eight

centuries before Herod. Diodorus Siculus also relates, that the tunnel from the Euphrates at Babylon, ascribed to Semiramis, was vaulted. All this serves to remove the difficulty, still felt by some, in respect to the antiquity of the vaults yet existing under the site of the temple at Jerusalem.

PALACE OF NIMROUD.

* * As there was a ravine running far into the mound, apparently formed by the winter rains, I determined to open a trench in the centre of it. In two days the workmen reached the top of a slab, which appeared to be both well preserved, and to be still standing in its original position. On the south side I discovered two human figures, considerably above the natural size, sculptured in low relief, and still exhibiting all the freshness of a recent work. In a few hours the earth and rubbish had been completely removed from the face of the slab, no part of which had been injured. The ornaments delicately graven on the robes, the tassels and fringes, the bracelets and armlets, the elaborate curls of the hair and beard, were all entire. The figures were back to back, and furnished with wings. They appeared to represent divinities, presiding over the seasons, or over particular religious ceremonies. Around his temples was a fillet, adorned in front with a rosette. The other held a basket in the left hand, and an object resembling a fir cone in the right. On his head he wore a rounded cap, at the base of which was a horn. The garments of both, consisting of a stole falling from the shoulders to the ancles, and a short tunic underneath descending to the knee, were richly and tastefully decorated with embroideries and fringes, whilst the hair and beard were arranged with study and art. An inscription ran across the sculpture. To the west of this slab, and fitting to it, was a corner stone ornamented with flowers and scroll work, tastefully arranged, and it was evident that I had at length discovered the earliest palace of Nimroud! The corner-stone led me to a figure of singular form. A human body, clothed in robes

similar to those of the winged men on the previous slab, was surmounted by the head of an eagle or vulture. The curved beak, was half open, and displayed a narrow pointed tongue, which was still covered with red paint. On the shoulders fell the usual curled and bushy hair of the Assyrian images, and a comb of feathers rose on the top of the head. Two wings sprang from the back, and in either hand was the basket and the fir cone.

On the morning following these discoveries, I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-urahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O, Bey," exclaimed one of them—"hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimroud himself. Wallah! it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God;'" and both joining in their pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins, I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks, whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion; the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full, out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of the figure the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull; it was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art, scarcely to be looked for in the work of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human headed bulls hitherto found was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not suprised that the Arabs had been amazed and

terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul. I learned this with regret, anticipating the consequences. Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-urahman, followed by half his tribe appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried out together. "There is no God but God, and Mahommed is his prophet!" It was some time before the Sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hand," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said, that they were higher than the tallest date tree: this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

These magnifient specimens of Assyrian art were in perfect preservation; and I used to contemplate, for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their Gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody this conception of the wisdom, power and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than

the head of the man: of strength, than the body of the lion: of rapidity of motion, than the wings of the bird. These winged human headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which had flourished three thousand years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognised by the Assyrian votaries. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchednees and ignorance of a few half barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples and the riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed and corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient and no less wonderful: but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown: whilst those before me had but now appeared, to bear witness in the words of the prophet, that once "the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud of a high stature: and his top was among the thick boughs . . . . . his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations:" for now is "Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her: all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and the bittern lodge in the upper lintels of it: their voice sings in the windows: and desolation is in the thresholds."

LAYARD'S NINEVEH.

Cowper's Grave.

It is a place where poets crowned,
  May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints,
  May weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
  As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
  To whom she gave her anguish.

Oh poets! from a maniac's tongue
  Was poured the deathless singing!
Oh Christians! at your cross of hope
  A hopeless hand was clinging!
Oh men! this man, in brotherhood,
  Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly, while he taught you peace,
  And died while you were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read
  Through dimning tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
  And darkness on the glory;
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds
  And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
  Because so broken-hearted.—

He shall be strong to sanctify
  The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest christian down
  In meeker adoration:

Nor ever shall he be in praise,
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness cloud,
Toward His love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain,
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars,
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass,
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became,
Beside him, true and loving!
And timid hares were drawn from woods,
To share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while, in blindness he remained
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,

He testified this solemn truth,
  Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man, nor nature satisfy,
  When only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not
  His mother while she blesses,
And droppeth on his burning brow,
  The coolness of her kisses:
That turns his fevered eyes around—
  "My mother! where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and looks
  Could come from any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart
  He sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love,
  The unweary love she bore him!
Thus, woke the poet from the dream
  His life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes
  Which closed in death to save him!

Thus! Oh not thus! no type of earth
  Could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
  Of seraphs, round him breaking—
Or felt the new immortal throb
  Of soul from body parted;
But felt those eyes alone, and knew
  "My Saviour! *not* deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamed that when
  The Cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face
  No love was manifested?

What frantic hands outstretched, have e'er
The atoning drops averted—
What tears have washed them from the soul—
That *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate
From His own essence rather:
And Adam's sins *have* swept between
The righteous Son and Father—
Yea! once, Immanuel's orphaned cry,
This universe hath spoken—
It went up single, echoless,
"My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips
Amid his lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use
Those words of desolation;
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope's fruition;
And I, on Cowper's Grave, should see
His rapture, in a vision!

E. B. BARRETT.

YES—when the desert creature's heart, at fault
Amid the scattering tempest's pillar'd sands
Betrays its steps into the pathless drifts—
The calm instructed eye of *man* holds fast,
By the sole bearing of the *visible star*,
Sure that when slow the whirling wreck subsides,
The boundaries, lost now, shall be found again,
The Palm Trees and the Pyramid over all!

R. BROWNING.

An Angel Visit.

On the evening of one 31st. of December, I had been cherishing the humiliating and solemn reflections which are peculiarly suitable to the close of the year, and endeavouring to bring my mind to that view of the past, best calculated to influence the future. I had attempted to recall the prominent incidents of the twelve months which had elapsed; and in this endeavour, I was led frequently to regret how little my memory could retain even of that which was most important to be remembered.—I could not avoid at such a period, looking forwards as well as backwards, and anticipating that fearful tribunal at which *no* occurrence shall be forgotten; whilst my imagination penetrated into the distant destinies which shall be dependent on its decisions. At my usual hour I retired to rest, but the train of meditation I had pursued was so important and appropriate, that imagination continued it after sense had slumbered. "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," I was mentally concerned in the following scene of interest.

I imagined myself still adding, link after link, to the chain of reflection, the progress of which the time for repose had interrupted; and whilst thus engaged, I was aware that there remained but a few moments to complete the day. I heard the clock as it tolled the knell of another year, and as it rung slowly the appointed number, each note was followed by a sting of conscience, bitterly reproaching me for my neglect of precious time.—The last stroke was ringing in my ears—painful as the groan announcing the departure of a valuable friend—when, notwithstanding the meditative posture in which I was sitting, I perceived that the dimness of the apartment suddenly became brighter; and on lifting my eyes to discover the cause, I was terrified at discovering that another being was

with me in my seclusion. I saw one before me whose *form* indeed was human; but the bright burning glance of his eye, and the dazzling splendour that beamed forth from every part of his beautifully proportioned form, convinced me at a glance, that it was no mortal being that I saw. The elevation of his brow gave dignity of the highest order to his countenance; but the most acute observation was indicated by his piercing eye, and inexorable justice was imprinted on his majestic features. A glittering phylactery encircled his head, upon which was written in letters of fire, "The Faithful One." Under one arm he bore two volumes; in his hand he held a pen. I instantly knew the recording angel—the secretary of the terrible tribunal of heaven. With a trembling which convulsed my frame, I heard his unearthly voice, "Mortal," he said, thou wast longing to recall the events of the past year—thou art permitted to gaze upon the record of the book of God. Peruse and be wise." As he spoke thus he opened before me, one of the volumes which he had brought.

In fearful apprehension, I read in it *my own name*, and recognised the history of my own life during the past year, with all its minutest particulars. Burning words were those which that volume contained: all the actions and circumstances of my life were registered in that dreadful book, each under its respective head. I was first struck with the title of "Mercies received." Some were there, the remembrance of which I had retained—more which were recalled, after having been forgotten,—but the far greater number had never been noticed at all. Oh, what a detail of preservation, and deliverances, and invitations, and warnings, and privileges, and bestowments! I remember that "Sabbaths" stood out in very prominent characters, as if they had been among the greatest benefits. In observing the recapitulation, I could not but be struck with one circumstance—it was, that many dispensations, which I had considered as *calamities*, were enumerated here as *blessings*.

Many a woe which had riven the heart—many a cup whose bitterness seemed to designate it as poison, was there verifying the language of the poet:

"E'en crosses from his Sovereign hand, are blessings in disguise."

Another catalogue was there—it was the enumeration of "Transgression." My hand trembles as I remember them! What an immense variety of classes! "Indifference—thoughtlessness—formality—ingratitude—unbelief—sins against the world—against the church—against the Father—against the Saviour—against the Sanctifier—stood at the head of their crowded battalions, as if for the purpose of driving me to despair. Not one sin was forgotten there—neglected Sabbaths—misimproved time—encouraged temptations"—there they stood, with no excuse, no extenuation. There was one very long class I remember well, "Idle words;" and the passage flashed like lightning across my mind—"For every idle word that men speak, they shall give an account in the day of judgment." My supernatural visitant here addressed me. "Dost thou observe how small a proportion thy sins of commission bear to those of omission?" As he spoke, he pointed me to instances in the page like the following: "I was thirsty and thou gavest me no drink:" "I was hungry and thou gavest me no meat:" —"I was sick and thou did'st not visit me." I was conscious stricken. In another part of the record I read the titles "Duties Performed." Alas! how *small* was *their* number! Humble as I had been accustomed to think the estimate of my good works, I was greatly disappointed to perceive that many performances on which I had looked with pride, were omitted," because, "my visitor informed me," *the motive was impure.*" It was, however, with feelings of the most affecting gratification I read beneath this record, small as it was, the following passage,—"Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Whilst I gazed on many other similar records, such was the

intense feeling which seemed to be awakened within me, that my brain grew dizzy, and my eye became dim. I was awakened from this state, by the touch of my supernatural instructor, who pointed me to the volume in which I had read my own terrible history, now closed, and bearing a seal, on which, with a sickening heart, I read the inscription: "Reserved until the day of judgment." "And now," said the angel, "my commission is completed. "Thou hast been permitted what was never granted to man before. What thinkest thou of the record? Dost thou not justly tremble? How many a line is here, which, "dying thou couldst wish to blot?" I see thee already shuddering at the thought of the disclosure of this volume at the day of judgment, when an assembled world shall listen to its contents. But if such be the record of *one* year, what must be the *guilt of thy whole life?* Seek, then, an interest in the blood of Christ, justified by which, thou shalt indeed hear, but not to condemnation. Pray, that when the other books are opened, thy name may be found in the book of life. And see, the volume prepared for the history of another year: yet its page is unsullied. Time is before thee—seek to improve it; privileges are before thee—may they prove the gate of heaven! Judgment is before thee—prepare to meet thy God." He turned to depart, and as I seemed to hear the rustling which announced his flight, I awoke. Was it *all* a dream?

"Whatever passes as a cloud between,
The mental eye of Faith and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely or its hope less dear,
This is our world, our *idol*, though it bear,
Affections impress, or devotion's air."

A PROVERB has been called the wisdom of many, and the wit of one.

To the Memory of Reginald Heber.

How well I remember the day I first met thee!
'Twas in scenes long forsaken, in moments long fled!
Then little thought I that a *world* would regret thee,
And Europe and Asia both mourn for thee, dead.
Ah, little thought I, in those gay sunny hours,
That round thy young head e'en the laurel would twine,
Still less that a wreath of the Amaranth flowers,
Inwreathed with the Palm, would, Oh Heber, be thine!

We met in the world—and the light that shone round thee,
Was the dangerous blaze of Wit's meteor ray;
But e'en then, though unseen, Mercy's Angel had found thee,
And the bright star of Bethlehem was marking thy way,
To the banks of the Isis, a far fitter dwelling,
Thy footsteps returned, and thy hand to its lyre,
While thy heart with the Bard's bright ambition was swelling,
But holy the theme was that wakened its fire.

Again in the world and with worldlings I met thee—
And then thou wert welcomed as "Palestine's Bard:"
They had scorned at the task which the Saviour had set thee,
The Christian's rough labour, the martyr's reward,
Yet the one was thy calling—thy portion the other—
The far shores of India received thee and blest,
And its lowliest of teachers dared greet as a brother,
And love thee, though clad in the prelate's proud vest.

In the meek, humble christian forgot was thy greatness—
The follower they saw of a crucified Lord:
For thy zeal showed His spirit, thy accents His sweetness,
And the heart of the heathen drank deep of the word.

Bright as short was thy course, when a coal from the altar,
Had touched thy blest lip, and the voice bade thee "Go,"
Thy haste could not pause, and thy step could not falter,
'Till o'er India's wide sea had advanced thy swift prow.

In vain her fierce sun with its cloudless effulgence,
Seemed arrows of death to shoot forth with each ray,
Thy faith gave to fear and fatigue no indulgence,
But on to the goal urged thy perilous way.
And, martyr of zeal, thou e'en here wert rewarded,
When the dark sons of India came round thee in throngs,
While thee as a father they fondly regarded,
Who taught them and blessed in their own native tongues.

When thou heard'st them their faith's awful errors disclaiming,
Profess the pure creed which the Saviour had given,
Those moments thy mission's blest triumph proclaiming,
Gave joy, which to thee, seemed a foretaste of Heaven!
Still on cried the voice, and surrounding the altar,
Trichonopoly's sons hailed thy labours of love,
Ah me! with no fear did thine accents then falter?
No secret forebodings thy conscious heart move?

Thou had'st ceased, having taught them what rock to rely on:
And had doffed the proud robes which to prelates belong;
But the next robe for thee was the white robe of Zion,
The next hymn thou heard'st was the seraphim's song!
Here hushed be my lay—for, a far sweeter verse
Thy requiem I'll breathe in thy numbers alone,
For the bard's votive offering to hang on thy hearse,
Should be formed of no language less sweet than thine own.

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee:
Since God was thy refuge, thy ransom, thy guide;
He gave thee—He took thee—and He will restore thee:
And Death has no sting since the Saviour has died!"

AMELIA OPIE.

Thanatopsis.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place

Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre :—The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between,
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribe,
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the DEAD are there,
And millions, in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and employments, and shall come,

And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bow'd with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innummerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

CHRIST is a path if any be misled:
He is a robe, if any naked be:
If any chance to hunger, he is bread:
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men, life he is: to sick men, health:
To blind men, sight: and to the needy, wealth:
A pleasure without loss: a treasure without stealth!

PASS some fleeting moments by,
All at once the tempests fly:
Instant shifts the cloudy scene,
Heaven renews its smile serene:
And on joy's untroubled sides,
Smooth to port the vessel glides!

A Vision of Immortality.

Most of our readers, we suppose, have read Bryant's celebrated poem, called "Thanatopsis," and while admiring its beauty, have regretted that it contained no allusion to man's immortality. The following sequel, which though indulging in some poetic license, is much more in accordance with the dignity of man and the truths of Christianity.—*Ed.* "*The Friend.*"

I WHO essayed to sing, in earlier days,
The *Thanatopsis* and *The Hymn to Death*,
Wake now the Hymn to Immortality.
Yet once again, Oh man, come forth and view
The haunts of Nature; walk the waving fields,
Enter the silent groves, or pierce again
The depths of the untrodden wilderness,
And she shall teach thee. Thou hast learned before
One lesson—and her Hymn of Death hath fallen
With melancholy sweetness on thine ear;
Yet she shall tell thee with a myriad tongue
That *life* is there—life in uncounted forms—
Stealing in silence through the hidden roots,
In every branch that swings—in the green leaves,
And waving grain, and the gay summer flowers
That gladden the beholder. Listen now,
And she shall teach thee that the dead have slept
But to awaken in more glorious forms—
And that the mystery of the seed's decay
Is but the promise of the coming life.
Each towering oak that lifts its living head
To the broad sunlight, in eternal strength,
Glorious to tell thee that the acorn died.
The flowers that spring above their last year's grave
Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope—
And the green trees clap their rejoicing hands,
Waving in triumph o'er the earth's decay!
Yet not alone shall flower and forest raise

The voice of triumph and the hymn of life.
The *insect* brood are there!—each painted wing
That flutters in the sunshine, broke but now
From the close cerements of a worm's own shroud,
Is telling, as it flies, how life may spring
In its glad beauty from the gloom of death.
Where the crushed mould beneath the sunken foot
Seems but the sepulchre of old decay,
Turn thou a keener glance, and thou shalt find
The gathered myriads of a mimic world.
The breath of evening and the sultry morn
Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses,
That earth from her unnumbered caves of death
Sends forth a mightier tide of teeming life.
Raise then the Hymn to Immortality!
The broad green prairies and the wilderness,
And the old cities where the dead have slept,
Age upon age, a thousand graves in one,
Shall yet be crowded with the living forms
Of myriads, waking from the silent dust.
Kings that lay down in state, and earth's poor slaves,
Resting together in one fond embrace,
The white-haired patriarch and the tender babe,
Grown old together in the flight of years.
They of immortal fame and they whose praise
Was never sounded in the ears of men,—
Archon and priest, and the poor common crowd,—
All the vast concourse in the halls of death,
Shall waken from the dreams of silent years
To hail the dawn of the immortal day.
Aye, learn the lesson. Though the worm shall be
Thy brother in the mystery of death!
And all shall pass, humble and proud and gay
Together, to earth's mighty charnel-house,
Yet the Immortal is thy heritage!

The grave shall gather thee: yet thou shalt come,
Beggar or prince, not as thou wentest forth,
In rags or purple, but arrayed as those
Whose mortal puts on Immortality!
Then mourn not when thou markest the decay
Of Nature, and her solemn hymn of death
Steals with a note of sadness to thy heart.
That other voice, with its rejoicing tones,
Breaks from the mould with every bursting flower,
"O grave! thy victory!" And thou, Oh, man,
Burdened with sorrow at the woes that crowd
Thy narrow heritage, lift up thy head
In the strong hope of the undying life,
And shout the Hymn to Immortality.
The dear departed that have passed away
To the still house of death, leaving thine own,
The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,
Mother or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise,—
They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass,
At God's appointment, through the shadowy vale,
To reach the sunlight of the IMMORTAL HILLS.
And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings,
Thine uncrowned head now lowlier than their's,
Seek thou the loftier glory to be known
A king and priest to God,—when thou shalt pass
Forth from these silent halls to take thy place
With patriarchs and prophets and the blest
Gone up from every land to people heaven.
So live, that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of Death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight! BRYANT.

The Nepenthes or Pitcher Plant.

BY CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

KNOW ye the little plant that springs,
Up from a heathen sod,
Revealing thus to human hearts,
The providence of God?
Where man to man doth idol-worship teach,
The sweet Nepenthes springs, a purer faith to preach!

Where fall not showers, and fall not dews,
And stream and fount are dry,
It lifts its little pitcher lid,
And woos the traveller's eye:
A limped water sparkles in its urn,
Though skies above are dry, and sands about it burn.

Earth sometimes like a desert seems—
Life's comfort streams are dry;
Throbs wearily the heavy heart,
Grows dim the waiting eye:
Whither? oh whither shall the weary turn?
Where shall the spirit find some kind Nepenthes' urn?

Poor pilgrim of Ceylon! not thou,
That mystic urn can show,
That living water hast not thou—
Thou knowest not whence its flow:
The Bible, page inspired! to that I turn,
When earth's last stream is dry, that's my Nepenthes' urn!

Intellectual Pride.

"THERE is nothing which so perverts the heart, as *intellectual pride*. The calamities which have most afflicted and debased our race, have sprung from the abuse of the free and gifted *intellect*. In the perversity of a corrupt will, and in the excesses of a presumptuous understanding, man has frightfully abused the powers entrusted to him for high and holy purposes. Too often, the extent of human *knowledge* is the measure of human *crime*. As if to impress indelibly upon the soul of man, the terrible consequences of a presumptuous intellect, a jealous Deity has enforced the lesson with special revelations. He has not only bestowed upon us the godlike capacity of reason, to collect and compare the fruits of experience, in the ages which have been gathered to the past, but He has suspended the arm of the Cherubim, that we might enter the forbidden paths of paradise, to read, beneath the tree of knowledge, the price of disobedience. And He has unbarred the gates of Heaven itself, that in the fall of the angelic hosts, we might tremble at the instant and irremediable ruin which followed the single sin of thought. One truth, we therefore know: that, unaccompanied with an upright heart and a chastened will, with the morality that springs from religion, the measure of man's *intellect* is the measure of his ruin. The pride of wealth inspires contempt, and the pride of place awakens resentment. They are *human* follies, and are punished by human measures: but the pride of *intellect*, wherein the *gifted* wars with the *Giver*, is a crime which the dread Creator has reserved for special retribution. LIEU. LYNCH'S DEAD SEA.

Virtue is made for difficulties, and grows stronger and brighter for such trials.

Inward Influence of Outward Beauty.

Believe me, there is many a road to our hearts besides our ears and brains: many a sight, and sound, and scent, even of which we have *never thought* at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters: and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds, will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind even by the expression of the countenance. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their childrens' sakes. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing—a way-side sacrament: welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower: and *thank* for it, Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in, simply and earnestly with all your eyes: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

Politics for the People.

Man of the People! not on swords and spears,
Is the reliance of the coming years!
Not by the cannon's throat shall Truth proclaim,
Her mighty mission—not with blood and flame,
Inscribe her lessons in the book of Time;
Her strongest weapons shall be *words* sublime:
Her armies, thoughts: her banners, printed sheets:
Her captains; voices crying in the streets!

Charles Mackay.

Let the mind's sweetness have its operation,
Upon thy person, clothes and habitation.

George Fox and his Coadjutors.

BY THOMAS EVANS.

In tracing the history of the Christian Church, from its earliest establishment, through the periods of its decline, until it reached that long and dark night of apostacy which for ages preceded the Reformation, we find, that in proportion as the life and substance of religion decayed, a multitude of ceremonies were introduced in its place, little, if at all, less onerous than the typical institutions of the Mosaic law. This has ever been the result, when the ingenuity of man has attempted to adorn the simplicity of spiritual religion. There is a natural activity in the human mind, which prompts it to be busy, and can with difficulty submit to that self-renunciation which the Gospel enjoins. It is much easier for a professor of religion to be engaged in the performance of rites and ceremonies, than to yield his heart an entire sacrifice to God. Objects presented to the mind through the medium of the natural senses, produce a powerful impression, and are more easily apprehended, than those truths which are addressed to the intellectual faculties only, and are designed to subdue and control the wayward passions of the human heart. It is not surprising, therefore, that instead of that worship of the Almighty Father, which is in Spirit and in Truth, and which requires the subjection of the will and activity of man, and the prostration of the whole soul in reverent humility before God, a routine of ceremonies and forms should have been substituted, calculated to strike the eye and ear with admiration.

As the period of degeneracy was marked by the great amount and increase of these ceremonies, so, when it pleased the Most High to raise up individuals, and enlighten them to see the existing conceptions, and how far the professed Christian Church had departed from original purity, and to prepare them for in-

struments in working a reformation, one of their first duties, was to draw men off from those rites by which their minds had been unduly occupied, and on which they had too much depended, instead of pressing after experimental religion in the heart.

This, of necessity, was a progressive work. The brightness of meridian day bursts not at once upon the world. There is a gradual increase of light, from its earliest dawn until it reaches its fullest splendour; yet the feeblest ray which first darts through the thick darkness, is the same in its nature with the most luminous blaze. It makes manifest those things, which the Divine controversy is against, and leads back to the state of Gospel simplicity and purity, from which the visible Church has lapsed. And although the light may not be sufficiently clear to discover all the corruptions, nor the state of the world such as to bear their removal, yet those holy men, who act up faithfully to the degree of knowledge with which they are favoured, are worthy of double honour, as instruments for correcting the growing evils of their day, and preparing the way for further advancement in the Reformation.

It is interesting to observe, that the different religious societies which have arisen since the reformation, all aimed at the attainment of greater degrees of spirituality, and a more fervent piety than was generally to be found among the sect from which they sprung. The idea, that forms were too much substituted for power, and a decent compliance with the externals of religion, for its heart-changing, work, appears to have given rise to them all. Each successive advance lopped off some of the ceremonial excrescences, with a view of making the system more conformable to the apostolic pattern. In the early part of the seventeenth century, considerable progress was made in this work, tending to prepare the way for that more full and complete exemplification of the original simplicity of the Gospel, which was exhibited to the world by George Fox and his coadjutors.

It is no arrogant assumption to assert, that to whatever point

in the Reformation we turn our attention, we find the germ of those principles, which were subsequently developed and carried out by the founders of our Society, actuating the Reformers and leading them to results approaching nearer to those attained by FRIENDS, in proportion to the faithfulness and measure of light bestowed on the individual.

Opinions very similar to those held by our Society, on the subjects of the indwelling and guidance of the Holy Spirit, baptism and other ceremonies, superstitious rites, war, oaths, and a ministry of human appointment and education, were promulgated by individuals at different periods, antecedent to the rise of Friends, though not advanced as distinguishing tenets by any considerable body of professors.

From the dawn of the reformation, the spirit of religious inquiry had been kept alive and strengthened by the very efforts used to suppress it.

The shackles with which priestcraft had attempted to bind the human mind, had been in some measure broken, and an earnest desire awakened after the saving knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus. This was increased by the troubles of the times. The nation was torn by intestine strife. Civil war, with all its attendant evils, raged throughout England, and the property, as well as the lives of the subjects, were at the mercy of a lawless soldiery. Many were stripped of their outward possessions; reduced to poverty and want, and often obliged to abandon their homes, and flee for the preservation of their lives.

This melancholy state of affairs, had a tendency to loosen their attachments from the world, by showing the precarious tenure of all earthly enjoyments, and to induce men to press after those substantial and permanent consolations, which are only to be found in a religious life.

Where the ecclesiastical and civil power were so frequently shifting hands, and the national form of religion changing with every change of rulers, new sects and opinions arising, and dif-

ferent teachers of religion inviting their attention, and saying, "Lo here is Christ!" or "Lo he is there!" it is not surprising that the honest and sincere inquirers after the right way of the Lord, should be greatly perplexed. The effect of these commotions was to wean men from a dependence on each other, in the work of religion, to prepare their minds for the reception of the important truth, that however useful instrumental means of divine appointment may be, it is the glory of the Gospel dispensation, that the Lord, by his Holy Spirit, is himself the teacher of his people. Previous to the commencement of George Fox's ministry, many had withdrawn from all the acknowledged forms of public worship and were engaged in diligently searching the Holy Scriptures, with prayer for right direction in the path of duty, and frequently meeting in select companies, for the worship of Almighty God and their mutual edification. Among these the preaching of George Fox found a ready entrance, and many of them joined in religious profession with him.

The period of which we have been speaking, may justly be denominated the age of polemic strife. The war itself had been commenced ostensibly for the redress of religious grievances. In the camp and the field, as well as by the fireside, religion was the absorbing theme. The Baptists and Independents encouraged persons to preach, who had not studied for the ministry, nor been formally ordained; and numbers of this description engaged in the vocation, with unwearied assiduity, often holding meetings in the fields, or preaching in the market places. The parliament army abounded with them, and preaching, praying, and disputing on points of doctrine, were daily to be heard among both officers and soldiers. Public disputations were also common, and were often conducted with a warmth of temper, and harshness of language, which seem hardly consistent with the meek and gentle spirit of the gospel. Modern ideas of courtesy and propriety, can scarcely tolerate the latitude of expression which the antagonists sometimes indulged towards each

other, not only on these occasions, but in their controversial essays. Amid so much strife and contention, and the intemperate feelings naturally arising out of them, it is not surprising, that even good men should have formed erroneous opinions of the character and sentiments of each other. They judged rather by the impulses of prejudice and sectarian feeling, than by the law of truth and Christian kindness. In the heat of discussion, the mind is not in a condition to form a sound and correct judgment. The weakness and mistakes of an opponent, are seen through a medium which greatly magnifies them; while his virtues are either depreciated or distorted into errors. The controversial writings of the times, furnish evidence of the existence of these uncharitable feelings, among nearly all denominations of professors; and he who reads them with the enlightened and liberal views of religious toleration, which now happily obtain, will observe with regret, men of unquestionable piety, unchristianing each other for opinion's sake; and lament that such monuments of human frailty should have been handed down to posterity.

Those who judge of the writings of the first Friends by modern standards of literary excellence and courtesy, are apt to censure them for their severity. Much, however, may be said in extenuation of them. Friends were particularly obnoxious to the hatred of the clergy, in consequence of their unyielding opposition to a ministry of human appointment, to the system of tithes and a forced maintenance. Their views on these subjects, which they fearlessly published, struck directly at priestcraft. Deeply affected by the corruption which they saw among many who assumed the sacred office, they boldly declaimed against their cupidity, licentiousness, and persecution. This course drew upon them a host of enemies, who were not very nice in the choice of means to lessen their influence and prejudice their characters. Friends were assailed with calumny and misrepresentations; opinions and practices were charged upon them, of which they solemnly declared themselves innocent; yet they

were again and again renewed with the boldest effrontery. The conduct of some of the visionary sects which arose about the same time, was unjustly imputed to them, and every advantage that could be taken, was eagerly embraced to prejudice their religious profession. Harrassed by this unchristian conduct, and at the same time smarting under a cruel persecution, they must have been more than human, if the weakness of nature had never betrayed them into an unguarded, or intemperate expression. A comparison, however, with other controversialists of the times, will show that they were not peculiar in this respect. It should be recollected too, that language, as well as the regulations of decorum towards opponents, have undergone a great change since that time. Expressions which sound harsh and offensive to modern ears, were then considered strictly within the limits of propriety, and appear to have given no offence to those who were the objects of them. This license of the tongue and pen, is found also in the parliamentary debates, and appears to have characterized those times of excitement and recrimination.

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* * If the wood designed for the building were to chose, very likely no iron instrument would come upon it: but in this case it would never be fit for the building. So we, if left to chose, might prefer to be without sorrow: but should we then, unhumbled and full of earthly prosperity, be fit for Heaven?

The Philosopher's Scales.

JANE TAYLOR.

In days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,
When learning dimly gleamed from grated cells,
When wild Astrology's distorted eye,
Shunned the fair field of true philosophy,
And wandering thro' the depths of mental night.
Sought dark predictions mid the worlds of light:
When curious Alchemy, with puzzled brow,
Attempted things which science laughs at now—
Losing the useful purpose she consults,
In vain chimeras and unknown results—
In those grey times there lived a reverend Sage,
Whose wisdom shed its light on that dark age:
A monk he was, immured in cloistered walls,
Where now the ivy'd ruin crumbling falls;
'T was a profound seclusion that he chose,
The noisy world disturbed not that repose—
The flow of murmuring waters day by day,
The whistling winds that forced their tardy way
Thro' reverend trees, of ages growth, that made
Around the pile, a deep monastic shade,
The chanted psalm or solitary prayer,
Such were the sounds that broke the silence there.
'T was here, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depths of his cell, with its stone covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic's, or Alchemy's powers,
We know not—indeed 'tis no business of ours,—
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,

At last that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 't was projected, but years stole away,
And e'er 't was complete, he was wrinkled and grey;
But success is secure unless energy fails,
And at last he produced the *Philosopher's Scales!*

What were they, you ask—you shall presently see—
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea:—
Oh no—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings and thoughts they could weigh;
Together with articles small and immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense—
Naught was there so bulky but there it could lay,
And naught so etherial but there it could stay,
And naught so reluctant, but in it must go—
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of *Voltaire*,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the Prayer of the Penitent Thief—
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced, like a ball, on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made, for a weight—
And though clad in armour from sandal to crown,
The *Hero* rose up and the *Garment* went down.

A long row of Almshouses, amply endowed
By a well esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale—in the other was prest
By those *mites* the poor widow dropped into the chest—
Up flew the endowment not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing's worth came with a bounce!

Again he performed an experiment rare—
A Monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale—in the other was laid
The heart of our *Howard*, now partly decayed—
When he found with surprise that the whole of his brother
Weighed less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other?

By further experiments, (no matter how,)
He found that ten *Chariots* weighed less than one *Plough;*
A sword with gilt trappings rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny *Nail:*
A Shield and a Helmet, a Buckler and Spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystalized tear.
A Lord and a Lady went up at full sail,
When a Bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten Doctors, ten Lawyers, two Courtiers, one Earl,
Ten Counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of *Candour* and *Sense:*
A first water Diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good Potato just washed from the dirt:
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'t was the Pearl of Great Price!

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the Soul of a beggar to serve for a weight:
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof—
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky—
While the scale with the *soul* in, so mightily fell,
That it jerked the Philosopher out of his cell!

MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try the *Philosopher's Scales:*

But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:
Let *Judgment* and *Conscience* in circles be cut,
To which strings of *Thought* may be carefully put:
Let these strings be made even, with caution extreme,
And Impartiality serve for a beam—
Then bring those good actions which pride over-rates,
And tear up your *Motives* in bits for the weights.

"*Stand as an Anvil, when it is beaten upon.*"

"Stand like an anvil," when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast:
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower:
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies, red and glowing, on its breast:
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence, its rest.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear:
Thine but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"Stand like an anvil," noise and heat
Are born of earth and die with time.
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

G. W. DOANE.

Of the Open Sky.

RUSKIN.

It is a strange thing how little in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization: but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and every thing well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however, far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright and good, for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together: almost human in its passions, almost spiritual

in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive from the covering vault, than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monstrous accident, too common and too vain, to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the chattering crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen: or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary: and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. * * * *

Not long ago I was slowly descending the carriage road after you leave Albano. It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds mere sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up its arches

like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano and the graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud, in deep palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it colour, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas, arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers, dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet lightning opens in a cloud at sunset the motionless masses of dark rock—dark, though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and, over all,—the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea." * * * * *

Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as

far away? By no means. Look at the clouds and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They are meant to be beheld far away: they were shaped for their place high above your head: approach them and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapour. Look at the crest of the Alp from the far away plains over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communed with it by their myriads. It was built for its place in the far off sky: approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundations, and the tide of human life is met at last by the Eternal "Here shall thy waves be staid," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness: its purple walls are rent into grisly rocks, its silver fret-work saddened into wasting snow: the stormbrands of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.

If you desire to perceive the great harmonies of the form of a rocky mountain, you must not ascend upon its sides. All there is disorder and accident, or seems so. Retire from it, and as your eye commands it more and more, you see the ruined mountain world with a wider glance; behold! dim sympathies begin to busy themselves in the disjointed mass: line binds itself into stealthy fellowship with line: group by group the helpless fragments gather themselves into ordered companies: new captains of hosts, and masses of battalions become visible one by one; and, far away answers of foot to foot and of bone to bone, until the powerless is seen risen up with girded loins, and not one piece of all the unregarded heap can now be spared from the mystic whole.

STONES OF VENICE.

POLITENESS is said to be *nothing*: so is an air-cushion: but it wonderfully softens the jolts of life.

The Christian Tourists.

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend Unrest
Goaded from shore to shore;
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic quest,
The leaves of empire o'er.
Simple of faith, and bearing in their hearts
The love of man and God,
Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient marts,
And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir and pine
In the night sun are cast,
And the deep heart of many a Norland mine
Quakes at each riving blast;
Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa stands,
A baptized Scythian queen,
With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled hands,
The North and East between!

Where still, through vales of Grecian fable, stray
The classic forms of yore,
And Beauty smiles, new risen from the spray,
And Dian weeps once more;
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart resounds
And Stamboul from the sea
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-grounds
Black with the cypress tree!

* The reader of the Biography of the late Wm. Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Romilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe, in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend Stephen Grellett.

From Malta's temples to the gates of Rome,
Following the track of Paul,
And where the Alps gird round the Switzer's home
Their vast, eternal wall;
They paused not by the ruins of old time,
They scanned no pictures rare,
Nor lingered where the snow-locked mountains climb
The cold abyss of air!

But unto prisons, where men lay in chains,
To haunts where Hunger pined,
To kings and courts forgetful of the pains
And wants of human kind,
Scattering sweet words, and quiet deeds of good,
Along their way, like flowers,
Or, pleading as Christ's freemen only could,
With princes and with powers;

Their single aim the purpose to fulfil
Of Truth, from day to day,
Simply obedient to its guiding will,
They held their pilgrim way,
Yet dream not, hence the beautiful and old
Were wasted on their sight,
Who in the school of Christ had learned to hold
All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vineyards blown
From off the Cyprian shore,
Not less for them the Alps in sunset shone,
That man they valued more.
A life of beauty lends to all it sees
The beauty of its thought;
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies
Make glad its way, unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love,
The singing waters run;
And sunset mountains wear in light above
The smile of duty done;
Sure stands the promise—ever to the meek
A heritage is given;
Nor lose they Earth, who, single-hearted, seek
The righteousness of Heaven!

J. G. WHITTIER.

Reading not Knowledge.

IT may be questioned whether the reading of what are called good books may not be carried too far—whether it may not hinder reflection, promote self-ignorance, flatter with the name of a good work, and terminate in mere profession and spiritual pride. All the books in the world will not let us into the knowledge of our hearts, unless we take them there ourselves by meditation. The very innocence of the employment renders a man too careless of what should be going on within. He is like a person who, having a large acquaintance with men of agreeable manners, wide information, and good character, spends all his time among them, without looking to his domestic concerns. And the consequence is likely to be the same—a home in disorder and confusion. Let those companions be the most pious of men, the result will not be otherwise; and let the student's occupation be sacred literature itself, he will not escape the evil effects of too exclusively outward attention, unless he is careful, by frequent meditation, to apply the results of his studies to practical improvement.

EVANS'S BIOG. OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

The Quaker of the Olden Time.

AN ARGUMENT FOR FREE PRODUCE.

THE Quaker of the olden time!—
How calm and firm and true!
Unspotted by its wrong and crime
He walked the dark earth through!
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight, which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;—
The presence of the wrong or right,
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

Oh, spirit of that early day!
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.

Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

J. G. WHITTIER.

Observations on the Christian Ministry.

I CONCEIVE that the Christian Church at large is much indebted to George Fox and his brethren, for the bold, clear, and steadfast manner in which they maintained the doctrines of universal and saving Light. Happily they are held by a large and very increasing proportion of Christian believers. The late William Wilberforce, so well known as an evangelical member of the Church of England, emphatically expressed to me, on two occasions, his full conviction that an *effective offer* of salvation is made to "every man born into the world:" and how can such an offer be made, except by a visitation of the Holy Spirit?

Little as I am inclined to cast any blame upon others who are evidently accepted and assisted by their "own Master," I conceive it to be a duty, plainly laid upon the Society of Friends, to hold up a still higher and purer standard respecting the Christian ministry. It is a principle generally understood and admitted by the members of that Society, that the faculty of the Christian ministry is a gift of the Spirit, which cannot be rightly exercised *otherwise than under the direct and immediate influence of that Spirit.* Friends are not, therefore, satisfied with any general impression, that it is their duty to preach the Gospel: nor do they venture, under such impression, either

to employ their own intellectual exertions as a preparation for the service, or to select their own time for performing it. If it be the divine will that they should minister, they believe it will be manifested to them, by the divine Spirit, when they are to speak, whom they are to address, and what things they are to express. In the exercise of so high and sacred a function, they dare not depend, either in a greater or less degree, upon their own strength or wisdom; but they feel constrained to place their *sole* reliance upon Him who "searcheth the reins and the hearts;" upon Him who "hath the key of David;" who "openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth." The use of the Christian ministry, whether in preaching or in prayer, whether in the public congregation, or even in the more private circle,—is immediately connected with the worship of God. It is universally understood to constitute a part of that worship. The sentiments of Friends, therefore, on this subject, like those on the rites of baptism and the supper, arise out of that part of the divine law as revealed under the New Covenant, which declares that God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped, by his followers, *in spirit and in truth.*

According to our apprehension, the hiring of preachers degrades the character, and corrupts the practical operation of the ministry of the Gospel. It is evident that such a system is closely connected with the notion, that the preacher may exersise his high functions on the authority, and according to the pleasure of *man*: and, in practice, it obviously tends, in a very injurious manner, to confirm and establish that notion. Were it true that the ministry of the Gospel is properly the work of man, requiring no other sanction than *his* appointment, and no other forces than *his* exertions, no objection whatever, could be made to such a method of proceeding. In that case, it would arise out of those fundamental laws of justice, which ought ever to regulate transactions *between* man *and man.*

But, no sooner is the opposite principle allowed—no sooner is it admitted that the ministry of the Gospel is the work of the Lord: that it can be rightly exercised only in virtue of his appointment, and only through the effusions of his Spirit: and that man has no power to command, and no authority to restrain, the influence which leads into such a service—no sooner are these things understood and allowed, then the compact which binds the minister to preach, on the condition that his hearers shall pay him for his preaching, assumes the character of absolute inconsistency with the spirituality of the Christian religion. "Though I preach the Gospel," says the apostle Paul, "I have nothing to glory of: *for necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel!* For if I do this thing willingly I have a reward: but, if against my will, *a dispensation of the Gospel is commited unto me.*"

Such being the sentiments of Friends respecting the direct spirituality and perfect freedom of the ministry of the Gospel, it evidently becomes their duty, in a plain and consistent manner, to uphold those sentiments in their practice. Not only, therefore, do they refuse to pay or hire their own ministers, but they also decline making any contributions to the paying or hiring of ministers of other denominations. Did they act otherwise, they might justly be deemed unfaithful to the light bestowed upon them, and they would, in fact, be subverting with one hand, the edifice which they are professing to erect with the other.

It appears, then, that the allowance of the public preaching and praying of women, in the Society of Friends, necessarily results from their principles respecting the character of all true ministers—that we dare not, in this respect more than any other limit the Holy One of Israel in the exercise of his own prerogatives—that our practice, in reference to the present subject, is justified by the records of Scripture, respecting the effusions of the Spirit of God in times of old—that, even under the

legal dispensation, many female servants of the Lord were called to the exercise of prophetical gifts—that, of the Gospel times, the common participation of those gifts by men and woman, was one decisive mark—and that the injunctions of the apostle Paul, against the public speaking and teaching of women, can only be understood (himself being witness) of speaking and teaching which were not inspired—which were not *prophesying*.

J. J. GURNEY.

THERE is no need of smiting a rock in the wilderness, to supply the thirst of the heart. So far as outward things are concerned, no spring-floods of good fortune are necessary for the purpose: if the mind is kept in action, and the affections unchilled by selfishness, every day of life may be a festival of gladness, because, when the power of enjoyment is kept in order, the means of enjoyment are never wanting. The great truth that happiness depends on what we *are* and not what we have: that when the spirit is kept in tune, the harmonies of nature and of life will always be listened to with delight: that, to be at peace with ourselves, with others and with God, brings out those full organ tones of glory and love on which the soul floats as on the ocean, upborne from all things unworthy, and brought continually nearer to the skies.

AT a banquet, an ambassador desired the wise men to deliver, every one of them, some sentence or parable which he might report to his King; one was silent, which the ambassador perceiving remarked. The wise man replied "report to your king that there is one that can hold his peace."

BARON'S APOTHEGMS.

The Wish of To-Day.

I ASK not now for gold to gild
  With mocking shine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
  I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
  Melting in heaven's blue depths away—
Oh! sweet, fond dream of human Love!
  For thee I may not pray.

But bowed in lowliness of mind,
  I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a will resigned,
  Oh, Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
  I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
  And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
  A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
  Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
  In vain the sage's thought I scan;
I only feel how weak and vain,
  How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
  And longs for light whereby to see,

And, like a weary child, would come,
Oh, Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day!

J. G. WHITTIER.

I SLEPT and dreamed that Life was Beauty.
I woke and found that Life was Duty.
Was my dream then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be,
A noon-day light and truth to thee!

LIFE—life, my friend,
May hold a not unornamented course,
Wherever it shall flow: be the bed rocky,
Yet are there flowers, and none of brighter hue,
That to the rock are native.

H. TAYLOR.

OH SOLITUDE! how sweet are thy shades, when we have long gazed upon the blazing light of day, whirled in its deafening crowd, and lived with the mind much occupied in other things; how pleasant to go with earnest and deep searching into the chambers of the soul, disrobe and discipline, and lead it to the fountain of light, purity and joy.

Henry Martyn.

Henry Martyn entered on the Christian warfare with signal advantages. He could bring a cultivated intellect to the contemplation of spiritual and abstract truth. Like Justin Martyr, he has visited the schools of science and been crowned with their laurels; but he has returned dissatisfied. The spoils he has gathered in Greek and Roman fields he gladly lays down at the feet of his Redeemer. Martyn was a scholar. He had been with Newton through the Heavens, with Butler in the profound depths of the Analogy, and with Xenophon in his Retreat of the Ten Thousand. But he brought his philosophy and poetry, his history and his languages, and laid them at the feet of the Saviour. He gathered the fairest flowers of literature, and strewed them on the ascent to Calvary. No man loved his country more than Martyn. None could sympathise more sincerely in those treasured associations which will forever endear the land of Wickliffe and Cranmer, Hampden and Sydney, to all English hearts. The ties which bound him to the hills and glens of Cornwall, were of the most cherished character. Brother, sister, scholar and friend, all were merged in the exalted philanthropy which filled his soul. He looked upon the perishing millions of India, and felt, that *there* was his brother and sister and mother!

When we behold the lowly Henry Martyn in Persia—surrounded by captious and insulting philosophers, and contrast his humility with the lofty intellectual spirit of the Cambridge scholar, we are compelled to stop and admire the riches of that sovereign grace, which lays low everything that exalts itself against God. We love to watch the progress of that Star in the East, of which Buchanan and Schwartz and Brown and Martyn were the heralds. The best eulogy which can be written of them, is, to point to Ceylon, to the plains of Travancore, and to the garden of Shiraz.

Sargent.

A Psalm of Life.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real!—life is earnest!—
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
  Is our destined end or way;
But to *act*, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!
  Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot prints on the sands of time.

Foot prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Longfellow.

We must possess *imagination* to conjecture *all* that the heart can make us suffer: and the best sort of people in the world are often dull and stupid in this respect: they march right across our feelings as if they were treading on flowers, and wondering that they fade away.

Mad. De Staël.

Oh meekly take what Heaven bestows:
And like its own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

Nature in America.

The valley of the Connecticut is the most fertile valley in New England: and it is scarcely possible that any should be more beautiful. The river—full, broad and tranquil as the summer sky, winds through meadows green with pasture, or golden with corn. Clumps of forest trees afford retreat for the cattle in the summer heats—and the magnificent New England Elm, the most graceful of trees, is dropped singly here and there. Hills of various height and declivity, bound the now widening, now contracting valley. To these hills the forest has retired: the everlasting forest—from which, in America, we cannot fly. I do not remember, that, except in some parts of the prairies, I was ever out of sight of the forest in the United States: and I am sure I never wished to be so. It was like the "verdurous wall of paradise," confining the mighty southern and western rivers to their channels. We were, as it appeared, imprisoned in it for many days together, as we traversed the south-eastern States. We threaded it in Michigan—we skirted it in New York and Pennsylvania: and throughout New England it bounded every landscape. It looked down upon us from the hill tops: it advanced into notice from every gap and notch in the chain. To the native, it must appear as indispensable in the picture gallery of nature, as the sky. To the English traveller it is a special boon, an added charm, a newly created grace; like the infant planet that wanders across the telescope of the astronomer. The English traveller finds himself never weary by day of prying into the forest from beneath its canopy; or from a distance drinking in its exquisite hues: and his dreams, for months and years, will be of the mossy roots, the black pine, and silvery birch stems, the translucent green shades of the beech, and the slender creeper, climbing like a ladder into the topmost boughs

of the tall cedars, an hundred feet high. No description is rich enough to answer to what I saw on the Ohio—its slopes and clumps and groves. At the foot of these hills runs the river, broad and full—busy with the commerce of the wide West.

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It is an absorbing thing to watch the progress of *world-making*:—both the formation of the natural and conventional world. I witnessed both in America. I saw something of the process of creating the natural globe in the depths of one of the largest caves in the world. In its depths—in this noiseless workshop, was Nature employed with her blind and dumb agents, fashioning mysteries which the earthquake of a thousand years hence may bring to light, to give man a new sense of the shortness of this life. I saw something of the process of world-making behind the fall of Niagara, in the thunder cavern, when the rocks that have stood forever, tremble to their fall, amidst the war of the unexhausted floods. I stood where soon human foot shall stand no more. Foothold after foothold is destined to be thrown down, till, after more ages than the world has yet known, the last rocky barrier shall be overpowered. Niagara itself, is but one of the shifting scenes of life, like all of the outward that we hold most permanent. Niagara itself, like the systems of the sky, is one of the hands of Nature's clock, moving though too slowly to be perceived by the unheeding—still moving to mark the lapse of time. While I stood in the wet whirlwind, with the crystal roof above me, the thundering floor beneath me, and the foaming whirlpool and rushing flood before me,—I saw those quiet studious hours of the future world, when this cataract shall have become a tradition.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The Leaf.

FROM A TREE STANDING NEAR SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S DWELLING.

Leaf of the green and shadowy tree,
That guards the window, where the eye
Of Newton once looked forth to see
The glorious host arrayed on high:
Thy root holds fast the distant sod,
That gave his foot a resting place,
Untiring, while his spirit trod
Ethereal heights the spheres to trace.

Thou art to me a beaming page,
Aye, volume! and in radiant lines
The story of a deathless sage
On thy fair verdant surface shines.
While I peruse thee as a tome,
To fancy's eye, bright visions rise:
She hovers round his earthly home,
She soars where he surveyed the skies.

I bend in homage to his worth,
The power, the beauty of his mind,
That shows wherein it moved on earth
By brilliant tracery left behind;
And he to whom a falling fruit
Mysterious Nature's problem solved,
Unerring, up through space could shoot,
And span the spheres as they revolved.

As through the solar world he moved,
Among its beaming mechanism,

His lucid thoughts at will he proved
To have the power of lens or prism:
And measuring those proud realms afar,
With angel speed and prophet sight,
He set his foot from star to star,
His waymarks were the orbs of light.

Yet not alone for earth and time,
Did that aspiring spirit rise—
But for the science more sublime,
To bear the palm beyond the skies.
His soul with love of truth inspired,
No love in baser rest could find,
Till that vast mind, divinely fired,
Broke forth with light for all mankind.

He sought her, studying Nature's laws,
And these harmonious proved for men—
He traced her to her Great First Cause,
By Prophet's voice and Gospel pen:
And she then made so strong and clear,
The crystal of his telescope,
It brought unearthly wealth so near,
'T was seen by Faith and grasped by Hope.

Newton! to thee where truth unveils
Her lovely image to thy view,
Are not the philosophic scales
Thou here hast used, proved just and true?
Did not her clear sweet accents tell,
While she bestowed this diadem,
That when that earthly apple fell,
It was her angel snapped the stem?

That when she saw thy soul ascend,
To seek her from the blushing fruit,

She bade that holy servant bend
His pinion for thy parachute!
To that fair attribute of heaven,
That daughter of the King Most High,
When thy young heart so soon was given,
She gave to thee thy seer's eye.

How many a bright celestial hue,
She to thy vision made appear,
Which others ne'er discover, through
Earth's dust and vapoury atmosphere.
She taught the fair analysis
Of rays, which made thy spirit mount,
Seeking a truer mould than this,—
Of life's pure streams to find the fount.

And thus thy high discoveries made,
The science thus attained by thee,
Have made thy memory ne'er to fade,—
Thy glory for eternity.
'T is from the freshness of the one,
My leaf hath verdure not its own,
While from the other, as a sun,
This radiance o'er the green is thrown.

H. F. GOULD.

THE good man goes not upon enmity, but rewards with kindness the very being who injures him. So the sandal-wood while it is felling, imparts to the edge of the axe its aromatic flavour.

HINDOO EPIGRAM.

James Nayler.

James Nayler was born in the parish of Ardesley, in Yorkshire, 1616. His father was a substantial farmer of good repute and competent estate; and he, in consequence, received a good education. At the age of twenty-two, he married and removed to Wakefield parish, which has since been made classic ground by the pen of Goldsmith. Here, an honest, religious farmer, he tilled his soil, and alternated between cattle-markets and Independent conventicles. In 1641, he obeyed the summons of "my Lord Fairfax" and the Parliament, and joined a troop of horse composed of sturdy Independents, doing such signal service against "the man of Belial, Charles Stuart," that he was promoted to the rank of quarter-master, in which capacity he served under General Lambert, in his Scottish campaign. Disabled at length by sickness, he was honorably dismissed from the service, and returned to his family in 1649.

For three or four years, he continued to attend the meetings of the Independents, as a zealous and devout member. But it so fell out, that in the winter of 1651, George Fox, who had just been released from a cruel imprisonment in Derby jail, felt a call to set his face towards Yorkshire. "So travelling," says Fox, in his journal, "through the countries, to several places, preaching Repentance and the Word of Life, I came into the parts about Wakefield where James Nayler lived." The worn and weary soldier, covered with the scars of outward battle, received, as he believed, in the cause of God and his people, against Anti-Christ and oppression, welcomed with thankfulness the veteran of another warfare; who, in conflict with "principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places," had made his name a familiar one in every English hamlet. "He and Thomas Goodyear," says Fox, "came to me, and were both convinced, and received the truth." He soon after joined the

Society of Friends. In the spring of the next year, he was in his field following his plough, and meditating, as he was wont, on the great questions of life and duty, when he seemed to hear a voice bidding him go out from his kindred and his father's house, with an assurance that the Lord would be with him, while labouring in his service. Deeply impressed, he left his employment, and, returning to his house, made immediate preparations for a journey. But hesitation and doubt followed; he became sick from anxiety of mind, and his recovery, for a time, was exceedingly doubtful. On his restoration to bodily health, he obeyed what he regarded as a clear intimation of duty, and went forth a preacher of the doctrines he had embraced. The Independent minister of the society to which he had formerly belonged sent after him the story, that he was the victim of sorcery; that George Fox carried with him a bottle, out of which he made people drink; and that the draught had the power to change a Presbyterian or Independent into a Quaker at once; that in short, the Arch-Quaker, Fox, was a wizard, and could be seen at the same moment of time riding on the same black horse, in two places widely separated! He had scarcely commenced his exhortations, before the mob, excited by such stories, assailed him. In the early summer of the year we hear of him in Appleby jail. On his release, he fell in company with George Fox. At Walney Island, he was furiously assaulted, and beaten with clubs and stones; the poor priest-led fishermen being fully persuaded that they were dealing with a wizard. The spirit of the man, under these circumstances, may be seen in the following extract from a letter to his friends dated at "Killet, in Lancashire, the 30th of 8th Month, 1652."

"Dear friends! Dwell in patience, and wait upon the Lord, who will do his own work. Look not at man who is in the work, nor at any man opposing it; but rest in the will of the Lord, so that ye may be furnished with patience, both to do and to suffer what ye shall be called unto, that your end in

all things may be His praise. Meet often together; take heed of what exalteth itself above its brother; but keep low, and serve one another in love."

Labouring thus, interrupted only by persecution, stripes and imprisonment, he finally came to London, and spoke with great power and eloquence in the meetings of Friends in that city. Here, he for the first time found himself surrounded by admiring and sympathizing friends. He saw, and rejoiced in the fruits of his ministry. Profane and drunken cavaliers, intolerant Presbyters, and blind Papists, owned the truths which he uttered, and counted themselves his disciples. Women, too, in their deep trustfulness, and admiring reverence, sat at the feet of the eloquent stranger. Devout believers in the doctrine of the inward light and manifestation of God in the heart of man, these latter, at length thought they saw such unmistakable evidences of the true life in James Nayler, that they felt constrained to declare that Christ was, in an especial manner, within him, and to call upon all to recognize in reverent adoration this new incarnation of the divine and heavenly. The wild enthusiasm of his disciples had its effect on the teacher. Weak in body, worn with sickness, fasting, stripes, and prison-penance, and naturally credulous and imaginative, is it strange that in some measure he yielded to this miserable delusion? Let those who would harshly judge him, or ascribe his fall to the peculiar doctrines of his sect, think of Luther, engaged in personal combat with the devil, or conversing with him on points of theology in his bed-chamber, or of Bunyan at actual fisticuffs with the adversary; or of Fleetwood and Vane and Harrison millenium-mad, and making preparations for an earthly reign of King Jesus. It was an age of intense religious excitement. Fanaticism had become epidemic. Cromwell swayed his parliaments by "revelations" and Scripture phrases in the painted chamber; stout generals and sea-captains exterminated the Irish, and swept Dutch navies from the ocean, with old Jewish war-cries, and hymns of Deborah and Miriam; coun-

try justices charged juries in Hebraisms, and cited the laws of Palestine oftener than those of England. Poor Nayler found himself in the very midst of this seething and confused moral Maelstroom. He struggled against it for a time, but human nature was weak; he became, to use his own words, "bewildered and darkened," and the floods went over him.

Leaving London with some of his more zealous followers, not without solemn admonition and rebuke from Francis Howgill and Edward Burrough, who at that period were regarded as the most eminent and gifted of the Society's ministers, he bent his steps towards Exeter. Here, in consequence of the extravagance of his language and that of his disciples, he was arrested and thrown into prison. Several infatuated women, surrounded the jail, declaring that "Christ was in prison," and on being admitted to see him, knelt down and kissed his feet, exclaiming, "Thy name shall be no more called James Nayler, but Jesus!" Let us pity him and them. They, full of grateful and extravagant affection for the man whose voice had called them away from worldly vanities, to what they regarded as eternal realities, whose hand they imagined had for them swung back the pearl gates of the celestial city, and flooded their atmosphere with light from heaven: he, receiving their homage, (not as offered as to a poor, weak, sinful Yorkshire trooper, but rather to the hidden man of the heart, the "Christ within" him,) with that self-deceiving humility which is but another name for spiritual pride. Mournful, yet natural; such as is still in greater or less degree manifested between the Catholic enthusiast and her confessor; such as the careful observer may at times take note of it in our Protestant revivals and camp meetings.

How Nayler was released from Exeter jail does not appear, but the next we hear of him, is at Bristol, in the fall of the year. His entrance into that city shows the progress which he and his followers had made in the interval. Let us look at Carlyle's description of it. "A procession of eight persons—one, a man on

horseback riding single, the others, men and women partly riding double, partly on foot, in the muddiest highway in the wettest weather; singing, all but the single rider, at whose bridle walk and splash two women, 'Hosannah! Holy, holy! Lord God of Sabaoth,' and other things, 'in a buzzing tone,' which the impartial hearer could not make out. The single rider is a raw-boned male figure, 'with lank hair reaching below his cheeks,' hat drawn close over his brows, 'nose rising slightly in the middle,' of abstruse 'down look,' and large dangerous jaws strictly closed: he sings not, sits there covered, and is sung to by others bare. Amid pouring deluges and mud knee-deep, 'so that the rain ran in at their necks and vented it at their hose and breeches:' a spectacle to the West of England and posterity! Singing as above; answering no question except in song. From Bedminster to Ratcliffgate, along the streets to the High Cross of Bristol: at the High Cross they are laid hold of by the authorities: turn out to be James Nayler and Company."

Truly, a more pitiful example of "hero-worship" is not well to be conceived of. Instead of taking a rational view of it, however, and mercifully shutting up the actors in a mad-house, the authorities of that day, conceiving it to be a stupendous blasphemy, and themselves God's avengers in the matter, sent Nayler under strong guard up to London, to be examined before the Parliament. After long and tedious examinations and cross questionings, and still more tedious debates, some portion of which, not uninstructive to the reader, may still be found in "Burton's Diary," the following horrible resolution was agreed upon:

"That James Nayler be set in the pillory, with his head in the pillory in the Palace Yard, Westminster, during the space of two hours, on Thursday next; and be whipped by the hangman through the streets from Westminster to the Old Exchange, and there, likewise to be set in the pillory, with his head in the pillory for the space of two hours, between eleven and one, on Saturday next, in each place wearing a pa-

per containing a description of his crimes; and that at the Old Exchange his tongue be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there stigmatized on the forehead with the letter 'B'; and that he be afterwards sent to Bristol to be conveyed into and through the said city on horseback with his face backward, and there, also, publicly whipped the next market day after he comes thither; that from thence he be committed to prison in Bridewell, London, and there restrained from the society of all people, and there to labour hard until he shall be released by Parliament; and during that time be debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper; and have no relief except what he earns by his daily labour."

Such, neither more nor less, was, in the opinion of Parliament, required on their part to appease the Divine vengeance. The sentence was pronounced on the 17th of the Twelfth Month; the entire time of the Parliament for the two months previous having been occupied with the case. The Presbyterians in that body were ready enough to make the most of an offence committed by one who had been an Independent; the Independents, to escape the stigma of extenuating the crimes of one of their quondam brethren, vied with their antagonists in shrieking over the atrocity of Nayler's blasphemy, and in urging its severe punishment. Here and there among both classes were men disposed to leniency; and more than one earnest plea was made for merciful dealing with a man, whose reason was evidently unsettled, and who was, therefore, a fitting object of compassion; whose crime, if it could indeed be called one, was evidently the result of a clouded intellect, and not of wilful intention of evil. On the other hand, many were in favour of putting him to death as a sort of peace-offering to the clergy, who, as a matter of course, were greatly scandalized by Nayler's blasphemy, and still more by the refusal of his sect to pay tithes, or recognise their divine commission.

Nayler was called into the Parliament-house to receive his

sentence. "I do not know mine offence," he said mildly. "You shall know it," said Sir Thomas Widrington, "by your sentence." When the sentence was read, he attempted to speak, but was silenced. "I pray God," said Nayler, "that he may not lay this to your charge."

The next day, the 18th of the Twelfth Month, he stood in the pillory two hours, in the chill winter air, and was then stripped and scourged by the hangman at the tail of a cart through the streets. Three hundred and ten stripes were inflicted; his back and arms were horribly cut and mangled, and his feet crushed and bruised by the feet of horses treading on him in the crowd. He bore all with uncomplaining patience; but was so far exhausted by his sufferings, that it was found necessary to postpone the execution of the residue of the sentence for one week. The terrible severity of his sentence, and the meek endurance of it, had in the meantime powerfully affected many of the humane and generous of all classes in the city; and a petition for the remission of the remaining part of the penalty was numerously signed and presented to Parliament. A debate ensued upon it, but its prayer was rejected. Application was then made to Cromwell, who addressed a letter to the speaker of the house, inquiring into the affair, protesting an "abhorrence and detestation of giving or occasioning the least countenance to such opinions and practices," as were imputed to Nayler; "yet, we being entrusted in the present government on behalf of the people of these nations, and not knowing how far such proceeding entered into wholly without us may extend in the consequence of it, do hereby desire the house may let us know the grounds and reasons whereon they have proceeded." From this, it is not unlikely that the Protector might have been disposed to clemency, and to look with a degree of charity upon the weakness and errors of one of his old and tried soldiers who had striven like a brave man, as he was, for the rights and liberties of Englishmen; but the clergy here interposed, and vehemently, in

the name of God and His Church, demanded that the executioner should finish his work. Five of the most eminent of them, names well known in the Protectorate, Caryl, Manton, Nye, Griffith and Reynolds, were deputed by Parliament to visit the mangled prisoner. A reasonable request was made, that some impartial person might be present, that justice might be done Nayler in the report of his answers. This was refused. It was, however, agreed that the conversation should be written down and a copy of it left with the jailer. He was asked if he was sorry for his blasphemies. He said he did not know to what blasphemies they alluded; that he did believe in Jesus Christ; that He had taken up His dwelling in his own heart, and for the testimony of him he now suffered. "I believe," said one of the ministers, "in a Christ who was never in any man's heart." "I know no such Christ," rejoined the prisoner, "the Christ I witness to, fills Heaven and Earth, and dwells in the hearts of all true believers." On being asked, why he allowed the women to adore and worship him, he "denied bowing to the creature; but if they beheld the power of Christ, wherever it was, and bowed to it, he could not resist it, or say aught against it."

After some further parley, the reverend visitors grew angry, threw the written record of the conversation in the fire, and left the prison to report the prisoner, incorrigible.

On the 27th of the month, he was again led out of his cell and placed upon the pillory. Thousands of citizens were gathered around, many of them earnestly protesting against the extreme cruelty of his punishment. Robert Rich, an influential and honourable merchant, followed him up to the pillory, with expressions of great sympathy, and held him by the hand while the red-hot iron was pressed through his tongue, and the brand was placed on his forehead. He was next sent to Bristol, and publicly whipped through the principal streets of that city; and again brought back to the Bridewell prison, where he remained about two years, shut out from all intercourse with his fellow-

beings. At the expiration of this period, he was released by order of Parliament. In the solitude of his cell, he said the angel of patience had been with him. Through the cloud which had so long rested over him, the clear light of truth shone in upon his spirit; the weltering chaos of a disordered intellect, settled into the calm peace of a reconciliation with God and man. His first act on leaving prison was to visit Bristol, the scene of his melancholy fall. There he publicly confessed his errors, in the eloquent earnestness of a contrite spirit, humbled in view of the past, yet full of thanksgiving and praise for the great boon of forgiveness. A writer who was present says, the "assembly was tendered, and broken into tears; there were few dry eyes, and many were bowed in their minds."

In a paper, which he published soon after, he acknowledges his lamentable delusion. "Condemned for ever," he says, "be all those false worships with which any have idolized my person in that Night of my Temptation, when the Power of Darkness was above me; all that did in any way tend to dishonour the Lord, or draw the minds of any from the measure of Christ Jesus in themselves, to look at flesh, which is as grass, or to ascribe that to the visible which belongs to Him." "Darkness came over me through want of watchfulness and obedience to the pure Eye of God. I was taken captive from the true light; I was walking in the Night, as a wandering bird fit for a prey. And if the Lord of all my mercies had not rescued me, I had perished; for I was as one appointed to death and destruction, and there was none to deliver me." "It is in my heart to confess to God, and before men, my folly and offence in that day: yet there were many things formed against me in that day, to take away my life, and bring scandal upon the truth, of which I was not guilty at all." "The provocation of that Time of Temptation was exceeding great against the Lord; yet He left me not; for when Darkness was above, and the Adversary so prevailed, that all things were turned and perverted against my right seeing,

hearing, or understanding; only a secret hope and faith I had in my God, whom I had served, that he would bring me through it, and to the end of it, and that I should again see the day of my redemption from under it all; this quieted my soul in its greatest tribulation." He concludes his confession with these words: "He who hath saved my soul from death, who hath lifted my feet up out of the pit, even to Him be glory for ever; and let every troubled soul trust in Him, for his mercy endureth for ever!"

Among his papers, written soon after his release, is a remarkable prayer, or rather thanksgiving. The limit I have prescribed to myself will only allow me to to copy an extract.

"It is in my heart to praise Thee, O my God! let me never forget Thee, what Thou hast been to me in the night, by Thy presence in my hour of trial, when I was beset in darkness, when I was cast out as a wandering bird; when I was assaulted with strong temptations, then Thy presence, in secret, did preserve me; and in a low state I felt Thee near me: when my way was through the sea, when I passed under the mountains, there wast Thou present with me; when the weight of the hills was upon me, Thou upheldest me. Thou didst fight, on my part, when I wrestled with death; when darkness would have shut me up, Thy light shone about me; when my work was in the furnace, and I passed through the fire, by Thee I was not consumed. When I beheld the dreadful visions, and was among the fiery spirits, Thy faith staid me, else through fear I had fallen. I saw Thee, and believed, so that the enemy could not prevail." After speaking of his humiliation and sufferings, which Divine Mercy had overuled for his spiritual good, he thus concludes: "Thou didst lift me out from the pit, and set me forth in the sight of my enemies; Thou calledst my acquaintances near me; they to whom I had been a wonder, looked upon me; and in Thy love I obtained favour with those who had deserted me. Then did gladness swallow up sorrow, and I forsook my troubles;

and I said, How good is it that man be proved in the night, that he may know his folly, that every mouth may become silent, until Thou makest man known unto himself, and hast slain the boaster, and shown him the vanity which vexeth Thy spirit."

All honour to the Quakers of that day, that at the risk of misrepresentation and calumny, they received back to their communion, their greatly erring, but deeply repentant, brother. His life, ever after, was one of self-denial and jealous watchfulness over himself, blameless and beautiful in its humility and lowly charity.

Thomas Ellwood, in his autobiography for the year 1659, mentions Nayler, whom he met in company with Edward Burrough at the house of Milton's friend, Pennington. Ellwood's father held a discourse with the two Quakers on their doctrine of free and universal grace. "*James Nailer*," says Ellwood, "handled the subject with so much perspicuity and clear demonstration, that his reasoning seemed to be irresistible. As for Edward Burrough, he was a brisk young Man, of a ready Tongue, and might have been for aught I knew a Scholar, which made me less admire his Way of Reasoning. But what dropt from *James Nailer* had the greater Force upon me, because he lookt like a simple Countryman, having the appearance of an Husbandman or Shepherd."

In the latter part of the Eighth Month, 1660, he left London, on foot, to visit his wife and children in Wakefield. As he journeyed on, the sense of a solemn change about to take place, seemed with him; the shadow of the eternal world fell over him. As he passed through Huntingdon, a friend who saw him describes him as "in an awful and weighty frame of mind, as if he had been redeemed from earth, and a stranger on it, seeking a better home and inheritance." A few miles beyond the town, he was found in the dusk of the evening, very ill, and was taken to the house of a friend, who lived not far distant. He died shortly after, expressing his gratitude for the kindness of his attendants,

and invoking blessings upon them. About two hours before his death, he spoke to the friend at his bedside these remarkable words, solemn as eternity and beautiful as the love which fills it:

"There is a spirit which I feel which delights to do no evil, nor to avenge any wrong; but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end; its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exultation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations; as it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other: if it be betrayed, it bears it, for its ground and spring is the mercy and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness; its life is everlasting love unfeigned; it takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth with none to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through sufferings, for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken. I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places of the earth, who through death obtained resurrection and eternal Holy Life."

So died James Nayler. He was buried in "Thomas Parnell's. burying-ground, at King's Rippon," in a green nook of rural England. Wrong and violence, and temptation and sorrow, and evil-speaking, could reach him no more. And in taking leave of him, let us say with old Joseph Wyeth, where he touches upon this case in his *Anguis Flagellatus:* "Let none insult, but take heed lest they also, in the hour of *their* temptation, do fall away."

J. G. WHITTIER.

DUTY! the star to every wandering barque,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.

The Neglected Call.

When the fields were white with harvest, and the labourers were few,
Heard I thus a voice within me, "here is work for thee to do;
Come thou up and help the reapers, I will show thee now the way,
Come and help them bear the burden and the toiling of the day;"
"For a more convenient season," thus I answered, "will I wait,"
And the voice reproving murmured, "hasten, ere it be too late."

Yet I heeded not the utteranee, listening to lo! here—lo! there—
I lost sight of all the reapers in whose work I would not share;
Followed after strange devices—bowed my heart to gods of stone,
Till like Ephraim joined to idols, God well nigh left me alone;
But the angel of His patience followed on my erring track,
Setting here and there a landmark, wherewithal to guide me back.

Onward yet I went, and onward, till there met me on the way,
A poor prodigal *returning*, who like me, had gone astray,
And his faith was strong and earnest, that a father's house would be
Safest shelter from temptation, for such sinful ones as he;
"Read the lesson," said the angel, "take the warning and repent,"
But the wily Tempter queried, "ere thy substance be unspent?

"Hast thou need to toil and labour? art thou fitted for the work?
Many a hidden stone to bruise thee, in the harvest field doth lurk;
There are others called beside thee—and perchance the voice may be,
But thy own delusive fancy, which thou hearest calling thee—
There is time enough before thee, all thy footsteps to retrace;"
Then I yielded to the Tempter—and the angel veiled her face.

Pleasure beckoned in the distance, and her syren song was sweet,
"Through a thornless path of flowers, gently I will guide thy feet;
Youth is as a rapid river, gliding noiselessly away,

Earth is but a pleasant garden; cull its roses whilst thou may;
Press the juice from purple clusters, fill life's chalice with the wine,
Taste the fairest fruits which tempt thee, all its richest fruits
are thine."

Ah! the path was smooth and easy—but a snare was set therein,
And the feet were oft entangled in the fearful mesh of sin,
And the canker worm was hidden in the rose leaf folded up,
And the sparkling wine of pleasure was a fatal Circean cup;
All its fruits were Dead Sea apples, tempting only to the sight,
Fair yet filled with dust and ashes—beautiful, but touched with
blight.

"Oh! my Father," cried I inly, "Thou hast striven—I have willed,
Now the mission of the angel of Thy patience is fulfilled;
I have tasted earthly pleasures, yet my soul is craving food,
Let the summons Thou hast given to Thy harvest be renewed;
I am ready now to labour—wilt thou call me once again?
I will join thy willing reapers as they garner up the grain."

But the still small voice within me, earnest in its truth and deep,
Answered my awakened conscience, "As thou sowest thou shalt
reap;
God is just, and retribution follows each neglected call;
Thou hadst thy appointed duty taught thee by the Lord of all,
Thou wert chosen—but another filled the place assigned thee,
Henceforth in my field of labour thou mayst but a gleaner be.

"But a work is still before thee—see thou linger not again,
Separate the chaff thou gleanest, beat it from among the grain,
Follow after these my reapers, let thine eyes be on the field,
Gather up the precious handfuls their abundant wheat sheaves
yield;
Go not hence to glean, but tarry from the morning until night,
Be thou faithful, thou mayst yet find favour in thy Master's sight."

Phila., 11*th Mo.* 1850. H. LLOYD.

Geology.

"Of all the studies which relate to the material universe, there is none, perhaps, which appeals so powerfully to our senses, or which comes into such close and immediate contact with our wants and enjoyments, as that of Geology. In our hourly walks, whether on business or for pleasure, we tread with heedless step upon the apparently uninteresting objects which it embraces: but could we rightly interrogate the rounded pebble at our feet, it would read us an exciting chapter on the history of primeval times, and would tell us of the convulsions by which it was wrenched from its parent rock, and of the floods by which it was abraded, and transported to its present humble locality. In our visit to the picturesque and the sublime in nature we are brought into close proximity to the more interesting phenomena of geology. In the precipices which protect our rock-girt shores, which flank our mountain glens, or which variegate our lowland valleys, and in the shapeless fragments at their base, which the lichen colours, and round which the ivy twines, we see the remnants of uplifted and shattered beds, which once reposed in peace at the bottom of the ocean. Nor does the rounded bowlder which would have defied the lapidary's wheel of the Giant Age, give forth a less oracular response from its grave of clay, or from its lair of sand. Floated by ice from some Alpine summit, or hurried along in torrents of mud, and floods of water, it may have traversed a quarter of the globe, amid the crash of falling forests, and the death shrieks of the noble animals which they sheltered. The mountain range, too, with its catacombs below, along which the earthquake transmits its terrific sounds, reminds us of the mighty power by which it was upheaved,—while the lofty peak with its cap of ice, or its nostrils of fire, places in our view the tremendous agencies which have been at work beneath us.

But it is not merely amid the powers of external nature, that the once hidden things of the earth are presented to our view. Our temples and our palaces are formed from the rocks of a primeval age: bearing the very ripple-marks of a Pre-Adamite ocean—grooved by the passage of the once moving bowlder, and embosoming the relics of an ancient life, and the plants by which it was sustained. Our dwellings, too, are ornamented with the variegated limestones—the indurated tombs of molluscous life—and our apartments heated with the carbon of primeval forests, and lighted with the gaseous element which it confines. From the green bed of the ocean has been raised the pure and spotless marble, to mould the divine lineaments of beauty, and perpetuate the expressions of intellectual power. From a remoter age, and a still greater depth, the primary and secondary rocks have yielded a rich tribute to the chaplet of rank, and to the processes of art. The diamond and the sapphire, while they shine in the royal diadem, and in the imperial sceptre, are invaluable instruments in the hands of the artisan: and the ruby and the topaz, and the emerald and the chrysoberyl, have been scattered from the jewel caskets of our mother Earth, to please the eye, and to gratify the vanity of her children."

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

IF there be sermons in stones, what think ye of the hymns and psalms, matin and vesper, of the lark, who, at heaven's gate sings:—of the wren, who pipes his thanksgivings, as the slant sunbeam shoots athwart the massy portal of the cave, in whose fretted roof she builds her nest above the waterfall?

Charity.

"———Teach us true self-denial—we who seek
To pluck the mote out of our *brother's* creed,
Till *Charity's* forgotten plant doth ask
The water-drop and die. With zeal we watch
And weigh the *doctrine*—while the *spirit* 'scapes;
And in the carving of our cummin-seeds,
Our metaphysical hair-splittings, *fail*
To note the orbit of that star of love,
Which never sets.
Yes, even the *heathen* tribes,
Who from *our* lips amid their chaos dark,
First heard the "fiat lux," and joyous came,
Like Lazarus from his tomb, do wildered ask
What guide to follow: for they see the men
They took for angels, warring in their paths,
For Paul and for Apollos, till they lose
The certainty that they are *one in Christ:*
That simple clue, which, through life's labyrinth, leads
To Heaven's gate.
Each differing sect, whose *base*
Is on the same pure word, doth strictly scan
Its neighbour's superstructure—point and arch—
Buttress and turret, till the hymn of praise,
That from each temple should go up to God,
Sinks in the *critic's tone.* All Christendom,
Is one continued burnishing of shields,
And putting on of armour. So the heat
Of border warfare checks salvation's way.
The free complexion of another's thought,
Doth militate against him: and those shades
Of varying opinion and belief,

Which, sweetly blended with the skill of love,
Would make the picture *beautiful*, are blamed
As features of deformity.
We toil,
To controvert, to argue, to defend,
Camping amidst *imaginary foes*,
And *visioned heresies*. E'en *brethren* deem
A *name* of doctrine or a *form* of *words*,
A dense partition wall,—though Christ hath said
"See that ye love each other."
So come forth,
Ye who have safest kept that Saviour's law
Green, as a living germ, within your souls,
Followers of the Lamb! stand meekly forth,
And with the gentle panoply of love
Persuade the Christian Churches to recal
Their wasted energies, and consecrate,
In one bright focal point, their quenchless zeal:
Till, from each region of the darkened globe,
The everlasting Gospel's glorious wing,
Shall wake the nations to Jehovah's praise!

L. H. S.

IN the nice adjustment of part with part, of sentiment with sentiment, of practice with practice,—in the unbroken harmony which pervades the great whole—I cannot but perceive a strong confirming evidence that the religious system of "Friends" results from the operations of the Divine Spirit, and is based on the unvarying principles of the law of God.

J. J. G.

The Two Urns.

"SOCIETY is composed of two urns: one of good and one of evil. I will suppose that every individual of the human species receives from his natal genius a little phial containing one drop of a fluid which shall be *evil* if poured into the urn of evil, and *good*, if into that of *good*. If you were proceeding to the station of the urns, with ten thousand persons, every one of them, predetermined to empty his phial into the urn of evil, (which I fear is too true a picture of the practice of society,) should you consider their example, if you were hemmed in, in the centre of them, a sufficient excuse for not breaking from them, and approaching the neglected urn? Would you say—"the urn will derive little increase from *my* solitary drop, and one more or less will make very little difference in the urn of ill; I will spare myself trouble, do as the world does, and let the urn of good take its chance from those who can approach it with less difficulty." No: you would rather say—"That neglected urn contains the hopes of the human species: little, indeed, is the addition I can make to it, but it will be good so far as it goes: and if, on approaching the urn, you should find it not so empty as you had anticipated, if the genius appointed to guard it, should say to you, "There is enough in this urn already to allow a reasonable expectation that it will one day be full, and yet it has only accumulated drop by drop through the efforts of individuals who broke through the pale and pressure of the multitude, and did not despair of human virtue;" would you not feel ten-fold repaid for the difficulties you had overcome, by the single reflection that would then rush upon your mind—I am one of these?"

GOD is better lodged in the *heart* than in great edifices.

The Strange Preacher.

"Wherever I went, the rumour spread through the place before me, 'The man in the leather suit is come.'"

George Fox's Journal.

An old man there came to the market place,
With a strong and a bold, yet a cheerful face:
And one after one, people drew to the spot,
Who lingered, and lingered, unknowing for what.

In the looks of the stranger who stationed was there,
By the market-cross in the upper air,
Was something they were not accustomed to see—
So they questioned each other of what it could be.

Some said t' was his dress, which of leather was made,
Some spoke of his features' peculiar shade:
Whatever it might be, they grew to a crowd,
And questions were getting impatient and loud,

With one word of his mouth they *were* silent as death,
When he stretched forth his hand there was pause in each breath:
And a feeling like thought through each bosom there ran,
That the being they heard might be more than a man.

Had he spoken of wrongs which the people endured—
Of evils the people themselves should have cured—
Had he told them of tyrants and tyranous laws,
They had risen to shed their hearts' blood in his cause.

But his words were of peace, and of truth, and of love—
And of One once on earth who came down from above;
Who, that peace might abound in good-will unto man,
Had endured all the pangs that humanity can.

Much spoke he of temples that were but of stone—
And priests clothed in purple whom Christ did not own:
Of merciless pastors whom Christ had foretold
Should *seem* to protect, while they *ravaged* the fold.

Such a picture of Christ and his people he drew,
Of the chosen and simple, the faithful and few:
That, absorbed in the vision, they saw what he said,
And it seemed that his words gave new life to the dead.

They were chained by his spirit—they could not depart:—
Conviction, like lightning, he flashed on the heart:
Though powerful his language, his aspect was mild,
And their thoughts were at once of a king and a child.

Ere he ceased, all the strong holds of pride were overthrown:
And natures were softened, once harder than stone:
When he ceased, in dim eyes were affectionate tears:
And in hearts a remembrance deep graven for years."

TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

A CHANGE, (to a certain degree,) has taken place in female education: and instead of hanging the understanding of a woman on *walls*, or hearing it vibrate on *strings*, instead of seeing it in *clouds*, or hearing it in the *winds*, it is beginning to become the first spring and ornament of society, by being enriched with attainments on which alone its power depends.

SIDNEY SMITH.

TRUE delicacy, (that most beautiful heart-leaf of humanity,) exhibits itself most significantly in little things.

MARY HOWITT.

The Present.

"It is something to learn to live in the present: to feel, that the present duty, pleasure, circumstance, is alone good and wonderful; we say, if we were only differently placed, life would be so interesting; if we were in such or such a position, then should we be intellectual, or amiable, or useful: or if this or that event should happen to us, then should we be elated and happy. It is all a mistake. That very event, or position, if possessed by us, would look just as little extraordinary as that we are now in: situations not our own, lie before us like a landscape view: every part, however mean in detail, goes to contribute to the effect of the whole, and shares in its ideal character: but we cannot *see* the picture of which we ourselves form a part. We do not know, that the day, the hour, the employment, the incident, before which we, in our own persons stand, and that looks perhaps so worn and dusty, is in reality an inexhaustable well of truth, could we but wipe from our eyes the blinding dust of familiarity. For life to cease to be poor and common-place, and become intrinsically rich and wonderful, we must realise, that if it is as a *whole*, the gift of God, then all the parts must so be; if relation to parents, friends, society, are of divine appointment, then every thing flowing out of this relation, intercourse and influence, are of divine appointment. How grand and mystic then, is this every-day life! It is inlaid with divinity, as black oak inlaid with gold: and David utters a literal fact when he speaks of his "down-sitting and uprising," as encompassed by God.

Friends may have the same *tastes*, but different *talents*.

The Synagogue.

"But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart: nevertheless when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away." St. Paul.

I saw them in their synagogue, as in their ancient day;
And never from my memory, the scene will pass away:
For, on my dazzled vision still, the latticed galleries shine,
With Israel's loveliest daughters, in their beauty half divine.
It is the quiet Sabbath eve—the solitary light
Sheds mingled with the hues of day, a lustre nothing bright;
On swarthy brow and piercing glance, it falls with saddening tinge,
And dimly gilds the Pharisees' phylacteries and fringe!
The two leaved doors slide slow apart, before the eastern screen,
As rise the Hebrew harmonies, with chanted prayers between:
And 'mid the tissued veils disclosed, of many a gorgeous dye,
Enveloped in the jewelled scarfs, the sacred relics lie.
Robed in his sacerdotal robes, a hoary headed man,
With voice of solemn cadence, o'er the backward letters ran.
And often yet, methinks I see the glow and power, which sate,
Upon his face, as forth he spread, the roll immaculate!
And fervently that hour I prayed, that, from the mighty scroll,
Its light, in burning characters, might break on every soul.
That from their hardened hearts, the veil, might be no longer dark,
But be forever rent in twain, like that before the ark.
For yet the tenfold film *shall fall*, Oh Judah! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read thy testimonies right!
When thou, with all Messiah's signs, in Christ distinctly seen,
Shall by Jehovah's nameless name, invoke the Nazarine!

Wm. Crosswell.

To Niagara.

FROM LINES WRITTEN AT THE FIRST VIEW OF THE FALLS, AUG. 13, 1838, BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

HAIL! monarch of the world of floods, whose majesty and might,
First dazzles, then enraptures, then o'erawes the aching sight.
The pomp of kings and emperors in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendour of thy glorious watery throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress, no armies bid thee stay—
But onward, onward, onward, thy march still holds its way.
The rising mist that veils thee, as thy herald goes before;
The music that proclaims thee, is the thundering cataract's roar.

Thy diadem an emerald green, of the clearest, purest hue,
Set round with wreaths of snow-white foam and spray of feathery dew;
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

And whether, on thy forest banks, the Indian of the wood,
Or since his day, the red man's foe on his father-land have stood;
Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrent's roar,
Must have bent before the God of all, to worship and adore.

Accept, Oh thou Supremely Great! Oh Infinite! Oh, God!
From this primeval altar, the pure and virgin sod,
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To Thee! whose shield has guarded me in all my wandering way.

For if the ocean be as nought in the hollow of thine hand,
And the stars of the firmament, in thy balance, grains of sand;

If Niagara's flood seem great to us who humbly bow,
Oh! great Creator of the whole, how passing great art Thou!

But tho' thy power is far more vast than finite man can scan,
Still greater is thy mercy shown to weak, dependent man—
For him Thou cloth'st the fertile globe with herbs, and fruit, and seed,
For him the seas, the lakes, the streams, supply his homely need.

Around, on high, or far, or near, the universal whole
Proclaims thy glory, as the orbs in their fixed courses roll;
And from creation's grateful voice the hymn ascends above,
While heaven re-echoes back to earth, the chorus, "God is Love."

IT is easy to produce sentiments which will fall harmoniously on the ear, and charm the sense, without benefitting the heart or understanding. It is not difficult to repeat axioms of virtue with mathematical precision and undoubted accuracy: but to unite axioms of goodness to beauty of language, and novelty of expression—to give invitations to virtue, in originality of thought, and loveliness of language—Oh, this is a talent which good men must desire for its usefulness.

TRUTH is a gem which need not be enchased—which, faultless and cloudless, may be held up to the pure bright light on any side, in any direction, and will everywhere display the same purity and soundness and beauty.

A Memorial of Mary Dyer.

ONE OF THE EARLY WORTHIES AND MARTYRS IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—BY BERNARD BARTON.

We too have had our martyrs. Such wert thou,
Illustrious woman! though the starry crown
Of martydom has sate on many a brow,
In the world's eye, of far more wide renown.

Yet the same spirit grac'd thy fameless end,
Which shone in Latimer and his compeers;
Upon whose hallow'd memories still attend
Manhood's warm reverence, childhood's guileless tears.

Well did *they* win them: may they keep them long!
Their names require not praise obscure as mine;
Nor does my muse their cherish'd memories wrong,
By this imperfect aim to honour thine.

Heroic martyr of a sect despis'd!
Thy name and memory to my heart are dear
Thy fearless zeal, in artless childhood priz'd,
The lapse of years has taught me to revere.

Thy Christian worth demands no poet's lay,
Historian's pen, nor sculptor's boasted art:
What could the brightest tribute these can pay
To thy immortal spirit now impart?

Yet seems it like *a sacred debt* to give
The brief memorial thou mayst well supply;
Whose life display'd how Christians ought to live;
Whose death—how Christian martyrs calmly die.

Christian Redemption.

THE following concise and beautiful description of the excellency of the plan of Christian redemption, forms the conclusion of the Memoirs of Lindley Murray. It is the testimony of one who had practically felt and experienced the powerful support, the holy consolation, and the final promise of eternal joy and glory, which the religion of Christ, and that alone, can disclose and impart.

"I cannot finish these memoirs of my life, without expressing, still more particularly, my sense of the greatest blessing which was ever conferred on mankind. I mean the redemption from sin, and attainment of a happy immortality, by the atonement and intercession of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I contemplate this wonderful proof of the love of God to man, as an act of mercy and benignity, which will stimulate the gratitude and love, the obedience, praise, and adoration of the redeemed, through ages that will never end. This high dispensation is, in every respect adapted to our condition, as frail and sinful creatures. In surveying our offences and imperfections it prevents despondence; directs us where to look for relief; and freely offers us, if we are truly penitent, and believe in Christ, pardon and peace: in reflecting on our religious attainments, it checks presumption and keeps us humble; and amidst all the trials and troubles of life, it cheers us with the prospect of a merciful deliverance, and of being soon received into those blissful regions, where we shall be secured, eternally secured, from sin and sorrow; where we shall be admitted into the Divine presence, and unceasingly celebrate in joyful anthems, the praises of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, one God blessed for ever. To them who obtain this glorious and happy state, all the afflictions of the longest and most painful life, will then appear to have been, indeed light and momentary: as a drop of the ocean, as a grain of sand on the sea shore, compared with the greatness of their felicity, and the endless ages of its continuance."

The Death of Thomas Clarkson.

THE good man's arms are folded now—
The great man's race is run—
The warm brave heart, and thought worn brow,
Rest—for their work is done!

'T is well! the fine gold back we give,
Ere it was changed or dim;
The curtain none can lift and live,
Falls between us and him.

It was not grief, it was not fear,
Feeling, for tears too deep,
Subdued us, when that white haired seer,
Serenely fell asleep.

As the word passed from lip to lip,
Silence upon us fell;
The way worn man laid down his scrip,
Pilgrim his scallop shell.

Age moved more slowly on its way,
Less firm was manhood's tread,
And thousands bore themselves that day,
As present with the dead.

As the word passed from line to line,
Of Freedom's allied host,
The answer came, "For us still shine,
The footprints of the lost.

To us his spirit sayeth still,
"Be faithful to the end!"

Not for ourselves, our sad hearts fill,—
"The slave hath lost a friend."

When he was friendless, on his chain
Fell the great Clarkson's eye;
And in that hour, he vowed to gain
His brother's cause, or die!

He went forth an enthusiast boy—
He fought an earnest man—
He conquered—and laid down in joy,
As only Christians can.

We thank Thee, Father! that on earth
Thy servant staid so long;
Thou gave his noble purpose birth,
And made his spirit strong.

Glory to Thee! his wayside seed,
In Faith and Patience sown,
Has blossomed for the bondman's need;
Glory to Thee alone!

And all o'er England's rich domain,
His spirit hath begot,
For her crushed poor, for Want, and Pain
Friends,—and they know it not.

Beside the forge, and at the loom,
Amid the factory's din,
Where little children weave their doom,
His lineage looks in.

Around the labourer's cold hearth,
Where Want hath cast out Love,

Where misery hath conquered Mirth,
Unseen his offspring move.

With hearts his life hath warmed, they come
With steady souls and brave,
To lift a clear voice for the dumb,
To succour and to save.

We mourn him not! he did not go,
His great heart was not stilled,
Till all the streams that from it flow,
Had with his life been filled.

E. L. JR.

Philadelphia, 11*th Mo.* 1846.

Humility.

THE loaded bee the lowest flies—
The richest pearl the deepest lies—
The stalk the most replenished,
Doth bow the most its modest head;
And thus *humility* we find,
The mark of every master mind.
The highest gifted, lowliest bends;
And merit meekest condescends;
And shuns the fame that fools adore,
The puff that makes a *feather* soar.

Principle of Life.

Are we without passing into extravagance, entitled to assume that Forces, which enter so essentially into the constitution of our Earth, are not confined within its conditions? Take in illustration the vast power of gravity. Before Science raised the veil from the distant, we knew it only in the fact of the fall of a stone, or in the roundness of a drop of water: *now* we have followed it through the complex motions of the Moon, and through the order of the entire system. It pursues the Comets through the abysses; it governs the orbits of the double and triple stars; it guides the Sun in his path through the skies; aye, and even those stupendous evolutions of firmaments, during which the stars congregate into dazzling clusters, or arrange themselves in galaxies. Boundless the sphere of this Force; and shall an Energy yet nobler, more subtle, probably with a root much more profound, be fancied so weak, so feeble, so dependent on circumstances, that only in our world, or some one like it, it is free to work out its wonderful products? Look at its history in that very Earth. In the chalk cliffs, in caverns unseen by the Sun, in marshes that to Man are desolation and death, Life yet teems and rejoices—its forms growing in adaptation to their conditions. Long ages ago the odd Kilobite swarmed in our oceans, and the large-eyed Ichthyosaur dashed through their waters. These are gone, but plastic Nature, ever forming with ceaseless activity, has by the most mysterious of her actions, brought up new forms to play their parts among her vast scenes. Through Space as through Time, she is doubtless working; and with all their joys and sorrows—evolving far mightier results than dead, inorganic worlds. I see this in the blush of the morning which beams on all these globes, and there too, awakens the glad creatures from their repose. I see it in the downfall of evening, that speaks of refreshment from toil. I see it in the progress of the Earth, and

in its course, through much conflict, towards perfection; for its rocks and stones, tell not only of change, but of the struggles of its creatures to become linked to something higher:—Yes, ye Worlds, wondrous and innumerable, that shine aloft, and shower around us your many mystic influences,—ye, too are the abodes of sentience suited to your conditions; ay, and of Intelligence, different, far different from ours, and in states of approach to the Divinity of all possible gradations; but of which every constituent—every creature of whatever kind—is pressing outward like the bud in Spring, and stretching with longings that are unutterable, towards the Infinite and the Eternal.

Is the Moon younger—so to speak—than the planet she attends? Is that strange and anomalous crateriform surface, a picture of what our own world once was; and shall our midnight Luminary, after the travail of innumerable ages, pass from her primitive ruggedness to the condition of a globe carpeted all over by the most wondrous products of organization? Who indeed shall limit the prolificness of the Universe, or disbelieve its onward tendencies? Capacious indeed that awful *duration* which its history is ordained to fill! I have spoken of chronological epochs which mark steps in the evolving of those energies which now predominate in the earth;—the rise, viz: of successive mountain chains, marking successive periods whose magnitude is akin to the intervals which divide us from the fixed stars; but in presence of what I now advert to, even spaces like these become the incidents of a special era in the course of far loftier changes. The Moon in contrast with the Earth, and these few intimations from our world's deepest visible antiquity, speak of a stupendous process of evolution, to which Agencies of Upheaval are themselves subjected; we see these energies in phase, passing duly from one mode of manifestation to another; and it is only within the *instant* belonging to one of these phases, that we have succeeded in placing a few milestones to mark the flow of time. And even if we join the Moon to the Earth, consolidating for the

moment their two structures, so that we read them as consecutive chapters—how trifling the extent, after all, to which we may have penetrated among the destinies of either globe! To fix the absolute beginnings of their history, to cut off all anterior infinitudes, by hypothesis of molten planets and recent refrigeration, might indeed be pleasing to an insect's vanity, and consolatary to its weakness; but no such barrier has ever been successful,—voices of profound tone crossing always from its further side, and proclaiming how unfathomable is the Universe! Nevertheless, let man labour in peace! The Omnipotent Hand is accompanied by the Omniscient Eye; nor is there height so stern, or darkness so profound, that the meanest breathing creature shall be withdrawn therein from the guardianship of Eternal Beneficence.

Strange indeed the thoughts with which, in presence of such speculations, we must gaze on these brilliant skies! even that jewellery of midnight—a birth, a thing of yesterday, a step in the awful march of the visible and sensible picturings of the purposes of the Eternal Spirit! Realize for a moment the position of a tenant of a hut on the banks of the mighty Amazon at one of its great bendings; tell him that the waters, whose opposite bank his vision can scarce reach, are not an immense lake with appointed boundaries, but that born of rills among mountains that are unseen, and ever increasing in depth and potency, they roll downwards until a whole continent is passed, and then mingle and lose themselves with an ocean engirdling the wide Earth with its everlasting waves. So, in the view of these high cosmogonies, seem to roll on the gorgeous stellar developments; whose limits no eye can now see; rising among the past depths of time in some hidden purpose of God; rolling onward as the ages flow, and augmenting as the mighty river, until the boundary of Time is reached, and their course ends among the quietude of Eternity!

NICHOL.

Absalom.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery vail hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds: and the long stems
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world.
  King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem: and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little space,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow,
To its refreshing breath: for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words: and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh when the heart is full,—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy,
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer.
He prayed for Israel: and his voice went up

Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those,
Whose love had been his shield: and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But Oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged misguided Absalom!
The proud bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy,
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath,
Was straightened for the grave: and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air.
His helm was at his feet: his banner soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed beside him: and the jewelled hilt
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested like mockery on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle, and their chief
The mighty Joab stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall silently,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang: but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The King stood still
Till the last echo died; then throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back

The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas my noble boy! that thou should'st die,
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle on thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair—
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb
My proud boy Absalom

"Cold is thy brow my son! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee—
And hear thy sweet, 'my father,' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the voice
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds fling,
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shall come
To meet me Absalom!

"And Oh! when I am stricken, and my heart
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet amid death's gathering gloom
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now farewell! 'tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber o'er thee;
And thy dark sin—oh! I could drink the cup

If from this woe its bitterness had won thee,
May God have called thee like a wanderer home,
My erring Absalom!"

* * * * * *

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment o'er his child: then giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer:
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly and composed the pall
Fairly and quietly, and left him there
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep!

N. P. WILLIS.

Sonnet.

There is no remedy for time misspent,
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment—
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
Oh! hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less,
Because I know this span of life was lent—
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life, and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems—
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, expecting Heaven!

Tintern Abbey.

Five years have passed: five summers, with the length
Of five long winters: and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwelling in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermits cave, where, by his fire,
The hermit sits alone.
Though absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind

With tranquil restoration—feelings too,
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh; how oft,
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beating of my heart,
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye!—thou wanderer through the woods—
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts,

That in this moment there is life and good
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills: when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led; more like a man,
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by,)
To me was all in all—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unhonoured from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur: other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion of a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth: of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive: well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here, upon the banks
Of this fair river: thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My purer pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all

The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years
When these wild extacies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; Oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of nature hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, Oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake."

WORDSWORTH.

EARLY piety is often EMINENT piety.

The Mother's Dream.

"And I will give him the Bright and Morning Star."

Methought once more to my wishful eye,
My beautiful boy had come:
My sorrow was gone—my cheek was dry,
And gladness was round my home!

I saw the form of my dear lost child:
All kindled with life he came,
And he spoke in his own sweet voice and 'smiled,
As soon as I named his name.

The raiment he wore looked heavenly white,
As the feathery snow comes down,
And warm as it shone in the softened light,
That fell from his dazzling crown.

His brow was bright with a joy serene—
His cheek with the deathless bloom,
That only the eye of my soul hath seen,
When looking beyond the tomb.

The odour of flowers from that fair land,
Where we deem that our blest ones are,
Seemed borne in his skirts, and his small right hand
Was holding a radiant star!

His feet unshod, as from out the shroud,
Were pure as the opening bell
Of the lilly: and set on a folding cloud
Of glory that round him fell.

I asked him where he had been so long,
Away from his mother's care—
Again to sing me his infant song,
And to kneel by my side in prayer.

He said—"My mother the song I sing
Is not for an earthly ear—
I touch the harp with a golden string,
For the hosts of Heaven to hear.

"It was but a gentle fleeting breath,
That severed thy child from thee—
The fearful shadow in time called Death,
Hath ministered *life* to me.

"My voice in an angel choir I lift,
And high are the notes we raise:—
I hold the sign of a priceless gift—
And the giver who has our praise.

"The 'Bright and the Morning Star' is He,
Who bringeth eternal day;
And mother He giveth himself to thee,
To lighten thine earthly way.

"The race is short to a peaceful goal—
And He is never afar,
Who saith of the wise untiring soul,
I will give him 'the Morning Star!'"

"Thy measure of care for me, was filled,
And pure to its crystal top—
For Faith from her silvery urn distilled,
And numbered every drop.

"Whilst thou wast teaching my lips to move,
And my heart to rise in prayer,

I learned the way to a home above,
And the home of thy child is there!

"The secret prayer thou hast made for me,
That only thy God hath known,
Arose as incense, Holy, free,
And gathered around His throne.

"I filled my robe with the perfume sweet,
To shed them on this world's air,
As I held my brow by my Saviour's seat,
For the glorious crown I wear.

"And now in that blissful world of ours,
The waters of Life I drink,
Behold my feet as they've pressed the flowers,
That grow by the fountain's brink!

"No thorn is hidden to wound me there—
There's nothing like chill or blight,
Or sighing, to blend with the balmy air,
No sorrow, no care, no night."

No parting? I asked, in a burst of joy,
And the lovely illusion broke:
My rapture had banished my beauteous boy;
To a shadowy void I spoke.

But Oh! that "star of the morn" still beams
With light to direct my feet,
Where, when I have done with my earthly dreams,
The Mother and Child may meet!

H. F. GOULD.

Thomas Ellwood.

THE journals of the early Friends or Quakers are invaluable. Little, it is true, can be said as a general thing of their literary merits. Their authors were plain, earnest men and women, chiefly intent upon the substance of things, and having withal a strong testimony to bear against carnal wit and outside show and ornament. Yet, even the scholar may well admire the power of certain portions of George Fox's Journal, where a strong spirit clothes its utterance in simple, downright Saxon words; the quiet and beautiful enthusiasm of Pennington; the torrent energy of Edward Burrough; the serene wisdom of Penn; the logical acuteness of Barclay; the honest truthfulness of Sewell; the wit and humour of John Roberts, (for even Quakerism had its apostolic jokers and drab-coated Robert Halls;) and last, not least, the simple beauty of Woolman's Journal, the modest record of a life of good works and love.

Thomas Ellwood was born in 1639, in the little town of Crowell, in Oxfordshire. Old Walter, his father, was of "gentlemanly lineage," and held a commission of the peace under Charles I. One of his most intimate friends was Isaac Pennington, a gentleman of estate and good reputation, whose wife, the widow of Sir William Springette, was a lady of superior endowments. Her only daughter, Gulielma, was the playmate and companion of Thomas. On making this family a visit, in 1658, in company with his father, he was surprised to find that they had united with the Quakers, a sect then little known, and every where spoken against. Passing through the vista of nearly two centuries, let us cross the threshold, and look with the eyes of young Ellwood upon this Quaker family. It will doubtless give us a good idea of the earnest and solemn spirit of that age of religious awakening.

"So great a change from a free, debonair, and courtly sort of

behaviour, which we had formerly found there, into so strict a gravity as they now received us with, did not a little amuse us, and disappointed our expectations of such a pleasant visit as we had promised ourselves.

"For my part, I sought, and at length found, means to cast myself into the company of the daughter, whom I found gathering flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, also a Quaker. But when I addressed her after my accustomed manner, with intention to engage her in discourse, on the foot of our former acquaintance, though she treated me with a courteous mien, yet, as young as she was, the gravity of her looks and behaviour struck such an awe upon me, that I found myself not so much master of myself as to pursue any further converse with her.

"We staid dinner which was very handsome, and lacked nothing to recommend it to me but the want of mirth and pleasant discourse, which we could neither have with them, nor, by reason of them, with one another; the weightiness which was upon their spirits and countenances keeping down the lightness that would have been up in ours."

Not long after, they made a second visit to their sober friends, spending several days, during which they attended a meeting, in a neighbouring farm-house, where we are introduced by Ellwood to two remarkable personages, EDWARD BURROUGH, the friend and fearless reprover of Cromwell, and by far the most eloquent preacher of his sect; and JAMES NAYLER, whose melancholy after-history of fanaticism, cruel sufferings, and beautiful repentance, is so well known to the readers of English history under the Protectorate. Under the preaching of these men, and the influence of the Pennington family, young Ellwood was brought into fellowship with the Quakers. Of the old Justice's sorrow and indignation at this sudden blasting of his hopes and wishes in respect to his son, and of the trials and difficulties of the latter in his new vocation, it is now scarcely worth while to speak. Let us step forward a few years, to 1662, considering meantime

how matters political, and spiritual, are changed in that brief period, Cromwell, the Macabeus of Puritanism, is no longer among men; Charles the Second sits in his place; profane and licentious cavaliers have thrust aside the sleek-haired, painful-faced Independents, who used to groan approval to the Scriptural illustrations of Harrison and Fleetwood; men easy of virtue, without sincerity, either in religion or politics, occupying the places made honourable by the Miltons, Whitlocks, and Vanes of the Commonwealth. Having this change in view, the light which the farthing candle of Ellwood sheds upon one of these illustrious names will not be unwelcome. In his intercourse with Penn, and other learned Quakers, he had reason to lament his own deficiencies in scholarship and his friend Pennington undertook to put him in a way of remedying the defect.

"He had," says Ellwood, "an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions.

"This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived a private and retired life in London, and, having lost his sight, kept always a man to read for him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve in his learning.

"Thus, by the mediation of my friend Isaac Pennington with Dr. Paget, and through him with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him, nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I would, and read to him what books he should appoint, which was all the favour I desired.

"He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect. And, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former

progression in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself with such accommodations as might be most suitable to my studies.

"I went, therefore, and took lodgings as near to his house (which was then in Jewen street) as I conveniently could, and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week, and sitting by him in his dining room, read to him such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to have me read.

"He perceiving with what earnest desire I had pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could. For, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I read and when I did not, and accordingly would stop me, examine me and open the most difficult passages to me."

Thanks, worthy Thomas, for this glimpse into John Milton's dining room!

He had been with "Master Milton," as he calls him, only a few weeks when, being one "first day morning," at the Bull and Mouth meeting, Aldersgate, the train bands of the city, "with great noise and clamour," headed by Major Rosewell, fell upon him and his friends. The immediate cause of this onslaught upon quiet worshippers, was the famous plot of the Fifth Monarchy men, grim old fanatics, who (like the Millerites of the present day) had been waiting long for the personal reign of Christ and the saints upon earth, and in their zeal to hasten such a consummation, had sallied into London streets with drawn swords and loaded matchlocks. The government took strong measures for suppressing dissenters' meetings or "conventicles;" and the poor Quaker, although not at all implicated in the disturbance, suffered more severely than any others. Let us look at the "freedom of conscience and worship" in England under that irreverent Defender of the Faith, Charles II. Ellwood says: "He that commanded the party gave us first a general charge to come out of the room. But we, who came thither at God's requiring

to worship Him, (like that good man of old, who said, *we ought obey God rather than man,*) stirred not, but kept our places. Whereupon, he sent some of his soldiers among us, with command to drag or drive us out, which they did roughly enough." Think of it: grave men and women, and modest maidens, sitting there with calm, impassive countenances, motionless as death, the pikes of the soldiery closing about them in a circle of bristling steel! Brave and true ones! Not in vain did ye thus oppose God's silence to the Devil's uproar: Christian endurance and calm persistence in the exercise of your rights as Englishmen and men to the hot fury of impatient tyranny! From your day down to this, the world has been the better for your faithfulness.

Ellwood and some thirty of his friends were marched off to prison in Old Bridewell, which, as well as nearly all the other prisons, was already crowded with Quaker prisoners. One of the rooms of the prison was used as a torture chamber. "I was almost affrighted," says Ellwood, "by the dismalness of the place; for, besides that the walls were all laid over with black, from top to bottom, there stood in the middle a great whipping post.

"The manner of whipping there is, to strip the party to the skin, from the waist upward, and, having fastened him to the whipping-post, (so that he can neither resist nor shun the strokes,) to lash his naked body with long slender twigs of holly, which will bend almost like thongs around the body; and these, having little knots upon them, tear the skin and flesh, and give extreme pain."

To this terrible punishment aged men and delicately nurtured young females were often subjected, during this season of hot persecution.

At the next session of the municipal court at the Old Bailey, Ellwood obtained his discharge. After paying a visit to "my Master Milton," he made his way to Chalfont, the home of his

friends the Penningtons, where he was soon after engaged as a Latin teacher. Here he seems to have had his trials and temptations. Gulielma Springette, the daughter of Pennington's wife, his old playmate, had now grown to be "a fair woman of marriageable age," and, as he informs us, "very desirable, whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to make her completely comely, or to the endowments of her mind, which were every way extraordinary, or to her outward fortune, which was fair." From all which, we are not surprised to learn that "she was secretly and openly sought for by many of almost every rank and condition." "To whom," continues Thomas, in their respective turns, (till he at length came for whom she was reserved,) "she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom, guarded by the strictest modesty, that as it gave encouragement or ground of hope to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any."

Beautiful and noble maiden! How the imagination fills up this outline limning by her friend, and, if truth must be told, admirer! Serene, courteous, healthful; a ray of tenderest and blandest light, shining steadily in the sober gloom of that old household! Confirmed Quaker as she is, shrinking from none of the responsibilities and dangers of her profession, and therefore liable at any time to the penalties of prison and whipping-post, under that plain garb and in spite of that "certain gravity of look and behaviour," which, as we have seen, on one occasion awed young Ellwood into silence, youth beauty, and refinement assert their prerogatives; love knows no creed; the gay, and titled, and wealthy crowd around her, suing in vain for her favour.

"Followed like the tided moon,
She moves as calmly on,"

"Until he at length comes for whom she was reserved," and her name is united with that of one worthy even of her, the world-renowned William Penn.

Meantime, one cannot but feel a good degree of sympathy with young Ellwood, her old schoolmate and playmate, placed, as he was, in the same family with her, enjoying her familiar conversation and unreserved confidence; and, as he says, the "advantageous opportunities of riding and walking abroad with her, by night as well as by day, without any other company than her maid; for, so great indeed, was the confidence that her mother had in me, that she thought her daughter safe, if I was with her, even from the plots and designs of others upon her." So near, and yet, alas! in truth so distant! The serene and gentle light which shone upon him, in the sweet solitudes of Chalfont, was that of a star, itself unapproachable. As he himself meekly intimates, she was reserved for another. He seemed to have fully understood his own position in respect to her; though to use his own words, "others measuring him by the propensity of their own inclinations concluded he would steal her, run away with her and marry her." Little did these jealous surmisers know of the true and really heroic spirit of the young Latin master. His own apology and defence of his conduct, under circumstances of temptation which St. Anthony himself could have scarcely better resisted, will not be amiss:

"I was not ignorant of the various fears which filled the jealous heads of some concerning me, neither was I so stupid nor so divested of all humanity as not to be sensible of the real and innate worth and virtue which adorned that excellent dame, and attracted the eyes and hearts of so many, with the greatest importunity, to seek and solicit her; nor was I so devoid of natural heat as not to feel some sparklings of desire, as well as others; but the force of truth and sense of honour suppressed whatever would have risen beyond the bounds of fair and virtuous friendship. For I easily foresaw, that, if I should have attempted anything in a dishonourable way I should have thereby brought a wound upon mine own soul, a foul scandal upon my religious profession, and an infamous stain upon mine honour,

which was far more dear unto me than my life. Wherefore, having observed how some others had befooled themselves, by misconstruing her common kindness (expressed in an innocent, open, free, and familiar conversation, springing from the abundant affability courtesy, and sweetness of her natural temper) to be the effect of a singular regard and peculiar affection to them, I resolved to shun the rock whereon they split; and, remembering the saying of the poet—

'Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum,'
Happy is he who is rendered cautious by the errors of others.

I governed myself in a free yet respectful carriage towards her, thereby preserving a fair reputation with my friends, and enjoying as much of her favour and kindness, in a virtuous and firm friendship, as was fit for her to show, or for me to seek."

Well and worthily said, poor Thomas! Whatever might be said of others, thou, at least, wast no coxcomb. Thy distant and involuntary admiration of "the fair Guli" needs, however, no excuse. Poor human nature, guard it as one may, with strictest discipline and painfully cramping environment, will sometimes act out itself; and, in thy case, not even George Fox himself, knowing thy beautiful young friend, (and doubtless admiring her too, for he was one of the first to appreciate and honour the worth and dignity of woman,) could have found it in his heart to censure thee!

At this period, as was indeed most natural, our young teacher solaced himself with occasional appeals to what he calls "the Muses." There is reason to believe, however, that the Pagan sisterhood whom he ventured to invoke seldom graced his study with their personal attendance. In these rhyming efforts, scattered up and down his Journal, there are occasional sparkles of genuine wit, and passages of keen sarcasm, tersely and fitly expressed. Others breathe a warm, devotional feeling.

In the year 1663 a severe law was enacted against the "sect called Quakers," prohibiting their meetings, with the penalty of

banishment for the third offence! The burden of the prosecution which followed fell upon the Quakers of the metropolis, large numbers of whom were heavily fined, imprisoned, and sentenced to be banished from their native land. Yet, in time, our worthy friend Ellwood came in for his own share of trouble, in consequence of attending the funeral of one of his friends. An evil-disposed justice of the county obtained information of the Quaker gathering; and, while the body of the dead was "borne on Friends' shoulders through the street, in order to be carried to the burying-ground, which was at the town's end," says Ellwood, "he rushed out upon us with the constables, and a rabble of rude fellows whom he had gathered together, and having his drawn sword in his hand, struck one of the foremost of the bearers with it, commanding them to set down the coffin. But the Friend who was so stricken, being more concerned for the safety of the dead body than for his own, lest it should fall, and any indecency thereupon follow, held the coffin fast; which the justice observing, and being enraged that his word was not forthwith obeyed, set his hand to the coffin, and with a forcible thrust threw it off from the bearers' shoulders, so that it fell to the ground in the middle of the street, and there we were forced to leave it; for the constables and rabble fell upon us, and drew some and drove others into the inn. Of those thus taken," continues Ellwood, "I was one. They picked out ten of us, and sent us to Aylesbury jail.

"They caused the body to lie in the open street and cartway, so that all travellers that passed, whether horsemen, coaches, carts, or wagons, were fain to break out of the way to go by it, until it was almost night. And then, having caused a grave to be made in the *unconsecrated* part of what is called the Churchyard, they forcibly took the body from the widow, and buried it there."

He remained a prisoner only about two months. In the meantime, where is our "Master Milton?" We left him deprived of

his young companion and reader, sitting lonely in his small dining room, in Jewen street. It is now the year 1665; is not the pestilence in London? A sinful and godless city, with its bloated bishops, fawning around the Nell Gwyns of a licentious and profane Defender of the Faith; its swaggering and drunken cavaliers; its ribald jesters; its obscene ballad singers; its loathsome prisons, crowded with God-fearing men and women; is not the measure of its iniquity already filled up? Three years only have passed since the terrible prayer of Vane went upward from the scaffold on Tower Hill: "When my blood is shed upon the block, let it, Oh God, have a voice afterward!" Audible to thy ear, Oh bosom friend of the martyr! has that blood cried from earth; and now, how fearfully is it answered! Like the ashes which the Seer of the Hebrews cast towards Heaven, it has returned in boils and blains upon the proud and oppressive city. John Milton, sitting blind in Jewen street, has heard the toll of the death bells, and the night-long rumble of the burial carts, and the terrible summons, "BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!" The Angel of the Plague in yellow mantle, purple-spotted, walks the streets. Why should he tarry in a doomed city, forsaken of God! Is not the command, even to him, "Arise! and flee for thy life." In some green nook of the quiet country, he may finish the great work which his hands have found to do. He bethinks him of his old friends, the Penningtons, and his young Quaker companion, the patient and gentle Ellwood. "Wherefore," some little time before I went to Aylesbury jail, I was desired by my Quandam Master Milton to take an house for him in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him and seen him well settled, but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into

the country. After some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his which, having brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon."

Now, what does the reader think young Ellwood carried in his gray coat pocket across the dikes and hedges and through the green lanes of Giles Chalfont that autumn day? Let us look farther: "When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled PARADISE LOST. After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit; and, returning his book with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me, he asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise *Lost*; what hast thou to say of Paradise *Found*?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject."

"I modestly but freely told him what I thought of Paradise Lost!" What he told him remains a mystery. One would like to know more precisely what the first critical reader of that song "of Man's first disobedience" thought of it. Fancy the young Quaker and blind Milton sitting some pleasant afternoon of the autumn of that old year, in "the pretty box" at Chalfont, the soft wind through the open window lifting the thin hair of the glorious old Poet! Backslidden England, plague-smitten, and accursed with her faithless Church and libertine King, knows little of poor "Master Milton," and takes small note of his puritanic verse making. Alone, with his humble friend, he sits there, conning over that poem which, he fondly hoped, the world, which had grown all dark and strange to the author, "would not willingly let die." The suggestion in respect to Paradise Found, to which, as we have seen "he made no answer, but sat some

time in a muse," seems not to have been lost; for, "after the sickness was over," continues Ellwood, "and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when afterwards I waited on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called PARADISE GAINED; and, in a pleasant tone, said, to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

Golden days were these for the young Latin reader, even it be true, as we suspect, that he was very far from appreciating the glorious privilege which he enjoyed, of the familiar friendship and confidence of Milton. But they could not last. His amiable host, Isaac Pennington, a blameless and quiet country gentleman was dragged from his house by a military force, and lodged in Aylesbury jail; his wife and family forcibly ejected from their pleasant home, which was seized upon by the government as security for the fines imposed upon its owner. The plague was in the village of Aylesbury, and in the very prison itself; but the noble hearted Mary Pennington followed her husband, sharing with him the dark peril. Poor Ellwood, while attending a monthly meeting at Hedgerly, with six others, (among them one Morgan Watkins, a poor old Welshman, who, painfully endeavouring to utter his testimony in his own dialect, was suspected by the Dogberry of a justice of being a Jesuit trolling over his Latin,) was arrested and committed to Wiccomb House of Correction.

This was a time of severe trial for the sect with which Ellwood had connected himself. In the very midst of the pestilence, when thousands perished weekly in London, fifty four Quakers were marched through the almost deserted streets, and placed on board a ship, for the purpose of being conveyed, according to their sentence of banishment, to the West Indies. The ship lay for a long time, with many others similarly situated, a helpless

prey to the pestilence. Through that terrible autumn, the prisoners sat waiting for the summons of the ghastly Destroyer; and, from their floating dungeon,

> "Heard the groan
> Of agonising ships from shore to shore:
> Heard nightly plunged beneath the sullen wave
> The frequent corse."

When the vessel at length set sail, of the fifty four who went on board, twenty seven only were living. A Dutch privateer captured her, when two days out, and carried the prisoners to North Holland, where they were set at liberty. The condition of the jails in the city, where were large numbers of Quakers, was dreadful in the extreme. Ill ventilated, crowded, and loathsome with the accumulated filth of centuries, they invited the disease which daily decimated their cells. "Go on!" says Pennington, writing to the King and Bishops from his plague-infected cell in the Aylesbury prison, "try it out with the Spirit of the Lord, come forth with your laws, and prisons, and spoiling of goods, and banishment and death, if the Lord please, and see if ye can carry it! Whom the Lord loveth, He can save at His pleasure. Hath He begun to break our bonds and deliver us, and shall we now distrust Him? Are we in a worse condition than Israel was when the sea was before them, the mountains on either side, and the Egyptians behind pursuing them?"

Brave men and faithful! It is not necessary that the present generation, now quietly reaping the fruit of your heroic endurance, should see eye to eye with you in respect to all your testimonies and beliefs, in order to recognize your claim to gratitude and admiration. For, in an age of hypocritical hollowness and mean self-seeking, when with noble exceptions, the very Puritans of Cromwell's Reign of the Saints were taking profane lessons from their old enemies, and puting on an outside show of conformity, for the sake of place or pardon, ye maintained the austere dignity of virtue, and, with King and Church and Par-

liament arrayed against you, vindicated the Rights of Conscience, at the cost of home, fortune, and life. English liberty owes more to your unyielding firmness, than to the blows stricken for her at Worcester and Naseby.

The next year, 1670, an act of Parliament, in relation to "Conventicles," provided that any person who should be present at any meeting, under colour or pretence of any exercise of religion, in other manner than according to the liturgy and practice of the Church of England, "should be liable to fines of from five to ten shillings; and any person preaching at or giving his house for the meeting, to a fine of twenty pounds; one third of the fines being received by the informer or informers." As a natural consequence of such a law, the vilest scoundrels in the land set up the trade of informers and heresy-hunters. Wherever a dissenting meeting or burial took place, there was sure to be a mercenary spy, ready to bring a complaint against all in attendance. The Independents and Baptists ceased, in a great measure, to hold public meetings, yet even they did not escape prosecution. Bunyan, for instance, in these days, was dreaming, like another Jacob, of angels ascending and descending, in Bedford prison. But upon the poor Quakers fell, as usual, the great force of the unjust enactment. Some of these spies or informers, men of sharp wit, close countenances, pliant tempers, and skill in dissimulation, took the guise of Quakers, Independents, or Baptists, as occasion required, thrusting themselves into the meetings of the proscribed sects, ascertaining the number who attended, their rank and condition, and then informing against them. Ellwood, in his journal for 1670, describes several of these emissaries of evil. One of them came to a Friend's house, in Bucks, professing to be a brother in the faith, but, overdoing his counterfeit Quakerism, was detected and dismissed by his host. Betaking himself to the inn, he appeared in his true character, drank and swore roundly, and confessed over his cups, that he had been sent forth on his mission by the Rev. Dr. Mew,

Vice Chancellor of Oxford. Finding little success in counterfeiting Quakerism, he turned to the Baptists, where, for a time, he met with better success. Ellwood, at this time, rendered good service to his friends, by exposing the true character of these wretches, and bringing them to justice for theft, perjury, and other misdemeanors.

While this storm of persecution lasted, (a period of two or three years,) the different dissenting sects felt in some measure, a common sympathy, and, while guarding themselves against their common foe, had little leisure for controversy with each other; but, as was natural, the abatement of their mutual suffering and danger, was the signal for renewing their suspended quarrels. The Baptists fell upon the Quakers, with pamphlet and sermon; the latter replied in the same way. One of the most conspicuous of the Baptist disputants was the famous JEREMY IVES, with whom our friend Ellwood seems to have had a good deal of trouble. "His name," says Ellwood, "was up for a topping Disputant. He was well read in the fallacies of logic, and ready in framing syllogisms. His chief art lay in tickling the humour of rude, unlearned, and injudicious hearers."

The residue of Ellwood's life seems to have glided on in serenity and peace. He wrote, at intervals, many pamphlets in defence of his Society, and in favour of Liberty of Conscience. At his hospitable residence, the leading spirits of the sect were warmly welcomed. George Fox and William Penn seem to have been frequent guests. We find that, in 1683, he was arrested for seditious publications, when on the eve of hastening to his early friend, Gulielma, who, in the absence of her husband, Governor Penn, had fallen dangerously ill. On coming before the judge, "I told him," says Ellwood, "that I had that morning received an express out of Sussex, that William Penn's wife with whom I had an intimate acquaintance and strict friendship, lay now ill, not without great danger, and that she had expressed her desire that I would come to her as soon as I could."

The judge said, "He was very sorry for Madam Penn's illness," of whose virtues he spoke very highly, but not more than was her due. Then he told me, "that for her sake, he would do what he could to further my visit to her." Escaping from the hands of the law, he visited his friend, who was by this time in a way of recovery, and, on his return, learned that the prosecution had been abandoned.

At about this date his narrative ceases. We learn, from other sources, that he continued to write and print in defence of his religious views up to the year of his death, which took place in 1713. One of his productions, a poetical version of the Life of David, may be still met with, in the old Quaker libraries. On the score of poetical merit, it is about on a level with Michael Drayton's verses on the same subject. As the history of one of the firm confessors of the old struggle for religious freedom, of a genial-hearted and pleasant scholar, the friend of Penn and Milton, and the suggester of PARADISE REGAINED, we trust our hurried sketch has not been altogether without interest; and that, whatever may be the religious views of our readers, they have not failed to recognise a good and true man in THOMAS ELLWOOD.

J. G. W.

I HAVE often wished myself the owner of the whole mountain of Ophir. I would scatter its yellow dust upon the human intellect, until, if there be ONE fertilising property in it, every young idea should shoot forth with overshadowing luxuriance.

THADEUS STEVENS.

KNOWLEDGE, when wisdom is too weak to guide her
Is like a headstrong horse, that throws the rider.

The Forest Moss.

By forest fountains hast thou seen
The winsome, fairy sight
Where banks are clad in mosses green,
Some dark, and some so bright?

As when upon a velvet lawn,
Beneath the noon tide ray,
Where the thick foliage intervenes,
Shadows and sunlight play.

But in the moss a sunshine dwells
No gloomy sky can hide;
The light that other green forsakes,
Will yet with this reside.

In hearts where sorrow's shadow lies,
Are spots of dark, dark green,
But dwelling near the Fount of Life,
There 's sunlit *moss* between.

And happy, in a world like this,
Where clouds so often frown,
The heart, that, like the forest moss,
Hath sunshine of its own.

EDWARD BROWN.

GOOD, kind, true, holy words, dropt in conversation, may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flower, or fruitful tree, falling by the wayside, borne by some bird afar, haply thereafter to fringe with beauty some heretofore barren mountain-side, or make some nook of the wilderness to rejoice.

My Soul and I.

Stand still, my soul, in the silent dark
I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark
With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year?
"Nay, none of these!"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night:
"To do his will!"

What hast thou done, Oh soul of mine,
That thou tremblest so?—
Hast thou wrought His task, and kept the line
He bade thee go?

What silent all!—art sad of cheer?
Art fearful now?
When God seemed far and men were near,
How brave wert thou?

Aha! thou tremblest!—well I see
Thou 'rt craven grown.
It is so hard with God and me
To stand alone!—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back
Oh, wretched sprite!
Let me hear thy voice through this deep and black
Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,
For God and man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth,
To life's mid span?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,
But weak and low,
Like far, sad murmurs on my ear,
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong,
And borne the Right,
From beneath the footfall of the throng
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,
God speed, quoth I;
To Error amidst her blended train,
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine! ah, soul of mine!
Thy deeds are well,
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or for thine?
My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath wrought
Beneath the sky,
Save a place in kindly human thought
No gain have I."

Go to, go to!—for thy very self
Thy deeds were done:
Those for fame, the miser's for pelf,
Your end is one!

And where art thou going, soul of mine?
Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend?

What daunts thee now?—what shakes thee so?
My sad soul, say:
"I see a cloud like a curtain low
Hang o'er my way.

"Whither I go I cannot tell;
That cloud hangs black,
High as the Heaven and deep as Hell
Across my track.

"I see its shadow coldly enwrap
The souls before,
Sadly they enter it, step by step,
To return no more.

"They shrink, they shudder, dear God! they kneel
To thee in prayer.
They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel
That it still is there.

"In vain they turn from the dread Before
To the Known and Gone;
For while gazing behind them evermore
Their feet glide on.

"Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale faces,
A light begin
To tremble, as if from holy places,
And shrines within.

"And at times methinks their cold lips move
With hymn and prayer,
As if somewhat of awe, but more of love
And hope, were there.

"I call on the souls who have left the light
To reveal their lot;
I bend mine ear to that wall of night,
As they answer not.

"But I hear around me sighs of pain
And the cry of fear,
And a sound like the slow, sad dropping of rain —
Each drop a tear!

"Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day,
I am moving thither:
I must pass beneath it on my way
God pity me!—WHITHER?"

Ah, soul of mine! so brave and wise
In the life-storm loud,
Fronting so calmly all human eyes,
In the sun-lit crowd!

Now standing apart with God and me,
Thou art weakness all,
Gazing vainly after the things to be,
Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this,
Was thy being lent.
For the craven tear is but selfishness,
Like his merriment.

Folly and fear are sisters twain:
One closing her eyes,
The other peopling the dark inane
With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest,
Round him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future—a phantom show
Is alone before him;
Past time is dead and the grasses grow
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before him, nothing behind:
We walk in faith
Over the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

The Present—the Present, is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold him fast
Till he gives his blessing.

Why fear the night? why shrink from Death,
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in Heaven or earth beneath
Save God and man.

Peopling Life's shadows we turn from Him
And from one another!
All is spectral and vague and dim
Save God and our brother!

Oh, restless spirit! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere?—
Heaven and hell—with their joy and pain,
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well,
All thou hast given:
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss thy heaven.

In life, in death, in dark and light
Thou art in God's care;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep night,
And He is there!

All which is real now remaineth
And fadeth never;
The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth
The soul forever.

Leaning on Him make with reverent meekness
His own thy will,
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfil.

And that cloud itself, which now before thee
Lies dark in view.
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
Be stricken through.

And like meadow midst through Autumn's dawn
Uprolling thin,
Its thickest fold when about thee drawn
Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be and of what is done
Why queriest thou?
The past and the time to be are one,
And both are NOW!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON thought, "that in this world, the Christian's white robe would be very likely to be entangled and defiled, if he wore it too flowingly. Our only, safest way," said he, "is to gird up our affections wholly. When we come to the place of our rest, we may wear our long white robes in full length without disturbance: for no unclean thing is there: yea, the streets of that new Jerusalem are paved with gold."

ABOUT the river of life there is a wintry wind though heavenly sunshine: the Iris colours its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent tossed, and thunder stricken, maintain their majesty: but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed on them.

RUSKIN.

The Wasted Fountains.

"And their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters: they came to the pits and found no water; they returned with their vessels empty." Jer. xiv. 3.

When the youthful fever of the soul,
  Is awakened in thee first,
And thou goest, like Judah's children forth
  To slake thy burning thirst;

And when dry and wasted like the springs
  Sought by that little band,
Before thee, in their emptiness
  Life's broken cisterns stand;

When the golden fruits that tempted thee,
  Turn to ashes on the taste,
And thine early visions fade and pass,
  Like the mirage of the waste;

When faith darkens, and hopes vanish,
  In the shade of coming years,
And the urn thou barest is empty,
  Or o'erflowing with thy tears;

Though the transient springs have failed thee,
  Though the founts of youth are dried,
Wilt thou among the mouldering stones
  In weariness abide?

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,
  With all words of cheer unspoken,
Till the silver cord is loosened,
  Till the golden bowl is broken?

Up and onward! toward the East
Green oases thou shalt find,—
Streams that rise from higher sources,
Than the pools thou leavest behind.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth;
It has hopes as high as Heaven,
It has labour, it has truth.

It has wrongs that may be righted,
Noble deeds that may be done;
Its great battles are unfought,
Its great triumphs are unwon.

There is rising from its troubled depths,
A low, unceasing moan;
There are aching, there are breaking,
Other hearts beside thine own.

From strong limbs that should be chainless,
There are fetters to unbind:
There are words to raise the fallen,
There is light to give the blind;

There are crushed and broken spirits,
That electric thoughts may thrill;
Lofty dreams to be embodied,
By the might of one strong will.

A. C. LYNCH.

SOME, by a mistake, call a person *absent* minded, when the mind shuts the door, pulls in the latch-string, and is wholly at home.

A Marriage Letter.

THE following letter was written twenty years ago, by a lady of great literary distinction, to her cousin of New York, on the eve of his marriage; and accompanied by a pair of Blue Mixed Stockings, knit by herself as a present.

DEAR COUSIN,

Herewith you will receive a present of a pair of woollen stockings, knit by my own hands, and, be assured, that my friendship for you is as warm as the material, active as the finger work, and generous as the donation.

But I consider this present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage. You will remark in the first place that there are two individuals united in one pair, who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness, and giving comfort as long as they last. The thread of their texture is *mixed*, and so alas! is the thread of life. In these, however, the white predominates, expressing by desire and confidence, that thus it will be with the colour of your existence. No *black* is used, for I believe your lives will be wholly free from the black passions of wrath and jealousy. The darkest colour here is *blue*, which is excellent, where we do not make it too blue. Other appropriate thoughts rise to my mind in regarding these stockings. The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind in a suitable frame, may furnish instructive inferences; as saith the Poet;

> "The iron dogs, the fuel and tongs,
> The bellows that have leathern lungs,
> The firewood, ashes, and the smoke,
> Do all to righteousness provoke."

But to the subject. You will perceive the tops of these stockings, (by which I suppose courtship to be represented,) are

seamed; and by means of seaming, are drawn into a snarl: but afterward comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continues so to the end and final toeing off. By this I wish to take occasion to congratulate you that you are now through with seaming, and have come to plain reality. Again, as the whole of these comely stockings was not made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch after another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair, equal piece of work which you see; so life does not consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined: and so may it be with you—no stitch dropped when duties are to be performed—no widening made when bad principles are to be reproved, or economy is to be preserved—neither seaming nor narrowing where truth and generosity are in question. Thus, every stitch made right and set in the right place—none either too large or too small, too tight or too loose: thus may you keep on your smooth and even course, making existence one fair and consistent piece—until, together having passed the heel, you come to the very toe of life, and here, in the final narrowing off and dropping the stitch of this emblematical pair of companions, and comforting associates, nothing appears but *white*, the token of innocence, purity, peace, and light. May you, like these Stockings, (the final stitch being dropped, and the work completed,) go together from the place where you were framed, to a happier state of existence, a present from earth to Heaven. Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a cordial reception, I remain, in the true blue friendship, seemly, yet without seaming.

Yours from tip to toe.

In silence mend what *ills* deform thy mind;
But all thy *good* impart to all thy kind.

Sterling.

[illegible]

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The Year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng

Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow on each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shouts resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain where sword and spear and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a mist at eve—
Yet e're it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on,
He passes, and forever. The proud bird,
The Condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest, upon his mountain crag. But Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness:
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions on the breast

Of dreaming sorrow. Cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water—fiery Isles
Spring blazing from the ocean and go back
To their mysterious caverns. Mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackest cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plains. New Empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations . . . . and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Plead, loveliest of her train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void. Yet Time—
Time the Tomb-Builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pityless, and pauses not,
Amid the thousand wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought!

PRENTICE.

THE discussion of Slavery will proceed, wherever two or three are gathered together—by the fireside, on the highway, and at the public meeting. The movement against Slavery is from the Everlasting Arm. Even now it is gathering its forces, soon to be confessed everywhere. It may not yet be felt in the high places of office and power; but all who can put their ears humbly to the ground, will hear and comprehend its incessant and advancing tread.

SUMNER.

Kingdom Come.

I DO not believe the sad story
Of ages of sleep in the tomb,
I shall soar far away to the glory,
And grandeur of "Kingdom Come:"
Though the paleness of death and its stillness,
May rest on my brow for awhile,
And my spirit may lose in its chillness
The splendour of hope's happy smile:

Yet the gloom of the grave will be transient,
And light as the slumbers of earth—
And then I shall blend with the ancient
And beautiful forms of the earth:
Through the climes of the sky, and the bowers
Of bliss, evermore I shall roam,
Seeing crowns of the stars and the flowers
That glitter in "Kingdom Come."

The friends who have parted before me,
From life's gloomy sorrow and pain,
When the shadow of death passes o'er me,
Shall smile on me sweetly again;
Their voices are lost in the soundless
Retreats of their azure home—
But soon we shall meet in the boundless
Effulgence of "Kingdom Come!"

OTWAY CURRY.

THE happy arrangement of *words* makes one of the greatest beauties of discourse.

Scripture Sonnet.

"Correct me: but not with anger, lest thou bring me to nothing."—Jer. x. 24.

We need not *ask* for suffering: when its test
Comes, we may prove too faithless to endure—
We need not *ask* for suffering:—it were best
We wait God's holy orderings to ensure
Our highest good. But we *may* ask from Him
That not one throb of grief, one dart of pain,
One burning pang of anguish, pierce in vain
This feeble being, in its faith so dim,
This fainting frame, or this o'erburthened heart:
We *may* implore Him. He would grace impart
And strength, to suffer still as the beloved
Of His own bosom. For of all below,
The *one* affliction in this world of woe
Most sad,—is an affliction unimproved.

A. W. Malin.

Some favourite studies—some delightful care,
The mind with trouble and distresses share;
And by a coin, a flower, a verse, a boat,
The stagnant spirits have been made to float.

Crabbe.

Alas! a deeper test of Faith,
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

J. G. W.

Adieu to Youth.

BY THOMAS HOPE.

DISTANT plans of daring pride,
Views remote of wild romance,
Whose perspective vast and wide,
Could my youthful soul entrance;
Trophies which I meant to raise,
Regions where I hoped to rove,
Schemes of pleasure and of praise,
Which my early fancy wove.
Where the Pole's resistless chill,
Bids the ocean's self stand still,
Or the tropic's fellest sun,
Man compels his shafts to shun,
You I cherished so before,
I must cherish you no more!
The Niagara's foaming fall,
China's everlasting wall;
Chimborazo's snowy top,
Which appears the sky to prop,
Hoary Hecla's watery spires;
Raging Etna's rolling fires;
Torneo's sun whose glimmering light,
Half a year still haunts the sight;
Towering Thibet's lofty plain,
Which conglomerate mounds sustain;
Sacred Ganges' secret source;
Niger's unexplored course;
Hapless Park's unravelled dream,
Quenched forever in its stream;
Deep Ellora's sculptured caves,

Desert Memphis's gorgeous graves,
Phile's Isle, whose ruins smile,
In the mirror of the Nile;
Peaceful Cashmere's flowery vale,
Hallowed scene of Eastern tale;
Georgia, where God's noblest creature,
Shows his noblest form and feature;
Mecca's house, Medina's shrine,
Shiraz, flushed with rosy wine.
Bold achievements, noble feats,
Whose emprise man's wonder greets;
Whose success e'en glads his ghost,
You I ne'er must hope to boast.
By the foolish vulgar throng,
Both detained, and dragged along,
After things just born to die,
Made to join the vulgar cry.
In the toil of each dull day,
My best years have passed away;
Till, approaching fast my wane,
Winter claims my worn out brain.
Tales that used my soul t' inspire,
Now I hear with calmness told;
Sights that set my blood on fire,
Now that torpid blood leave cold;
Slow and tedious is my pace,
And no longer dare I hope,
Vigour, while I run the race,
Pleasure, when I reach the scope.
Then adieu, once dazzling dreams,
Leave oh! leave my haunted mind,
Weary of its brilliant schemes,
To an humbler fate resigned;
Simpler tasks my toil demand,

Nearer objects claim my care,
Higher duties for my hand,
Humbler labours fast prepare.
These with honour to achieve,
And a virtuous race to leave,
When, in everlasting rest,
And, perchance among the blest,
I this globe's vain joys deride,
Henceforth by my only pride.

"Man shall not live by bread alone."

Yet evermore, through years renewed
In undisturbed vicissitude,
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind nature keeps a heavenly door,
Wide open for the scattered poor,
Where flower-breathed incense, to the skies
Is wafted in mute harmonies:
And ground fresh cloven by the plough,
Is fragrant with a humbler vow:
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unwearied canticles;
And vapours magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head:
Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the Almighty's will,
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Her admonitions nature yields:
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give:
That every day should leave some part
Free, for a Sabbath of the heart:
So shall the Seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve with hallowed rest!

The Angel of Patience.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again,
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him there.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief, with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear,
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly learns us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still
And make our own our Father's will!

Oh! thou, who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned!
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

IF books are like the *sea-sand*, good and true books are but as the rarer *shells*.

Of Water.

Of all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in clouds: then as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace; then as, in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made, with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen: then as it exists in the foam of the torrent—in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unvaried, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic tameless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its external changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul.

* * * * * * * * *

Stand for half an hour beside the fall of Schaffhausen on the north side where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends, unbroken, in pure, polished velocity, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick—so swift, that its motion is unseen except when a foam globe from above it, darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves, at the instant that it breaks into foam: and how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire: and how, ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall, like a rocket, bursting in the wind and driven away in dust, filling the air with light: and

how, through the curdling wreaths of the restless, crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through white rain cloud: while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild water; then dripping masses lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar died away: the dew gushing from their thick branches, through drooping clusters of emerald herbage, and sparkling in white threads along the dark rocks of the shore, feeding the lichens which chase and checker them with purple and silver.

Few people, comparatively, have even seen the effect on the sea, of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force of size or surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation, is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated *yeast*, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery, from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each; the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract: and their masses being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it, and covers its surface, not

merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist; imagine also the low rain clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them; whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave: and finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, madness and vastness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos: and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and the air: that no object nor horizon, nor any landmark or natural evidence of position is left; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you can see through a cataract. * * * One lesson we are invariably taught by all *natural* things, however approached or viewed,—that the work of the great Spirit of nature is as deep and unapproachable in the lowest as in the noblest objects,—that the Divine mind is as visible in its full energy of operation on every lowly bank and mouldering stone, as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven, and settling the foundation of the earth: and that, to the rightly perceiving mind, there is the same infinity, the same majesty, the same power, the same unity, and the same perfection, manifest in the casting of the clay as in the scattering of the cloud, in the mouldering of the dust as in the kindling of the day-star.

To every one of his creatures God appoints a separate mission, and if they discharge it honourably; if they quit themselves like men, and faithfully follow that *light that is in them*, withdrawing from it all cold and quenching influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode or measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which worthily used will be a gift also to his race forever. RUSKIN.

A Christian Slave.

In a recent work—"Random Shots and Southern Breezes"—is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommends the woman on the stand as a good Christian!

A CHRISTIAN—going—gone!
Who bids for God's own image? for His grace,
Which that poor victim of the market-place,
Hath, in her suffering, won?

My God! can such things be?
Hast thou not said—that whatso'er is done
Unto thy weakest and thy humblest one
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of thy pitying love, I see *Thee* stand—
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,
Bound, sold and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips, o'ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame:
Her patience shall not fail!

A *heathen* hand might deal
Back on your heads the gathered wrongs of years;
But *her* low broken prayer and nightly tears,
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,
Thou *prudent* teacher: tell the toiling slave
No dangerous tale of Him who came to save
The outcast poor.

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's *free* gospel, from the simple heart;
And to her darkened mind alone impart,
One stern command—Obey.

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh: and while,
On thee the pampered guest, the planters smile,
Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell
From Northern pulpits how Thy work was blest,
While in that vile South Sodom *first* and *best*,
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh shame! The Moslem thrall
Who with his master, to the Prophet kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebla, feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave dungeon open, and hath borne
The inmates into day.

But *our* poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—
Its rites will only swell his market price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to thee, the bloody hand,
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh! from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamps, from the trader's cell,
From the black slave ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And Coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to heaven that agonising cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How long! Oh God! How long! WHITTIER.

WHEN George Fox thundered in the ears of Priest and Prelate the great truths of spiritual liberty: when the eloquence of the youthful and zealous Edward Burrough awed the very mob into silence, and smote on the ear of Cromwell, like the voice of an accusing conscience, calling him back to his first love of Truth: when Penn and Barclay grappled with hoary error, alike regardless whether it was clothed in the majesty of perverted law or consecrated with the baptismal sanctions of a corrupt Priesthood, until the whole land shook—there were the conservators who exclaimed—"Let us have *peace* in our day." The time is, I trust, not far distant, when the slaveholder shall no longer regard the society of Friends as in any degree opposed to the *Christian* and *well meant* endeavours of the friends of emancipation: but that in every heart which beats for the suffering, whatever garb may cover it; in every prayer put up in sincerity to the Father of mercies for the deliverance of the captive, whether uttered in our own quiet gatherings, or mingling with the forms of another worship: in every voice of our common humanity pleading for the down-trodden and oppressed—whether speaking in the language of Woolman or of Clarkson—we may recognise our own precious testimony: and rejoice that the "little one has become a thousand, and that the seed sown in weakness by our worthy predecessors has been raised up in power." J. G. W.

Death of the Sagamore.

For an account of William Wilson's Visit to his Death-bed, see "Thatcher's Indian Biography."

The servant of God is on his way,
From Boston's beautiful shore—
His boat skims light o'er the silvery bay,
While the sleeping waters awake and play,
At the touch of the skilful oar.

The purpose that fills his soul is great,
As the soul of man can know:
Vast as eternity—strong as the gate
The spirit must pass, to a changeless state,
And enter—to bliss or woe.

The boat is fast—and over the sod,
Of a neighbouring wood he hies:
Through moor and thicket his path is trod,
As he hastens to speak of the living God,
In the ear of a man who dies!

Where Romney's forest is high and dark,
The Eagle lowers her wing,
O'er him who once had made her his mark—
For the Sagamore in his hut of bark,
Is a perishing, powerless king!

At the door of his wigwam hangs the bow,
The antler and beaver skin—
While he who bore them is faint and low,
With his eyeballs dim, and his breathing slow
And the monarch expires within!

The eye that glanced and the Eagle fled,
Away through her fields of air,
The hand that drew and the deer was dead,
The hunter's foot, and the chieftain's head,
And the conquerer's arm are there.

But each his powerful work has done—
Its triumph at length is passed:
The final conflict is now begun—
And weeping, the mother hangs over her son,
While the Sagamore breathes his last!

The "Queen of the Massachusetts" grieves,
That the life of her child must end—
And that is a noble breast that heaves,
With a mortal pang on the bed of leaves,—
Of the White man's Indian Friend.

The stately form which is prostrate there,
On the feet that are cold as snow,
Has often sped in the midnight air,
A word to the Christain's ear to bear,
Of the plot of his heathen foe.

And oft, when roaming the wild alone,
That generous heart would melt,
At the touch of a ray of light that shone
From the white man's God, till before His throne,
Almost has the Indian knelt!

Yet the fatal fear, the fear of man,
That bringeth to man a snare,
Has braced his knee as it just began
To bend—and the thought of a heathen clan,
Hath stifled a Christian's prayer.

But now, like a flood to his trembling heart,
Hath the fear of God rushed in;
And keener far than the icy dart,
Which rends the flesh and the spirit apart,
Is the thought of the heathen sin.

To the lonely spot where the Chief reclines,
While the herald of love draws nigh,
The Indian shrinks, as he marks the signs
Of a soul at peace, and the light that shines,
Alone from a Christian's eye.

"Alas!" he cried—in the strange deep tone
Of one in the grasp of death,
"No God have I—I have lost my own,
I go to the presence of thine alone,
To scorch in his fiery breath:

"The spirit that makes the skies so bright,
With the print of his shining feet,
Who rolls the waters, and kindles the light,
Imprisons the winds, and gives them their flight,
I tremble His eye to meet.

"When Oh, if I openly had confessed,
And followed and loved Him here,
I now might flee to his arms for rest,
As the weary bird to her downy nest,
When the coming shades draw near.

"But grant me the one great boon I crave,
In this dread and awful hour,
When I shall have sunk in my forest grave,
Oh take my boy to thy home, and save,
That beautiful forest flower.

"The God of thy people, the Holy one
And the path that shall reach the skies,
Say—say that to *these* thou wilt lead my son,
That he may not second the race I have run,
Nor die as his father dies!"

As his father dies!—with the breath that bore,
That sorrowful sound has fled—
The soul of a king—for the strife is o'er,
With the spirit and flesh,—and the Sagamore
Is numbered among the dead!

But has he not, by his high bequest,
Like the penitent on the tree,
The Saviour of dying men confessed,—
And *found* the promise to him addressed,
"To day thou shalt be with me!"

H. F. GOULD.

War.

* * THERE is much philosophy in one of Æsop's fables. The sun and the north wind once had a contest which should first disarm a certain traveller of his cloak. The wind blew, but the traveller wrapt his cloak about him: it blew more loudly and angrily, but the traveller, exerting all his strength, held his cloak more closely and firmly than ever. The sun took an opposite course: he gave no indications of violence and wrath: he spread over hill and valley the warmth of his purest and gentlest radiance: the traveller smiled, and at once yielded the cloak to kindness, which he had refused to force. This is a picture of human life. It finds its counterpart all the

world over: and it would be an endless labour to exhaust the illustrations and proofs which every where present themselves.

It is impossible to repress the desire we feel, that men generally, particularly those who profess to be guided by the principles of the Gospel, should look the great subject of war fearlessly in the face, not only in its outlines but in its details. With but few exceptions, it is certainly not too much to say that they have never done it as yet. What shall we say when we see men created in our own likeness horribly mangled and torn to pieces: the wounded left to perish on bleak snows or burnt to death in their own hospitals: every possible form of agony and despair? Can we be deemed unreasonable in saying, that this is a state of things which *must* be met, *must* be looked into? that it is high time for philosophers, for politicians, above all, for professed Christians, to scrutinize it with the deepest solicitude? Shall the attention of the whole scientific and intellectual world be directed to the comparatively trifling circumstance of the discovery of a new planet, to the fall of a meteoric stone, or to some atmospheric phenomenon—and shall *war*—that great moral phenomenon, so inexplicable as to strike angels with astonishment, and to fill even the spirits of darkness with wonder, be deemed of so little consequence as to arrest no thought, excite no feeling, and secure no spirit of inquiry?

We are, at this very moment, sending missionaries to Syria and Palestine: but upon that very spot, dreadful have been the conflicts of christians if it be not a sort of sacrilege to give them that holy name. Recall the history of those events. "The capture of Jaffa was brilliant. Four thousand of the best troops of Djezzac were put to death," writes Buonaparte to Mormont, and how? writing to Kleber, he says, "At Jaffa, the garrison consisted of four thousand of the best troops. Two thousand were put to the sword, and two thousand I ordered to be shot in twenty-four hours!" After such displays of violence and cruelty by men coming from Christian countries, the missionary makes his appearance, and announces the Gospel

of Peace! Will not the Arab and the Mohammedan point to the ruins of Jaffa and St. Jean d' Acre? Will they not point to the bones of their slaughtered countrymen, and say, and with reason to, "We have have no confidence in your Gospel?" The Christian public may depend upon it that the world will not be converted, nor will any marked success attend the missionary cause,—until this great question is settled. Some perhaps will say, "These are solitary cases, and that a great portion of the heathen world are not thus acquainted with the vices and crimes of Christians." We wish it were so: but it is not. The roar of Christian cannon, and the flash of Christian musketry, and the hyena cry of the Christian military onset, have been heard and seen wherever there are men.

The *untutored African* will experience the greatest difficulty in satisfactorily solving the problem of the direct *contradiction* between alledged Christian principles and *known Christian practice*: and so long as this is the case, it cannot be expected that their hearts will be thrown fully and frankly open to the reception of Divine Truth. "We give you the Gospel" says the missionary: "we come to you in peace: and we pray you to listen to us, and become Christians." "Oh," says the bereaved and heart-broken mother, "give me rather my wretched sons and daughters, whom you Christians have torn shrieking from my arms and have plunged into the ocean, or enslaved in foreign lands."

And now, what is to be done? Have we not erected a Chinese wall in the way of the progress of the Gospel? We must not suppose that the world will be converted without our taking this great stumbling-block out of the way. Ships of war must be laid up: armies must be disbanded: the militia system must be given up: fortifications must be demolished: cannon must be melted into bells for Churches: swords must be beaten into plough-shares, and spears into pruning hooks: and then, what light will beam from the brow of the missionary as he stands, the messenger of the Prince of Peace, on heathen soil!

T. C. UPHAM.

The Angels of Buena Vista.

A LETTER writer from Mexico states that at the terrible fight of Buena Vista, Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succour to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

"SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far, or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear."

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"
"Who is losing; who is winning?"—"Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

"Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more:"
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

"Look forth once more, Ximena!" "Ah the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of grey.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels."

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like a ploughshare in its fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on:
"Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won."
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for them all!"

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!"

"Oh my heart's love! oh my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me, canst thou see?
Oh my husband, brave and gentle! oh my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed Cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er."

"Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded; lay the Cross upon his breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid."

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror, straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied!
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmered he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

"Look forth once more, Ximena!" "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;

[illegible] VISTA.

[illegible] the dust the wounded [illegible] of God for- [illegible] the cool, gray [illegible] over all!" [illegible] the battle [illegible] grew cold [illegible] and [illegible]

Forgiveness.

When on a fragrant sandal tree,
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who blooms so beauteously,
Beneath the weapon bends—
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns!
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again!
One had it—but He came from Heaven,
Reviled, rejected and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no 'plaint he made:
But when in death's dark pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and died!

Many are the minds, whose controlling energy is felt in the movements and the destiny of nations, and whose names are imperishable in the monuments of history, that have been sustained and guided in their seasons of action and endurance, in the origination of plans of benevolence and patriotism, and in the fortitude which carried them into effect, by the inspiration of *woman's* genius, and the generous purity of her affections.

Upham.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

CERTAINLY if all who knew, that to be men, stands not in the shape of bodies, but in the power of reason, would listen awhile to Christ's wholesome and peaceable decrees, and not, puffed up with ignorance and conceit rather believe their own opinions than his admonitions; the whole world long ago (turning the use of iron into milder works,) should have lived in most quiet tranquillity, and have met together in a firm and indissoluble league of most safe concord. ARNOBIOUS

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary
When the death-Angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserére
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan—
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm, and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song
And loud, amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace,
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drum made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleagured towns!

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, Oh man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of Arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "PEACE."

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

War on Christian Principles.

One of the conditions of the treaty with Mexico, it is said, is that any future war which may break out between the two countries shall be conducted on Christian principles. Now we all know that this is an age of progress, and that all sorts of improvements are constantly taking place in all sorts of matters; but *war on Christian principles* is certainly the latest, and, if it be carried out, we think it will prove the greatest of them all.

Just imagine it; we think we can see the two armies drawn out in battle array. A fair field is before them; the ranks are formed, the positions are taken, the great guns are unlimbered. Gen. Scott is just about to give the order to *fire*, when an aid comes up and respectfully reminds him that "the war is to be *conducted on Christian principles*," and that it will not do to fire. "Very true, very true," says the Commander-in-Chief, "but what are they? I have read Vauban, and Scheiter, and Turenne, and Coehorn. I have read the lives of the old conquerors, and have studied the campaigns of the greatest soldiers, but I never happened to come across these principles in any work upon the military art. Do you know anything about it, Colonel?"

"No."

"Nor you, Major?"

"Nor I neither."

"I really don't know how to begin; I suppose it would not do to shoot. Suppose we send for the Chaplain."

The Chaplain arrives—"Do you know anything about this fighting on Christian principles?"

"Oh, yes; it is the easiest thing in the world."

"Where are the books?"

"Here;" and the Chaplain takes out the Bible.

"Really," says the General, "we ought to have thought of this before. It is a bad time to commence the study of tactics when the enemy is right before us; but I suppose we are bound by the treaty. What is the first thing, Mr. Chaplain?"

"Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

"But these are not neighbours. They are Mexicans."

"The same book tells us, a little further on, that the opportunity to do good to a man makes him our neighbour."

"Will you go on, Mr. Chaplain?"

"Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them that despitefully use you. If a man smite you on one cheek, turn to him the other."

"But while we are praying for the Mexicans they will be firing into us."

"No; they are bound by the treaty also. It works both ways."

"Then what is the use of our arms?"

"This is all provided for in the same book. Beat your swords into ploughshares and your spears into pruning hooks."

"Then I don't see as there is anything for us to do here."

"Nothing unless you send over and ask Santa Anna if he needs anything in the way of medicines, or provisions, or clothing. I rather think the treaty requires this of us. And I don't know but we ought to send them a few school-masters, for I understand that they are shockingly ignorant people."

"But how do you ever know which party conquers in this fighting on Christian principles?"

"That is the great beauty of it. *Both sides conquer*, and there are never any killed and wounded."

EXAMPLE has a secret magnetic virtue like the load-stone —it attracts by a power of which we can give no account.

Little Mary.

I'm bidden, little Mary
To write verses unto thee;
I'd fain obey the bidding,
If it rested but with me:
But the mistreses I'm bound to,
Nine ladies hard to please,
Of all their stores poetic,
So closely keep the keys,
It's only now and then,
By good luck, as one may say,
A couplet or a rhyme or two,
Falls fairly in my way.

Fruit forced is never half so sweet,
As that comes quite in season,
But some folks must be satisfied
With rhyme in spite of reason:
So muses, now befriend me,
Albeit of help so chary,
To string the pearls of Poesy,
For dearest little Mary.

And yet ye Pagan Damsels,
Not over fond am I,
To invoke your haughty favours
Your fount of Castaly;
I've sipped a purer fountain,
I've decked a holier shrine,
I own a mightier mistress,
Oh Nature! thou art mine.

And only to that well-head,
Sweet Mary I 'll resort,
For just an artless verse or two,
A simple strain and short,
Befitting well a pilgrim
Way-worn with early strife,
To offer thee, young traveller,
In the morning track of life.

There 's many a one will tell thee
'Tis all with roses gay—
There 's many a one will tell thee
'Tis thorny all the way;
Deceivers are they, every one
Dear child who thus pretend,
God's ways are not unequal,
Make Him thy trusted friend:
And many a path of pleasantness,
He 'll clear away for thee,
However dark and intricate
The labyrinth may be!

I need not wish thee beauty,
I need not wish thee grace,
Already both are budding
In that infant form and face;
I will not wish thee grandeur,
I will not wish thee wealth,
But only a contented mind,
Peace, competence and health—
Fond friends to love thee dearly,
And honest friends to chide,
And faithful ones to cleave to thee,
Whatever may betide.

And now my little Mary,
If better things remain
Unheeded in my blindness,
Unnoticed in my strain,
I 'll sum them up succinctly;
In "English undefiled,"
My mother tongue's best benison,
"God bless thee," precious child.—

Stanzas.

EACH hour as it fleets, dooms a joy to decay,—
From the chaplet of hope steals a blossom away,
Throws a shade o'er the lustre of life's fairy scene,
And leaves but the thorn, where the rose-buds had been.

It sullies a link in affection's young chain,
Which once slightly tarnished, ne'er sparkles again;
Spoils the sheaves which the heart in its summer would bind
To guard 'gainst a leafless and bleak Autumn wind.

But a region there is, where the buds never die—
Where the sun meets no cloud in his path through the sky:
Where the rose-wreath of joy is immortal in bloom,
And sheds on the gale a celestial perfume.

Where ethereal melody steals through the soul,
And the full tide of rapture is free from control—
Oh we 've nothing to do in a bleak world like this,
But to toil for a home in this haven of bliss!

E. P. K.

The Influence of Habit.

THE astonishing power which habit exercises over us, is scarcely credible to those who are unaccustomed to analyse the deep workings of the human mind, and who have never been called upon to change the every day routine of their proceedings. But a little observation will convince us that the chains in which habit binds every faculty of the soul, are most powerful engines of good or evil.

And while we take heed not to confound cause and effect; while we remember, that habit is not itself the holy principle of Grace within us, which, when really formed in the soul, seems as a well, springing up to eternal life: we shall yet find that habit becomes a singularly useful hedge about the spiritual vineyards; strengthening the feeble aspirations of the soul after good things, encouraging the growth of divine grace in the heart, and retaining in the service of piety all the nobler faculties of the intellectual part of our natures.

When the soul has learned to seek and receive grace from her Redeemer; when she has learned to meditate much upon the abounding mercy, the unfathomable love, the spotless purity, the majestic grandeur of his character, as exhibited to us in the Holy Scriptures, she will have formed habits of contemplation which will bring into action gratitude, love, and a pure exalted taste, capable of appreciating conceptions the most perfect and sublime. To a soul thus trained we shall perceive that cause and effect will act and react on each other; the sentiments of grateful love will lead to actions of obedience and devotion on the one hand; the habit of performing these actions, will, on the other, deepen the love by which they were originally prompted. Many of us know how the habit of rendering thanks, which spring from love to our Heavenly Father, for His never failing mercies, strengthens that love

towards Him; how the habit of tracing the footsteps of Providence, amid the intricate paths of life, strengthens our faith and hope from which the habit arose; how the habit of referring all events to His choice and direction, strengthens the resignation, —which gave birth to the habit. And thus we might proceed through the whole catalogue of Christian graces.

Such being the use and the power of habit, how greatly does the cultivation of good ones, prompted and assisted as it doubtless is by the Holy Spirit, prepare us for the enjoyments and happiness of glorified spirits—for the society of Heaven. Religion is not merely a sentiment, it is not a set of abstract theories, apart from our every day occupations. Like an atmosphere, it must surround, pervade and mingle with every motive and every action. Some appear to believe that Religion consists in worshipping the supreme Being; and, by consequence deem all time misspent which is devoted to secular objects; even the Creator's beautiful handiworks, the earth, which is full of His riches, and teeming with beauty, life and joyousness, are all quite beneath the contemplation of such as imbibe this narrow view of man's duty and his destiny.

I would rather define that mind as a religious one, which has acquired the habit of conducting every thing with reference to its Creator and eternity. While such a soul forgets not to worship publicly as well as in the closet; and, in the secret of the heart, to commune with its God, under an abiding sense of His omnipresence, it will also take a far wider range than the one to which I have alluded. While he traces the guiding finger of the Deity in all the minor events of life, he remembers that we are placed in this world to be trained for Heaven—that we must practice the tempers and the graces of Heaven in our every day employments—that the man of business, who, from motives which arise in a conscience enlightened and guided by the Holy Spirit of Christ, preserves an unsullied integrity amidst the contamination of the world's traffic, does exhibit the

beauty of a religious character, as truly as another who sits in his closet and writes a devotional treatise. They are parts of a whole; and it is dangerous to separate the idea of them. "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." We weave snares for our consciences, when we allow ourselves to believe that the lawful pursuits, the intellectual or the simple pleasures of life, necessarily carry us out of the atmosphere of Religion. They may be the very best means of bracing our minds for the highest department of religious devotional exercises, either on behalf of ourselves or others, "whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me." I believe we do offer no unacceptable praise to the Father of mercies, when with hearts peacefully reposing on His love, we enjoy the beautiful world in which He has placed us; and when we expand with glowing benevolence towards all around us, or receive with adoring thankfulness, the sweet love with which, as in silver chains, some of us are bound to each other.

Love to God and to our neighbour, we are told by the sacred lips of Truth, is the sum and substance of the Divine law; and it appears impossible to enumerate a grace which is not employed in carrying out these two principles. Are we then watching, as at the feet of Jesus, for the precious opportunities which are presented by the swiftly changing events of each day, to do His work? For, whether it be in public or in private life, each day brings with it the Christian's proper business, both towards his God and his neighbour; and by patiently persevering in its performance, we call into exercise almost every Christain grace, which we shall need in Heaven: and we shall, ere long, be surprised to find how firmly these graces are engrafted on our natures, and bound about our souls with the bands of habit. The commencement of great works is generally small and insignificant: the seed is minute, although the tree be of great magnitude; but the seed must be planted in the earth, or the tree will not spring up. So must we take heed that we form good habits; which though

they at first may be feeble, and of slow growth, will surely strengthen and expand by degrees. As the tender plant is nourished by the oft descending rain and the constant dew of Heaven, so is the vital principle of divine grace within us cherished by the persevering, rather than the great, efforts of daily practice; and these efforts constitute our habits.

PHILLIPS.

The Bible against Slavery.

THE spirit of slavery never seeks refuge in the Bible of its own accord. The "horns of the altar" are its last resort—seized only in desperation, as it rushes from the terror of the avenger's arm. Like other unclean spirits, it "hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest its deeds should be reproved." Goaded to phrenzy in its conflicts with conscience and common sense, denied all quarter, and hunted from every covert, it vaults over the sacred inclosure, and courses up and down the Bible, "seeking rest, and finding none." The law of love, glowing on every page, flashes around it an omnipresent anguish and despair.

It shrinks from the hated light, and howls under the consuming touch, as demons quailed before the Son of God, and shrieked, "Torment us not." At last, it slinks away under the types of the Mosaic system, and seeks to burrow out of sight among the shadows. Vain hope! Its asylum is its sepulchre; its city of refuge, the city of destruction. It flies from light into the sun; from heat into devouring fire; and from the voice of God into the thickest of his thunders.

T. D. WELD.

What has the Year left Undone?

It is not what my hands have done,
That weighs my spirit down;
That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
And over earth a frown:
It is not any heinous guilt,
Or vice by men abhorred;
For fair the fame that I have built,
A fair life's just reward:
And men would wonder if they knew,
How sad I feel, with sins so few.

Alas! they only see a part,
When thus they judge the whole;
They do not look upon the heart,
They cannot read the soul:
But I survey myself within,
And mournfully I feel,
How deep the principle of sin
Its root may there conceal,
And spread its poison through the frame,
Without a deed that men can blame.

They judge by actions which they see
Brought out before the sun;
But conscience brings reproach to me
For what I've left undone:
For opportunities of good,
In folly thrown away,
For hours misspent in solitude,
Forgetfulness to pray;
And thousand more omitted things,
Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

And therefore is my heart oppress
With thoughtfulness and gloom;
Nor can I hope for perfect rest,
Till I escape this doom;
Help me! Thou Merciful and Just!
This fearful doom to fly:
Thou art my strength, my peace, my trust:
Oh help me, lest I die!
And let my full obedience prove
The perfect power of faith and love.

HENRY WARE JR.

Autumn Sunset.

OH there is beauty in the sky—a widening of gold,
Upon each light and breezy cloud, and on each vapoury fold—
The Autumn wind has died away, and the air has not a sound,
Save the sighing of the withered leaves, as they fall upon the ground.

A softened tint of gold is on the dark sky of the North,
And in the South the diamond stars are slowly coming forth:
Above the burning horizon—the radiance of the West
Is mellowed upon clouds that seem fit cars for angels' rest.

'Tis Autumn—but the forest-oak its summer greenness wears:
The crimson maple at its side, the spoiler's impress bears—
And on the tall hill's withered brow, the frost flower only blooms,
Above its fairer sister's grave—like "Age amid the tombs."

The earth looks sad—but in the sky, where, from its undimmed track,
The sun hath gone in brightness down, and cast his banner back,
A mystic glory lingers yet—to trace the sunset hours—
A glory which the earth knows not, in its summer time of flowers.

E. H. WHITTIER.

A Fly in the Telescope.

I REMEMBER reading, many years ago, a story of an astronomer who was viewing the sun through a telescope, and was surprised by the discovery of what seemed to be a monster on the face of that luminary. From the known dimensions of the sun, and the portion of its surface which was occupied by the newly discovered monster, it was not difficult to compute its magnitude, which appeared alarmingly great. As the creature, whatever it was, exhibited the appearance of life, the degree of heat which it was able to endure became a subject of calculation, and was found of course to be many times greater than that of red hot iron. Its translation from one part of the sun's disc to another, when viewed at the distance of ninety-four millions of miles, indicated an astonishing power of locomotion. This momentous discovery, with the results scientifically deduced from the phenomenon, being duly announced, numerous spectators were attracted to witness and admire the appalling appearance. All was astonishment and fear; and none could question the reality of what was plainly visible to every eye which was applied to the telescope. At length one of the spectators, rather more shrewd than the rest, suggested the expediency of examining the interior of the instrument, when it was discovered that a small fly was lodged on one of the glasses.

Now before we laugh at the credulity of the astronomer, it would not be amiss to inquire whether we do not sometimes commit a similar or more important blunder. The supposed discovery, while admitted to be real, could hardly lead to any injurious practical results. The fly might have crawled out of the field of view, and the phenomenon have been considered as one of the inexplicable mysteries of nature.

But when we see persons viewing the conduct of others, apparently with critical accuracy, and discovering errors and faults

which are not visible to common observers, we may very justly suspect that a fly has got into the telescope.

When we hear political opponents discussing the plans and designs of each other, and perceiving evidence of folly and knavery in all their measures, we naturally suppose that the instrument or the medium through which they are looking furnishes a distorted image which is not to be found in the object. We readily imagine there is a fly in the telescope.

When we find religious professors scrutinizing the opinions and practices of others with a zeal in which charity cannot mingle, and placing on their sentiments and actions the most unfavourable construction they can bear, we would do well to examine whether there is not a fly in the telescope.

In the opinions which we venture to form and promulgate respecting those with whom we are connected, either in social or religious communion, it is of incalculable importance to remember our own fallibility; and to be careful never to announce as blemishes in others what may possibly be nothing else than defects in the organ of vision; and to reflect that we only expose our own credulity if we mistake a fly in the telescope for a monster in the sun. L.

THEY who have rarest joy, know joy's true measure;
They who most suffer, value suffering's pause;
They who but seldom taste the simplest pleasure,
Kneel oftenest to the Giver and the Cause.

NORTON.

OH, rest not now, but scatter wide the seeds
Of faithful words, and yet more faithful deeds;
So shalt thou rest above eternally,
When God the harvest-fruit shall give to thee.

BETHUNE.

Christian Nurture.

WHAT motives are laid upon all Christian parents to make the first article of family discipline a constant and careful discipline of themselves? I would not undervalue a strong and decided government in families. No family can be rightly trained without it. But there is a kind of virtue which is not in the rod,—the virtue, I mean, of a truly good and sanctified life. And a reign of brute force is much more easily maintained, than a reign whose power is righteousness and love. There are, too, I must warn you, many who talk much of the rod as the orthodox symbol of parental duty, but who might really as well be heathens as Christians; who only storm about their house with heathenish ferocity; who lecture, and threaten, and castigate, and bruise, and call this family government. They even dare to speak of this as the nurture of the Lord. So much easier is it to be violent than to be holy, that they substitute force for goodness and grace, and are wholly unconscious of the imposture. It is frightful to think how they batter and bruise the delicate, tender souls of their children, extinguishing in them what they ought to cultivate, crushing that sensibility which is the hope of their being,—and all in the sacred name of Christ Jesus. By no such summary process can you despatch your duties to your children. You are not to be a savage to them, but a father and a Christian. Your real aim and study must be to infuse into them a new life, and, to this end, the life of God must perpetually reign in you. Gathered round you as a family, they are all to be so many motives, strong as the love you bear them, to make you Christ-like in your spirit. It must be seen and felt by them that religion is a first thing with you. And it must be first, not in words and talk, but visibly first in your love,—that which fixes your aims, feeds your enjoyments, sanctifies your pleasures,

supports your trials, satisfies your wants, contents your ambition, beautifies and blesses your character. No mock piety, no sanctimony of phrase will suffice. You must live in the light of God, and hold such a spirit in exercise as you wish to see translated into your children. You must take them into your feelings as a loving and joyous element, and beget, if by the grace of God you may, the spirit of your own heart in theirs. This is Christian education,—the nurture of the Lord. Ah, how dismal is the contrast of a half-worldly, carnal piety, proposing money as the good thing of life, stimulating ambition for place and show, provoking ill-nature by petulance and falsehood, having now and then a religious fit, and, when it is on, weeping and exhorting the family to undo all that the life has taught to do, and then, when the passions have burnt out their fire, dropping down again to sleep in the cinders, only hoping still that the family will some time be converted! When shall we discover that families ought not to be nursed by such kind of training as this?

BUSHNELL.

I COMPARE the world to a multitude of iron filings in a vessel, and the gospel to a magnet. The minister of the gospel must bring the magnet into contact with them all: the secret agency of God is to produce the attraction.

CHALMERS.

THOU of the gifted mind!
For all thy wealth, thou hast a debt to pay;
To aid the poor—to guide the weak and blind,
Who travel on thy way.

E. L. JR.

Last Words of Schiller.

About six o'clock he sank into a deep sleep; once for a moment, he looked up with a lively air and said: "Many things are growing plain to me."

The mists of time and sense withdrawn—
Earth's dark and shadowy vapours rise—
My spirit views with trembling awe
The world that far beyond them lies.

All human hope, all human strife
Is fading like a morning dream;
The fountains of Eternal Life
Before my outward pathway gleam.

The music of another sphere
Is ringing thro' my brain and heart,
And melodies unthought of here
Are calling on me to depart.

A gentle radiance from above
Illumines now my mortal sight;
My vision cleared by Faith and Love
Now views the things of earth *aright*.

How clearly see I pomp and state,
And kingly birth and regal sway,
And all this wildered world calls great,
In Heaven's clear light pass swift away.

Now too I see why Merit lone
In patient sufferance passed from earth,
And why unpitied and unknown,
Sate Genius by a silent hearth.

Each cold contemning glance of scorn,
  Each careless disregard of pain—
A whisper to my bosom borne
  Says—"These were suffered not in vain."

For in that far and distant land,
  To which my spirit sends her glance,
I see those patient sufferers stand,
  And every grief their joys enhance.

'Mid the dark trials here below,
  O'er which such burning tears were shed,
A better path they learned to know,
  Which to a holier country led.

Each hope with generous feelings fraught,
  Chilled in this world's ungenial air,
Each pure desire, each holy thought,
  Meets a responsive answer there.

Each beautiful and gifted mind,
  That wandered through this world below,
And could no kindred spirit find,
  A full communion there may know.

Still more! diviner accents swell
  Their truths mysterious o'er my heart,
And spirit-voices round me tell
  What mortal lips may ne'er impart!

Be hushed my soul and strive no more,
  To speak the revelations given:
But once again on earth adore
  That love which makes e'en earth a Heaven!

John Woolman.

PERHAPS, the purest and most note-worthy embodiment and realization of the Quaker principle is to be found in "The Life of John Woolman," the American Friend, who was born in 1720, years after the Society had lost the invigorating stimulus of persecution. It would take, however, an article by itself to do justice to this touching and beautiful narrative; and to show how, more almost than any man of whom we ever read, he walked through this wicked world as though not of it, keeping himself clean and unspotted from the mire of its ways, though always striving to amend them. Strange indeed, were the straits to which his tender conscience brought him; and would that we could tell how he left his trade, in which through his industry he was thriving, because "He believed truth required him to live more free from outward cumber;" and how he was "not easy to wear hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them," this "dying to hide dirt" being a custom not having its foundation "in pure wisdom;" and how he therefore "got a hat of the natural colour of the fur;" and how he "was much troubled, for his friends grew shy of him, thinking he was following the changeful modes of dress," white hats chancing then to be in fashion; and how too, when he had a concern to come to England, he "took his passage in the steerage, because there was such superfluity of workmanship in the cabin," towards "defraying the cost of which he was not free that his money should go;" and how, when in England, he travelled on foot, and had not even "freedom to send his letters to his family by the post, because the coach-horses were so hard driven, and the post-boys suffered so much in the cold winter nights," and he would have no part in "the hurry of the spirit of this world, that, in aiming to do business quickly, and to gain wealth, doth make the creation at this day to loudly groan." These scruples

make us smile, but the negro slave may be thankful for them; for it needed a man thus scrupulous against all cruelty and oppression as against a fearful sin—a man fanatical in tender-heartedness—to be, as we belive he was, the first Friend to induce his Society to bear that testimony against slavery which has been so consistent and so effective. Not but that George Fox was himself almost an abolitionist, holding strange notions for his days, that liberty is the right of all men; and in 1671, advising his Barbadoes converts, that, "As to their blacks or negroes, they should endeavour to train them up in the fear of God, that all might come to the knowledge of the Lord," "desiring them also that they would cause their overseers to deal mildly and gently with their negroes, and *that after certain years of servitude they would make them free.*"

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

SELECTIONS FROM JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which Divine love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct, whose passions are regulated: yet all these do not fully show forth that inward life to such who have not felt it: but this white stone and new name are known rightly to such only who have them.

Treasures, though small, attained on the true principle of virtue, are sweet in the possession: and while we walk in the light of the Lord, there is true comfort and satisfaction. Here, neither the murmurs of an oppressed people, nor the throbbings of an uneasy conscience, nor anxious thoughts about the event of things, hinder the enjoyment of life. * * * True charity is an excellent virtue: and to labour sincerely for their good, whose belief, in all points, does not agree with ours, is a happy state.

In beholding the customary departure from the true medium of labour, and that unnecessary toil which many go through, in supporting outward greatness, and procuring delicacies: in beholding how the true calmness of life is changed into hurry, and how many, by eagerly pursuing outward treasure, are in great danger of withering, as to the inward state of the mind: in meditating on the works of this spirit, and on the desolations it makes amongst the professors of Christianity, I may thankfully acknowledge, that I often feel pure love beget longings in my heart for the exaltation of the peaceable kingdom of Christ, and an engagement to labour according to the gift bestowed on me, for promoting an humble, plain, temperate way of living: a life where no unnecessary cares or expenses may encumber our minds, or lessen our ability to do good: where no desires after riches or greatness may lead into hard dealing: where no connexions with worldly-minded men, may abate our love to God, or weaken a true zeal for righteousness: a life wherein we may diligently labour for resignedness to do and suffer whatever our Heavenly Father may allot for us, in reconciling the world to himself.

If customs, distinguishable from universal righteousness, and opposite to the true self-denying life, are now prevalent, and so mixed with trade, and with almost every employ, that it is only through humble waiting on the inward guidance of Truth, that we may reasonably hope to walk safely, and support an uniform testimony to the peaceable government of Christ: if this be the case, how lamentably do they expose themselves to temptations, who, give way to the love of riches, conform to expensive living, and reach forth for gain, to support customs which our holy Shepherd leads not into.

In all our concerns it is necessary that the leading of the spirit of Christ be humbly waited for, and faithfully followed, as the only means of being preserved chaste as an holy people,

"who in all things are circumspect:" that nothing we do may carry the appearance of approbation of the works of wickedness, make the unrighteous more at ease in unrighteousness, or occasion the injuries committed against the oppressed to be more lightly looked over.

The prophet, in a sight of the Divine work amongst many people, declared, in the name of the Lord, "I will gather all nations and tongues, and they shall come and see my glory." Behold here how the prophets had an inward sense of the spreading of the kingdom of Christ: and how He was spoken of as one who should "take the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession," "that he was given for a light to the Gentiles; and for salvation to the ends of the earth." When we meditate on this Divine work, as a work of ages: a work that the prophets felt long before Christ appeared visibly on earth, and remember the bitter agonies he endured, when He "poured out his soul unto death," that the heathen nations as well as others might come to the knowledge of the Truth and be saved: when we contemplate this marvellous work as that which "the angels desire to look into," and behold people amongst whom this light hath eminently broken forth, and who have received many favours from the bountiful hand of our heavenly Father, not only indifferent with respect to publishing the glad tidings amongst the Gentiles, as yet sitting in darkness and entangled with many superstitions: but aspiring after wealth and worldly honours, and taking means to obtain their ends, tending to stir up wrath and indignation, and to beget an aborrence in them to the name of Christianity—when these things are weightily attended to, how mournful is the subject!

Well sang the Roman Bard—"all human things
Of dearest value, hang on slender strings."

Cardiphonia.

If the hard heart must be smitten ere the springs of life can flow,
As the waters locked in Horeb gushed beneath the prophet's blow,
If the veil before the temple where our idols are enshrined,
Must be rent in twain to teach us we are weak and frail and blind;
If the whirlwind and the fire must, the still small voice precede,
Wakening in our souls the echo, Earth is but a failing reed;
If the waves which overwhelm us may not in their wrath be
stayed,
Grant us still to feel, Oh! Father; "It is I—be not afraid."

If beside our household altars we grow weary of our trust,
If the wing of Faith is broken, and her pinions trail in dust:
If we faint beneath our burdens, as we vainly question why,
All our springs of consolation, and our wells of hope are dry?
If our cup from Marah's fountain be replenished o'er and o'er,
Till the dregs are drops of bitter Earth has not a solace for;
Though our strength be born of suffering—though our hearts be
sore dismayed,
Oh sustain us with thy presence—"It is I—be not afraid."

If our pleasant pictures fading, leave a back ground of despair,
Let a ray of light from Heaven beam upon the darkness there,
As in some old time-worn painting which the dust has gathered
o'er,
Light discloses to the gazer beauty all unknown before;
So the bright rays piercing downward through the mist which
round us lies,
May illume Life's darkened canvass, and reveal before our eyes,
Glimpses sweet of pleasant waters, where our footsteps shall be
stayed,
As we hearken to the whisper—"It is I—be not afraid."

It may be the spirit strengthens, and the soul grows pure and white,
When the clouds of sorrow darken, and all starless is the night;
That within their gloom is gathered, gentle and refreshing rain,
Every little germ of patience quickening into life again!
But we fain would come before Thee, ere the evil days draw nigh,
Ere the sun and moon are darkened, or the clouds are in our sky;
While life's silver cord is binding us to gladness and to mirth,
And its golden bowl is filling from the choicest founts of earth.

While the fragrance and the beauty of our morning round us lies,
We would of the heart's libation pour to Thee a sacrifice;
Trustful that the hand which scatters blessings every morning new,
Would refill the urn of offering, as a floweret with the dew:
Pure and sweet the exhalations from a grateful heart to Heaven,
Unto Thee then be the incense of our Cardiphonia given,
Ere the noontide sun shall wither, or the gathering twilight hour,
Closes the outpouring chalice of the morn's expanded flower.

HANNAH LLOYD.

IT is easy, in the world, to live after the world's opinion: it is easy in solitude to live after our own. But the *great man*, is he, who in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of his character.

EMERSON.

IN every species of writing, whether we consider style or sentiment, simplicity is a beauty.

Acquisition of Knowledge.

It is surely a blessed thing to see a young person, with the world at her feet, retaining amidst its contaminating atmosphere the pure enamel of simplicity.—*Jebb.*

Some persons object, and perhaps with too much reason, that the acquisition of knowledge has frequently an injurious tendency upon the minds of young persons, who, imagining themselves prodigies of literature, become inflated with vanity, and render themselves ridiculous and disgusting. This may some times be the case, though it is not unlikely that persons who are vain of their intellectual attainments, would have been vain of something less honourable, had their understandings been suffered to remain unimproved; let them only pursue their studies farther and farther, and they will find the fields of science so continually extending, and in every path so many precursors, who have left their puny achievements far behind, that they must discover far greater reason to be astonished and abashed at their own comparative littleness and ignorance, than to flatter themselves that they are wise. The acquisition of very important branches requires no abilities above the common level; diligent application and steady perseverance often effect much more than the dazzling but irregular flights of genius. The increased pursuit of knowledge would naturally diminish the force of the temptation; by becoming less rare, it will appear more neccessary and not so imposing. It will be worn as an essential article of dress—of which propriety does not allow the neglect —rather than as an ornament to glitter and to dazzle."

M. Fox's Biography.

I have fire-proof perrennial enjoyments, called employments

Richter.

Mental Cultivation.

At the present time, when the diffusion of knowledge is became an object of general attention, and when efforts are being made, on an extended scale, to carry the blessings of education into the lowest huts of poverty, does it not become more peculiarly the duty of those who occupy a somewhat higher station in society, to direct their energies to the cultivation of the mind,—to the expansion of those intellectual faculties, with which the great Author of our being has dignified his creature, man, and which were undoubtedly bestowed upon him for great and noble purposes, that he might employ them, under the regulating influence of religious principle, to the praise of his Creator, and to the improvement of his species.

The pursuit of laudable and useful science, appears to be fraught with results of no ordinary importance; not only multiplying advantageous discoveries, but, by the acquirement of languages, facilitating communicatien between the most remote regions of the earth, and thereby gradually preparing the way for the more complete fulfilment of the glorious promises of the gospel.

But the good of mankind in general, is not the only advantage resulting from study. It invigorates the tone of the mind, and, next to the restraints of religion, furnishes the best preservatives of virtue, by providing a sober and rational entertainment for those hours of leisure, which might otherwise be passed in the tumult of dissipation, or lost in the inanity of idleness. And certainly, to those who are, by wise regulations, excluded from the amusements of the gay, it would be highly desirable to become in some degree qualified to enjoy the society of the cultivated and intelligent.

Memoirs of Maria Fox.

Milton's Prayer of Patience.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

All merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art thou most near,
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

E. L. JR.

BE thou like the first apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul:—
If a true thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly! speak it all!

GALLAGHER.

LEGH RICHMOND, being asked to write in an Album, if it were but two lines, wrote,

Can two lines teach a lesson from above?
Yes, *one* can give a *volume*,—"God is Love."

A Quaker Meeting.

Reader, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean? would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude? would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society? would'st thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species? would'st thou be alone and yet accompanied? solitary, yet not desolate? singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance? a unit in aggregate? a simple in composite?—come with me into a Quaker meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made?"—go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thine ears, with little faithed, self-mistrusting Ulysses. Retire with me into a Quaker meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

There are wounds which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quaker meeting.

To pace alone in the cloisters or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken—

> "Or under hanging mountains,
> Or by the fall of fountains"—

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness "to be felt." The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-stirring, as the naked walls and benches of a Quaker meeting.

"Here are no tombs, no inscriptions,—
Sands, ignoble things
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings"—

but here is something which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground—SILENCE—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and unnatural progression.

"How reverend is the view of these hushed heads,
Looking tranquillity!"

Nothing plotting, naught caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council and to consistory! if my pen treat of you lightly—as haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some outwelling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewsbury. I have witnessed that which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violence of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you—for ye sat between the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and offscouring of church and presbytery. I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amid lambs. And I remember Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and "the judge and the jury became as dead men under his feet."

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church narratives, to read Sewell's His-

tory of the Quakers. It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley and his colleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit.

Get the writings of John Woolman by heart: and love the early Quakers.

Frequently the meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the TONGUE, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness. Oh, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense noises of the world, what a balm and solace it is, to go and seat yourself upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers! Their garb and stillness conjoined, present an uniformity, tranquil and herdlike—as in the pasture—"forty feeding like one."

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil: and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily: and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the shining ones.

CHARLES LAMB.

MENTAL pleasures never cloy: they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

COLTON.

The Lily of the Valley.

"I AM the Lily of the Vallies."
"Consider the Lilies, how they grow."

KNOW ye why this flower is holy?
Gentle thoughts doth aye impart;
Why the Lily pale and lowly,
Graves its name upon my heart?

'Tis because my Saviour bore it;
Bore this gentle name of Earth;
'Tis because He marvelled o'er it,
Mark'd its beauty, gave it birth.

And forever shall the story
Treasured be in sacred lore,
How that Solomon's great glory
Vied not, with this simple flower.

Might that look but rest on me,
Fill *me* with its matchless grace,
Might I gaze forever on Thee,
'Till I mirror back Thy face;

Then when called from friend and brother,
Fading flowers, and passing ties;
And when Angels round shall hover,
Sent to bear me to the skies;

Jesus! to Thy love, and favour,
To Thy presence then restored;
I shall bear thy image ever
In the garden of the Lord.

The Rising Eagle.

My bird, the struggle's over!
Thy wings, at length unfurled,
Will bear thee, noble rover,
Through yon blue airy world.

Thy fearless breast has shaken
Earth's dust and dew away;
Thine eye its aim hath taken,—
Its mark, the orb of day.

Up, up, the faster, leaving
Thy rocky rest below,
A fresher strength receiving,
The lighter shalt thou go.

The clouds that hang before thee,
Thou soon shalt oversweep,
When all is brightness o'er thee,
To swim the upper deep.

Through seas of ether sailing,
Thou lofty, valiant one!
The breath of morn inhaling,
Thy course is to the sun.

The strife was all in lifting
Thy breast from earth at first,
The poising and the shifting
To balance, was the worst.

And so with us; 'tis spreading
Our pinions for the skies,
That keeps us low and dreading
The first attempt to rise.

'Tis rousing up, and getting
Our balance, that we shun;
With thousand ties besetting,
We shrink from breaking one.

But when we 're fairly started,
And cleared from all below,
How free and buoyant-hearted,
On eagle wings we go!

And as our bosoms kindle,
With pure and holy love,
How all below will dwindle,
And all grow bright above!

The world that we are leaving,
Looks little in our sight,
While clouds and shadows cleaving,
We seek the Source of Light.

Rise! timid soul, and casting
Aside thy doubt and fear,
Mount up where all is lasting;
For all is dying here!

Then, as an eagle training
Her tender young to fly,
The hand that's all sustaining,
Will lift thee to the sky.

While higher, higher soaring,
Thou 'lt feel thy cares are drowned,
Where heaven's bright *Sun* is pouring
A flood of glory round.

HANNAH. F. GOULD.

Mammoth Cave.

ELEVEN hours we wandered in wrapt awe,
Within this world of voiceless wonderment,
And gloomy grandeur.
All is hushed as when
God spake and it was done! Before
Creation animate had lifted up on high
And sung through all His works—a God at hand!
Here is a world left tenantless, alone—
But filled with beauty silent and sublime.
Here we behold long aisles and fretted vaults,
And arches swelling high—magnificence
Beyond the reach of vision, and fair domes
Of gothic form are here, and chambers vast—
Conforming to the chaste, severer style
Of Grecian beauty.
Night is here,
Bearing her stars in glory. Ocean too,
Flows ebbless here, hiding the eyeless fish,
Which, fitted for their rayless pilgrimage,
Have undisputed right to revel there.
Beyond, what forms of beauty meet the gaze
Of man's intruding eye!—huge pillared halls
With a new Flora decked, munificent,
In varied form and gorgeous curves of beauty,
Instinct with grace, and of a snowy brightness,
More beauteous than the gem-bespangled walls,
In palaces of Oriental story.
Or where Serena's arbour opes to view,
The solid rock drops down to gorgeous folds,
With the luxurious grace of drapery.

Oh wondrous work of Nature! Nature's God
Alone hath fashioned thee.—He spake,
And the insensate rock wide open stood!
From the all-forming hollow of His hand,
He poured the watery flood adown thy aisles.
The mighty torrent with its thunder-tone,
Hath worn away the solid barrier now,
And written on the rocky adamant
Its own wild history, more durable,
Than aught short of the Infinite could write.

E. W.

The First Snow Fall.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway,
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree,
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticlers muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swans-down—
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good Allfather,
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding,
The scar of that deep-seated woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know,
That my kiss was given her *sister*,
Folded close under deepening snow.—

J. R. LOWELL.

Shells.

THERE is a philosophy in oyster shells, a noble and wondrous philosophy! revealing to us glimpses of the workings of creative power among the dim and distant abysses of the incalculable past; speaking to us of the Genesis of oyster-creatures, ere the idea of man occupied the creative mind; giving us a scale by which to measure the building up of the world in which we live, such as the mathematician, and the natural philosopher, and the astronomer, all combining, could not furnish; unfolding for us the pages of the volume in which the history of our planet, its convulsions and tranquillities, its revolutions, and gradualities, are inscribed in unmistakable characters. The letters of that book are shaped in the likenesses of extinct and existing beings; planets and animals; not written slovenly and shapelessly, but drawn by a firm and sure hand. The sentences of that book are all consistent and inseparable verses of one eternal and symmetrical psalm; of a grave and harmonious hymn, plenarily inspired. There can be no question about the plenary inspiration of the Book of Nature. Yet the letters of those sublime sentences are in great part despised oyster shells and similar relics. The alphabet that we use ourselves, could we read what passes in the mind of an infant, would seem bizarre, fantastic, and incomprehensible, if looked upon without understanding its meaning and purpose. The great majority of grown men, educated and uneducated alike, are to the alphabet of nature in the position of children. To them the oyster shell is a mere rude and sportive device. But teach them to read and spell, to peruse and study the great Bible of nature, and that device becomes a sign pregnant with meaning.

Unobserved even of what passes in its immediate vicinity, its whole soul is concentrated in itself; yet not sluggishly and apathetically, for its body is throbbing with life and enjoyment,

The mighty ocean is subservient to its pleasures. The rolling waves waft fresh and choice food within its reach, and the flow of the current feeds it without requiring an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with its delicate gills, evolves its imprisoned air to freshen and invigorate the creature's pellucid blood. Invisible to human eye, unless aided by the wonderful inventions of human science, countless millions of vibrating cilia are moving incessantly with synchronic beat on every fibre of each fringing leaflet. Well might old Leuvenhoek exclaim, when he looked through his microscope at the beard of a shell fish, "The motion I saw in the small component parts of it was so incredibly great, that I could not be satisfied with the spectacle; and it is not in the mind of man to conceive all the motions which I beheld within the compass of a grain of sand." And yet the Dutch naturalist, unaided by the finer instruments of our time, beheld but a dim and misty indication of the exquisite ciliary apparatus by which these motions are affected. How strange to reflect that all this elaborate and inimitable contrivance has been devised for the well being of a despised shell fish! Nor is it merely in the working members of the creature that we find its wonders comprised. There are portions of its frame which seem to serve no essential purpose in its economy; which might be omitted without disturbing the course of its daily duties, and yet so constant in their presence and position, that we cannot doubt their having had their places in the original plan, according to which the organization of the mollusk was first put together.

A collection of shells is a beautiful and surprising sight; beautiful, since more exquisite samples of elegance of form and brilliancy of colour cannot be found through the wide range of natural objects, whether organized or unorganized; surprising, when we consider that all these durable relics were constructed by soft and fragile animals, among the most perishable of living creatures. Still more surprising is such an

assemblage, when we reflect upon the endless variation of pattern and sculpture which it displays, for there are known to naturalists more than fifteen thousand perfectly distinct kinds of shells, each presenting some peculiarity of contour or ornament, distinguishing it from every other sort. Then, again, whilst multitudes of species present constant and invariable features, others, as numerous, are capable of changing their dress so capriciously that scarcely two individuals can be found exactly alike. Some, too, obey in the coiling of their whorls the most exact geometrical rules, whilst others are twisted and twirled into fantastic likenesses of cornucopiæ and trumpets, without regard to symmetry or direction. Yet every one of the fifteen thousand and more kinds has a rule of its own, a law which every individual of each kind through all its generations implicitly obeys. Thus there is a liberty to vary given to some, whilst others are rigidly bound by immutable rules of the utmost simplicity; but to none is allowed the license to depart, unless in the exceptional case of useless and abnormal monstrosities, from the law of its specific organization. The researches of the naturalist have made him conversant not merely with the fact of these myriads of modifications of the type of the molluscous shell, but also with the laws obeyed by whole groups of forms, and the principles which may be evoked from the careful and minute study of species and genus. Thus a science arises out of the knowledge of conchological details, and truths are elicited which bear importantly upon the elucidation of the laws of life and being, throughout organized nature. The formation of the shell itself is but an example of a process at work equally in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A shell, whether simple or complicated in contour or colour, is the aggregate result of the functional operations of numberless minute membranous cells, the largest of which does not exceed one-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and in the majority of instances is less than one two-thousandth of an inch. In the

cavities of these microscopic chambers is deposited the crystalline carbonate of lime, which gives compactness to the beautiful dwelling house, or rather coat of mail, that protects the tender mollusk. How astonishing is the reflection that myriads of exactly similar and exceedingly minute organs should so work in combination that the result of their labours should present an edifice rivalling, nay exceeding, in complexity yet order of details and perfection of elaborate finish, the finest palaces ever constructed by man! Throughout nature we find the same complicated results attained by the same simple mechanism. The flower of the field, the shell of the sea, the bird of the air, the beasts of the forest, and man himself, are all so many cell-constructions, wings of the one wonderful animated edifice, whose masons we may behold through the aid of instruments of human construction, but whose architect is beyond the power of mortal science to comprehend. Every where the naturalist discovers the hand-prints of an Omniscient Designer, but must humbly content himself with endeavouring to develope the unity and benevolence of the design.

The mollusk in building up its house does not always labour for itself alone. The brilliant lustre and gleaming iridescence of its shelly envelope are not always destined to remain hidden in the depths of ocean, or immured within mountains of rock. The painted savage appreciates its pearly charms, and plunges beneath the waves to seek the living joints of his simple necklaces and armlets, or to supply his civilized brother with highly prized materials for more elaborate ornaments. Mother-of-pearl, as it is called, is the nacreous portion of the shells of certain mollusks belonging to very different orders. Its charming colouring is not due to pigments, but caused by the arrangements of the layers of membrane and solid matter of which it is composed. The nacreous shells which furnish it are now sought for greedily wherever they can be obtained in sufficient quantity, and form articles of considerable import. From our

own seas, or rather from the sea around the Channel Isles, we procure the Haliotis or Sea-ear to use it in the decorations of papier-maché work; and other and larger kinds of the same curious genus are brought from the shores and islands of the Pacific Ocean for the same purpose. They furnish the deep-coloured and richer-hued dark green and purple mother-of-pearl; the brighter and paler kinds are derived from the shell of the pearl-oysters, almost all inhabitants of tropical regions. The nacre of pearls themselves is identical with the substance of these shells. These jewels of animal origin, so highly prized for their chaste beauty, are only the rejected or superabundant secretions of a shell-fish, consisting of concentrically disposed layers of animal matter and carbonate of lime. In most instances they are consequences of the attempts of irritated and uneasy mollusks to make the best of an unavoidable evil; for, rendered uncomfortable, their peace of mind and ease of body destroyed by some intruding and extraneous substance, a grain of sand perchance or atom of splintered shell, the creature incloses its torturing annoyance in a smooth-coated sphere of gem-like beauty. Would that we bipeds could treat our troubles so philosophically, and convert our secret cankers into sparkling treasures! It is not to be wondered at that the naturalists ascribed the production of pearls to other causes than the true one, believing them to be congealed and petrified dew, or rain drops falling from heaven into the cavities of gaping shell-fish, thereby supplying the poets with a suggestive hypothesis, out of which many a beautiful verse and quaint conceit has sprung. There is, indeed, a version peculiar now to the poets, but originally derived from the fanciful dreamings of unobservant zoologists. To it belongs such pretty, but imaginary actions as the voyages of the nautilus floating with outspread sails and paddling oars on the surface of unruffled seas, the terrestrial expedition of the Cuttle-fish and the dew-drop theory of pearls. Long after such errors have been investigated and exposed, they retain a tenacious hold of more popular treatises.

Capital Punishment.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have shone
Since the Redeemer walked with man, and made
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,
And mountain moss, a pillow for his head;
And He who wandered with the peasant Jew,
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,
And drank, with blessings in His Father's name,
The water which Samaria's outcast drew,
Hath now His temples upon every shore,
Altar and shrine and priest,—and incense dim
Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,
From lips which press the temple's marble floor,
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread Cross He bore!

Yet as of old, when meekly "doing good,"
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,
And even the poor companions of His lot
With their dim earthly vision knew Him not,
How ill are His high teachings understood!
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest
At His own altar binds the chain anew;
Where He hath bidden to Life's equal feast,
The starving many wait upon the few;
Where He hath spoken Peace, His name hath been
The loudest war-cry of contending men;
Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have blessed
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,
Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign;
Yea, in His name who bade the erring live,
And daily taught His lesson—to forgive!—
Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel;
And, with His words of mercy on their lips,
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,
And the grim horror of the straining wheel;

Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's limb,
Who saw before his searing eye-balls swim
The image of *their* Christ, in cruel zeal,
Through the black torment-smoke, held mockingly to him!

The blood which mingled with the desert sand,
And beaded with its red and ghastly dew
The vines and olives of the Holy Land—
The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew—
The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er
They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear—
Goa's dark dungeons—Malta's sea-washed cell,
Where with the hymns the ghostly fathers sung
Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,
Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of Hell!
The midnight of Bartholomew—the stake
Of Smithfield, and that thrice accursed flame
Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake—
New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer
Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,
When guilt itself a human tear might claim,—
Bear witness, Oh Thou wronged and merciful One!
That Earth's most hateful crimes have in Thy name been done.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time
When the great truth begins at last to find
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE IS CRIME!
That Man is holier than a creed,—that all
Restraint upon him must consult his good,
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
And Love look in upon his solitude.
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught
Through long, dark centuries, its way hath wrought
Into the common mind and popular thought;
And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,

Have found an echo in the general heart,
And of the public faith become a living part.

Who shall arrest this tendency?—Bring back
The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack?
Harden the softening human heart again,
To cold indifference to a brother's pain?
Ye most unhappy men!—who, turned away
From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,
Grope in the shadows of Man's twilight time,
What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest ye brood
O'er those foul altars streaming with warm blood,
Permitted in another age and clime?
Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew
Rebuked the pagan's mercy, when he knew
No evil in the Just One?—Wherefore turn
To the dark cruel past?—Can ye not learn
From the pure Teacher's life, how mildly free
Is the great Gospel of Humanity?
The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no more
Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,
No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke
Through the green arches of the Druid's oak;
And ye of milder faith, with your high claim
Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,
Will ye become the Druids of *our* time?
Set up your scaffold-altars in *our* land,
And consecrators of Law's darkest crime,
Urge to its loathsome work the Hangman's hand?
Beware—lest human nature, roused at last,
From its peeled shoulder your incumbrance cast,
And, sick to loathing of your cry for blood,
Rank ye with those who led their victims round
The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,
Abhorred of Earth and Heaven—a pagan brotherhood!

WHITTIER.

Ellwood's Description of George Fox.

THIS holy man was raised up by God in an extraordinary manner, for an extraordinary work, even to awaken the sleeping world, by proclaiming the mighty day of the Lord to the nations, and publishing again the everlasting gospel to the inhabitants of the earth, after the long and dismal night of apostacy and darkness. For this work the Lord began to prepare him by many and various trials and exercises, from his very childhood: and having fitted and furnished him for it he called him into it very young, and made him instrumental, by the effectual working of the Holy Ghost, through his ministry, to call many others into the same work, and to turn away thousands from darkness to the light of Christ, and from the power of Satan unto God. I knew him not till the year 1660: from that time, to the time of his death, I knew him well, conversed with him much, loved him dearly and honoured him truly: and upon good experience can say, he was indeed an heavenly minded man, zealous for the name of the Lord and preferred the honour of God above all things.

He was valiant for the truth, bold in asserting it, steady in his testimony to it; immovable as a rock. Deep he was in divine knowledge, clear in opening heavenly mysteries, plain and powerful in preaching, fervent in prayer. He was richly endued with heavenly wisdom, quick in discerning, sound in judgment, able and ready in giving, discreet in keeping counsel: a lover of righteousness, an encourager of virtue, justice, temperance, meekness, purity, chastity, modesty, humility, charity and self-denial in all, both by word and example. Graceful he was in countenance, manly in personage, grave in gesture, courteous in conversation, weighty in communication, instructive in discourse: free from affectation in speech or carriage. A severe reprover of hard and obstinate sinners: a mild and gentle admonisher of such as were tender, and sensible of their failings: not apt to resent personal wrongs: easy to

forgive injuries: but zealously earnest where the honour of God the prosperity of truth, the peace of the Church were concerned. Very tender, compassionate, and pitiful he was to all that were under any sort of affliction: full of brotherly love, full of fatherly care: for indeed the care of the churches of Christ was daily upon him, the prosperity and peace whereof, he studiously sought. Beloved he was of God, beloved of God's people: and (which was not the least part of his honour) the common butt of all apostates' envy, whose good notwithstanding, he earnestly sought.*

He lived to see the desire of his soul, the spreading of that blessed principle of divine light, through many of the European nations, and not a few of the American islands and provinces, and the gathering many thousands into an establishment therein: which the Lord vouchsafed him the honour to be the first effectual publisher of in this latter age of the world. And having fought a good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith, his rightous soul, freed from the earthly tabernacle, in which he had led an exemplary life of holiness, was translated into those heavenly mansions, where Christ our Lord went to prepare a place for him: there to possess that glorious crown of righteousness which is laid up for, and shall be given by the Lord the rightous judge, to all them that love his appearance. Ages to come, and people yet unborn shall call him blessed, and bless the Lord for raising him up: and blessed shall we also be if we so walk, as we had him for an example: for whom this testimony lives in my heart, He lived and died the SERVANT of the LORD.

* His mental faculties were clear and vigorous, and though deprived of the benefit of much education, yet he cultivated various branches of useful knowledge. He was the friend, instead of the enemy of useful learning, and not only promoted the establishment of several schools which he frequently visited, but spent considerable time and pains in acquiring a knowledge of one or more of the ancient languages. A piece of ground which he owned near Philadelphia he gave for a botanical garden, for "the lads and lasses of the city to walk in, and learn the habits and uses of the plants." GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL.

Mount Blanc.

Thou monarch of the upper air!
Thou mighty temple, given
For morning's earliest of light,
And evening's last of heaven;
The vapour from the marsh, the smoke,
From crowded cities sent,
Are purified before they reach,
Thy loftier element.
Thy hues are not of earth, but heaven,
Only the sunset rose
Hath leave to fling a crimson dye,
Upon thy stainless snows.

Now out on those adventurers,
Who scaled thy breathless height,
And made thy pinnacle, Mount Blanc,
A thing for *common* sight.
Before that human step had set
Its sully on thy brow,
The glory of thy forehead made
A shrine to those below.
Men gazed upon thee as a star,
And turned to earth again,
With dreams like thine own floating clouds,
The vague, but not the vain.
No feelings are less vain than thine,
That bear the mind away,
'Till, blent with nature's mysteries
It half forgets its clay.
It catches loftier impulses,
And owns a noble power;
The Poet and Philosopher,
Are born of such an hour!

But now, where may we seek a place,
For any spirit's dream
Our steps have been on every soil,
Our sails o'er every stream.
Those isles, the beautiful Azores,
The fortunate, the fair,
We looked for their perpetual Spring,
To find it was not there.
Bright Eldorado—land of gold—
We have *so* sought for thee—
There 's not a spot in all the globe,
Where such a land can be!

How pleasant were the wild beliefs
That dwelt in legends old:
Alas! to *our* posterity,
Will no such tales be told!
We know too much—scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves—
Our only point of ignorance,
Is centred in—ourselves.
Alas for thy past mysteries,
For thy untrodden snow!
Nurse of the tempest! hadst thou none
To guard thy outraged brow?
Thy Summit, once the unapproached,
Hath human presence owned,
With the first step upon thy crest,
Mount Blanc! thou were dethroned!

L. E. L.

THE worst education which teaches *self-denial*, is better than the best which teaches every thing else, and not that.

War.

The first conflict between man and man was the mere exertion of physical force, unaided by auxiliary weapons—his arm was his buckler, his fist was his mace, and a broken head the catastrophe of his encounters. The battle of unassisted strength was succeeded by the more rugged one of stones and clubs, and war assumed a sanguinary aspect. As man advanced in refinement, as his faculties expanded, and his sensibilities became more exquisite, he grew rapidly more ingenious and experienced in the art of destroying his fellow-beings. He invented a thousand devices to defend and to assault;—the helmet, the cuirass, and the buckler, the sword, the dart, and the javelin, prepared him to elude the wound, as well as to launch the blow. Still urging on in the brilliant and philanthropic career of invention, he enlarges and heightens his powers of defence and injury. The aries, the scorpio, the balista, and the catapulta, give a horror and sublimity to war, and magnify its glory by increasing its desolation. Still insatiable, though armed with machinery that seemed to reach the limits of destructive invention, and to yield a power of injury, commensurate even with the desire of revenge—still deeper researches must be made in the diabolical arcana. With furious zeal he dives into the bowels of the earth; he toils midst poisonous minerals and deadly salts;—the sublime discovery of gunpowder blazes upon the world; and, finally, the dreadful art of fighting by proclamation, seems to endow the demon of war with ubiquity and omnipotence.

This, indeed, is grand!—this, indeed, marks the powers of mind, and bespeaks that endowment of reason which distinguishes us from the animals, our inferiors. The unenlightened brutes content themselves with the native force which Providence has assigned them. The angry bull butts with his horns, as did

his progenitors before him: the lion, the leopard, and the tiger, seek only with their talons and their fangs to gratify their sanguinary fury; and even the subtle serpent darts the same venom, and uses the same wiles, as did his sire before the flood. Man alone, blessed with the inventive mind, goes on from discovery to discovery,—enlarges and multiplies his powers of destruction; arrogates the tremendous weapons of Deity itself, and tasks creation to assist him in destroying his brother worm!

Washington Irving.

Dymond's Grave.

Standing by Exeter's Cathedral tower,
My thoughts went back to that small grassy mound,
Which I had lately left:—the grassy mound
Where Dymond sleeps:—and felt how small the power
Of time-worn walls to waken thoughts profound,
Compared with that green spot of sacred ground.
Dymond! death stricken in thy manhood's flower—
Thy brows with deathless amaranths are crowned:
Thou sawest the world from thy sequestered bower
In old hereditary errors bound:
And such a truthful trumpet didst thou sound
As in man's ears shall ring till Time devour
The vestiges of nations:—yet thy name
Finds but the tribute of slow gathering fame!

Peace Convention at Brussels.

STILL in thy streets oh Paris! doth the stain
Of blood defy the cleansing autumn rain;
Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins through,
And Naples mourns that new Bartholomew,
When squalid beggary, for a dole of bread,
At a crowned murderer's beck of license fed
The yawning trenches with her noble dead;
Still, doomed Vienna, through thy stately halls
The shell goes crashing and the red shot falls,
And, leagued to crush thee, on the Danube's side,
The bearded Croat and Bosniak spearman ride;
Still in that vale where Himalaya's snow
Melts round the cornfields and the vines below,
The Sheikh's hot cannon, answering ball for ball
Flames in the breach of Moultan's shattered wall;
On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the slain,
And Sutlej paints with blood its banks again.
"What folly, then," the faithless critic cries,
With sneering lip, and wise, world-knowing eyes,
"While fort to fort, and post to post repeat,
The ceaseless challenge of the war-drum's beat,
And round the green earth, to the church bell's chime,
The morning drum-roll of the camp keeps time,
To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,
Of swords to plough-shares changed by scriptural charms,
Of nations, drunken with the wine of blood,
Staggering to take the Pledge of Brotherhood,
Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's call—
The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,
The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with life,
The Yankee swaggering with his bowie knife,

The Russ, from banquets with the vulture shared,
The blood still dripping from his amber beard,
Quitting their mad Berserker dance, to hear
The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer;
Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,
Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,
To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,
For tea and gossip, like old country dames!
No! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant,
Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,
Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,
And Burritt, stammering through his hundred tongues,
Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,
Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar;
Check ban or Kaiser with the barricade
Of "Olive-leaves" and Resolutions made,
Spike guns with pointed scripture-texts, and hope
To capsize navies with a windy trope;
Still shall the glory and the pomp of War
Along their train the shouting millions draw;
Still dusty Labour to the passing Brave
His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave;
Still shall the bard to Valour tune his song,
Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong;
Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,
O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,
To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove
Their trade accordant with the Law of Love;
And Church for State, and State for Church shall fight,
And both agree, that Might alone is Right!"
Despite of Sneers like these, oh, faithful few,
Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,
Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,
And, o'er the present wilderness of crime,

Sees the calm future with its robes of green,
Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams between,—
Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,
Though worldly wisdom shake the cautious head;
No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,
Without the greeting of the sceptic's sneer;
Denied, and mocked at, till its blessings fall,
Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall cease,
Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace;
As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,
Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,
Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,
And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.
Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
Through the mad discord send that calming word
Which wind and wave on wild Genesereth heard,
Lift in Christ's name His Cross against the Sword!
Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm
On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth of God—
Evil shall cease, and Violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day.

J. G. WHITTIER.

RICH sunshine lives beyond this night of frost;
Our troubles are not worth the tears they cost.

God.

From the Russian Anthology.

Oh Thou eternal one! whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy; all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all devasting flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight or measure: none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brighest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness, didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin: all life, all beauty thine,
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great
Life giving, life sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath:
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born; so worlds spring forth from Thee:
And, as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? piles of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns, lighting systems with their joyour beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost!
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
  Eager towards thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
  E'en to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, Oh God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
  Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
  Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by thy hand!
  I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
  Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me,—
  In me is matter's last gradation lost;
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
  I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a God!
  Whence came I here? and how so marvellously
Constructed, and conceived? unknown. This clod
  Lives surely through some higher energy;
For, from itself alone, it could not be!

Creator, yes! thy wisdom and thy word
  Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
  Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
  O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
  Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
E'en to its source—to Thee—its author there.

Oh thoughts ineffable! Oh visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee;
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God, thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise, and good!
'Mid thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

DERZHAVIN.

WHAT constitutes a Church?
Not Roman basilic or Gothic pile,
With fretted roof, tall spire, and long drawn isle:
These only mock thy search:
Fantastic sepulchres, when all is said:
Seek not the living Church among the dead.

A band of faithful men
Met for God's worship in an upper room,
Or canopied by midnight's starry dome,
On hill side or lone glen,
To hear the counsels of his holy word,
Pledged to each other, and their common Lord:—

These, few as they may be,
Compose a Church, such as in pristine age
Defied the tyrant's steel, the bigot's rage:
For, where but two or three,
What 'ere the place, in faith's communion meet,
There, with Christ's presence, is a Church complete.

JOSIAH CONDER.